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VOL. IX.

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APRIL TO OCTOBER 1821.

Monthly Magazines have opened a way for every kind of inquiry and information. The intelligence and discussion contained in them are very extensive and various ; and they have been the means of diffusing a general habit of reading through the nation, which, in a certain degree hath enlarged the public understanding. HERE, too, are preserved a multitude of useful hints, observations, and facts, which otherwise might never have appeared.—*Dr. Kippis.*


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SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 1.]

BOSTON, APRIL 1, 1821.

[VOL. IX.

(From the English Magazines, Jan. 1821.)

KENILWORTH, A ROMANCE. BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY, &c.

SO much has been written, not only *by*, but *upon* the author of these celebrated works, that any attempt to say what would be new upon the subject is hopeless. We will therefore save our readers from that sort of impertinence, of which critics almost invariably think it necessary to be guilty; nor trouble them by way of preliminary dissertation with our general view of the merits, means, and literary character of the writer of Kenilworth. Unless proceeding from a pen of very uncommon acuteness and sagacity, such performances are but tedious; and we have assumed that the print of Kenilworth Castle would acceptably fill the space usually allotted to the introductory essay. It is besides a specimen of wood-cutting, and designates the principal spots mentioned of the scene where this interesting story is laid.

The romance of Kenilworth is founded on events connected with the life of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the cold-blooded and wicked favourite of Queen Elizabeth; and comprehends (whence its title) the famous visit of her Majesty, in July 1575, to the Warwickshire Castle of that powerful peer. Leicester is drawn in a more favourable light than historical truth warrants, the author having skillfully thrown the most atrocious of his villanies upon his creature, Sir Richard Varney; and invented circumstances to controul his course of action, rather than attribute it to an

inherent baseness of nature. In other respects, he has departed from the ground-work of fact, in prolonging the existence of Amy Robsart, the first wife of Leicester, and adding to her melancholy destinies a number of the occurrences which belong to the equally perturbed fate of his second lady, the daughter of Lord Effingham, and widow of John Lord Sheffield, whose forced marriage with Sir E. Stafford, and memorable law-suit, to establish the legitimacy of her children against the claims of Leicester's widow (the consort of Essex) have furnished many of the materials on which these volumes are constructed.

The tale opens with a description of the Bonny Black Bear Inn, at Cumnor near Oxford, kept by Giles Gosling, whose residence and evening's company are painted with picturesque effect. The latter are joined by a traveller, who soon proves himself to be Michael Lambourne, mine host's nephew, a worthless desperado, whose ancient reputation is not forgotten, tho' near twenty years have elapsed since he bid a hasty farewell to his native village, during which period he had pursued a profligate career in various foreign lands. A deep carouse is the result of this return of the unpentant prodigal; and among his enquiries about his old companions, he learns that one of them, Anthony Foster, (otherwise called Fire-the-Faggot, from his having lighted the pile, at w

Latimer and Ridley were consumed,) is residing in a mysterious manner at Cumnor Place, originally an abode belonging to the Abbots of Abingdon. The conversation on this subject excites the attention of a stranger guest, who is sitting quietly near the chimney-corner, and who proves to be a Cornish gentleman, of the name of Tressilian, in quest of Amy Robsart, the fugitive daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart of Devonshire, (in the romance,—in reality of Norfolk,) and his own quondam love. Song and revel abound; and as Master Goldthred, the cutting mercer of Abingdon, (one of the convives) in a drinking troll, supplies us with the only poetical effusion in the book, we shall transfer it.

Of all the birds on bush or tree,

Commend me to the owl,
Since he may best ensample be

To those the cup that trowl.

For when the sun hath left the west,

He chuses the tree that he loves the best,

And he whoops out his song, and he laughs at
his jest;

Then though hours be late, and weather foul,

We'll drink to the health of the bonny, bonny
owl.

The lark is but a bumpkin fowl,

He sleeps in his nest till morn;

But my blessing upon the jolly owl,

That all night blows his horn.

Then up with your cup till you stagger in speech,

And match me this catch, though you swagger
and screech,

And drink till you wink, my merry men each;

For though hours be late, and weather be foul,
We'll drink to the health of the bonny, bonny
owl.

But matter of greater moment arises out of a bet between the singer and Lambourne, that the latter shall find access to his altered companion, and see the lady reported to be an inmate of this house. As the account of this affair is important to the future details, we shall quote the passage.

"Tony Foster lives and thrives," said the host.—"But, kinsman, I would not have you call him Tony Fire-the-Faggot, if you would not brook the stab." "How! is he grown ashamed on't?" said Lambourne; "why, he was wont to boast of it, and say he liked as well to see a roasted heretic, as a roasted ox." "Ay, but,

kinsman, that was in Mary's time," replied the landlord, "when Tony's Father was Reeve here to the Abbot of Abingdon. But since that, Tony married a pure precisian, and is as good a Protestant, I warrant you as the best." "And looks grave, and holds his head high, and scorns his old companion," said the mercer. "Then he hath prospered, I warrant him," said Lambourne; "for ever when a man hath got nobles of his own, he keeps out of the way of those whose exchequers lie in other men's purchase." "Prospered, quotha!" said the mercer, "why you remember Cumnor-Place, the old mansion-house beside the church-yard?" "By the same token, I robbed the orchard three times—what of that?—it was the old Abbot's residence when there was plague or sickness at Abingdon." "Ay," said the host, "but that has been long over; and Anthony Foster hath a right in it, and lives there by some grant from a great courtier, who had the church-lands from the crown; and there he dwells, and has as little to do with any poor wight in Cumnor, as if he were himself a belted knight." "Nay," said the mercer, "it is not altogether pride in Tony neither—there is a fair lady in the case, and Tony will scarce let the light of day look on her." "How," said Tressilian, who now for the first time interfered in their conversation, "did ye not say this Foster was married, and to a precisian?" "Married he was, and to as bitter a precisian as ever eat flesh in Lent; and a cat-and-dog life she led with Tony, as men said. But she is dead, rest be with her, and Tony hath but a slip of a daughter; so it is thought he means to wed this stranger, that men keep such a coil about." "And why so?—I mean, why do they keep a coil about her?"—said Tressilian. "Why, I wot not," answered the host, "except that men say she is as beautiful as an angel, and no one knows whence she comes, and every one wishes to know why she is kept so closely mew-ed up. For my part, I never saw her—you have, I think, Master Goldthred?" "That I have, old boy," said

the mercer. "Look you, I was riding hither from Abingdon—I passed under the east oriel window of the old mansion, where all the old saints and histories and such like are painted—It was not the common path I took, but one through the Park; for the postern-door was upon the latch, and I thought I might take the privilege of an old comrade to ride across through the trees, both for shading, as the day was somewhat hot, and for avoiding of dust, because I had on my peach-coloured doublet, pinked out with cloth of gold." "Which garment," said Michael Lambourne, "thou would'st willingly make twinkle in the eyes of a fair dame. Ah! villain, thou wilt never leave thy old tricks." "Not so—not so," said the mercer, with a smirking laugh; "not altogether so—but curiosity, thou knowest, and a strain of compassion withal,—for the poor young lady sees nothing from morn to even but Tony Foster, with his scowling black brows, his bull's head, and his bandy legs." "And thou would'st willingly shew her a dapper body, in a silken jerkin—a limb like a short-legged hen's in a cordovan boot, and a round, simpering, what d'ye lack, sort of a countenance, set off with a velvet bonnet, a Turkey feather, and a gilded brooch. Ah! jolly mercer, they who have good wares are fond to show them.—Come, gentles, let not the cup stand—here's to long spurs, short boots, full bonnets, and empty skulls!" "Nay, now, you are jealous of me, Mike," said Goldthred; "and yet my luck was but what might have happened to thee, or any man." "Marry confound thine impudence," retorted Lambourne; "thou would'st not compare thy pudding face, and sarsenet manners, to a gentleman and a soldier!" "Nay, my good sir," said Tressilian, "let me beseech you will not interrupt the gallant citizen; methinks he tells his tale so well, I could hearken to him till midnight." "It's more of your favour than of my desert," answered Master Goldthred; "but since I give you pleasure, worthy Master Tressilian, I shall proceed, maugre all

the jibes and quips of this valiant soldier, who, peradventure, hath had more cuffs than crowns in the Low Countries.—And so, sir, as I passed under the great painted window, leaving my rein loose, on my ambling palfrey's neck, partly for mine ease and partly that I might have the more leisure to peer about, I hears me the lattice open; and never credit me, sir, if there did not stand there the person of as fair a woman as ever crossed mine eyes, and I think I have looked on as many pretty wenches, and with as much judgment, as other folks." "May I ask her appearance, sir?" said Tressilian. "O sir," replied Master Goldthred, "I promise you she was in gentlewoman's attire—a very quaint and pleasing dress, that might have served the Queen herself; for she had a forepart with body and sleeves, of ginger-coloured satin, which, in my judgment, must have cost by the yard some thirty shillings, lined with murrey taffeta, and laid down and guarded with two broad laces of gold and silver. And her hat, sir, was truly the best-fashioned thing that I have seen in these parts, being of tawney taffeta, embroidered with scorpions of Venice gold, and having a border garnished with gold fringe;—I promise you, sir, an absolute and all surpassing device. Touching her skirts, they were in the old pass-devant fashion." "I did not ask you of her attire, sir," said Tressilian, who had shown some impatience during this conversation, "but of her complexion—the colour of her hair, her features." "Touching her complexion," answered the mercer, "I am not so special certain; but I marked that her fan had an ivory handle, curiously inlaid;—and then again, as to the colour of her hair, why, I can warrant, be its hue what it might, that she wore above it a net of green silk, parcel twisted with gold." "A most mercer-like memory," said Lambourne; "the gentleman asks him of the lady's beauty, and he talks of her fine clothes!" "I tell thee," said the mercer, somewhat disconcerted, "I had little time to look at her; for just as I was about to give her the good time of day, and

for that purpose had puckered my features with a smile"——"Like those of a jaeknape, simpering at a chesnut," said Michael Lambourne. "—Up started of a sudden," continued Goldthred, without heeding the interruption, "Tony Foster himself, with a cudgel in his hand"——"And broke thy head across, I hope, for thine impertinence," said his entertainer. "That were more easily said than done," answered Goldthred indignantly; "no, no—there was no breaking of heads—it's true he advanced his cudgel, and spoke of laying on, and asked why I did not keep the public road, and such like; and I would have knocked him over the pate handsomely for his pains, only for the lady's presence, who might have swooned, for what I know." "Now, out upon thee for a faint spirit-ed slave!" said Lambourne; "what adventurous knight ever thought of the lady's terror, when he went to thwack giant, dragon, or magician, in her presence, and for her deliverance? But why talk to thee of dragons, who would be driven back by a dragon-fly? There thou hast missed the rarest opportunity!" "Take it thyself, then, bully Mike," answered Goldthred.—"Yonder is the enchanted Manor, and the dragon and the lady all at thy service, if thou dardest venture on them." "Why, so I would for a quartern of sack," said the soldier—"Or stay—I am foully out of linen—wilt thou bet a piece of Hollands against these five angels, that I go not up to the Hall to-morrow, and force Tony Foster to introduce me to his fair guest?" "I accept your wager," said the mercer; "and I think, though thou hadst even the impudence of the devil, I shall gain on thee this bout. Our landlord here shall hold stakes, and I will stake down gold till I send thee linen." "I will hold stakes on no such matter," said Gosling. "Good now, my kinsman, drink your wine in quiet, and let such adventures alone. I promise you, Master Foster hath interest enough to lay you up in lavender in the Castle at Oxford, or to get your legs made acquainted with the town-stocks." "That

would be but renewing an old intimacy; for Mike's shins and the town's wooden pinfold have been well known to each other ere now," said the mercer; "but he shall not budge from his wager, unless he means to pay forfeit." "Forfeit?" said Lambourne; "I scorn it. I value Tony Foster's wrath no more than a shelled pea-cod, and I will visit his Lindabrides, by Saint George, be he willing or no." "I would gladly pay your halves of the risk, sir," said Tressilian, "to be permitted to accompany you on the adventure." "In what would that advantage you, sir?" answered Lambourne. "In nothing, sir," said Tressilian, "unless to mark the skill and valour with which you conduct yourself. I am a traveller, who seeks for strange rencounters, and uncommon passages, as the knights of yore did after adventures, and feats of arms." "Nay, if it pleasures you to see a trout tickled," answered Lambourne, "I care not how many witness my skill. And so here I drink to success to my enterprize; and he that will not pledge me on his knees is a rascal, and I will cut his legs off by the garters."

The result of this is a visit to Cumnor Place, where Tressilian discovers Amy Robsart, who is the secret wife of Leicester, though supposed by her friends to be the paramour of Varney. Varney himself he also encounters, and a combat ensues between them, which does not close with the death of the villain, only in consequence of the interference of Lambourne. Varney's state of mind is finely drawn—he exclaims:

"She loves me not—I would it were as true that I love not her—Idiot that I was, to move her in my own behalf, when wisdom bade me be a true broker to my lord!—And this fatal error has placed me more at her discretion than a wise man would willingly be at that of the best piece of painted Eve's flesh of them all. Since the hour that my policy made so perilous a slip, I cannot look at her without fear, and hate, and fondness, so strangely mingled, that I know not whether, were it at my choice,

I would rather possess or ruin her. But she must not leave this retreat until I am assured on what terms we are to stand. My lord's interest—and so far it is mine own—for if he sinks I fall in his train—demands concealment of his marriage—and besides I will not lend her my arm to climb to her chair of state, that she may set her foot on my neck when she is fairly seated. I must work an interest in her, either through fear—and who knows but I may yet reap the sweetest and best revenge from her former scorn?—that were indeed a master-piece of courtlike art---let me but once be her counsel-keeper---let her confide to me a secret, did it but concern the robbery of a linnet's nest, and, fair Countess, thou art mine own."

The apartments in which the secret and imprisoned wife reside, are magnificently painted: and present a grand example of the skill of the artist in this species of representation, which restores the age of Elizabeth to our eyes and minds.

But to resume the thread of the story;—After the encounter between Tressilian and Varney, the latter takes Lambourne into his service, and goes to Woodstock to his master the Earl of Leicester. The arrival of the precious pair is excellently characteristic of the truth with which the manners of the time are painted, and of the joyeuse tone which pervades these volumes and shows them to be the production of a master at ease as to his ability to accomplish his design.

Tressilian begins to act a conspicuous part. He avoids danger by hastily setting out for Lidcote Hall with the tidings he had gathered respecting Amy, to her disconsolate father. On his way, his horse casts a shoe, which accident brings him acquainted with Wayland Smith, an extraordinary character, who with the co-operation of an imp, Dickie Sludge, (very like the Goblin of Sir W. Scott!) sustains the reputation of a necromancer, and frightens and works for the whole neighbourhood.

Wayland has been a follower of Alasco, a vile quack who is afterwards

found in the train of Leicester, and answers to one of those characters of the Jew and Italian, which it is believed that nobleman maintained to commit his poisoning assassinations. He enters into the train of Tressilian, and accompanies him to Lidcote, where he cures Sir Hugh of the lethargick disorder, brought on by grief for his daughter. The following is the description of the old knight's return to reason:

"As Tressilian, his own eyes filling fast with tears, approached more and more nearly to the father of his betrothed bride, Sir Hugh's intelligence seemed to revive. He sighed heavily, as one who awakens from a state of stupor, a slight convulsion passed over his features, he opened his arms without speaking a word, and as Tressilian threw himself into them, he folded him to his bosom. "There is something left to live for yet," were the first words he uttered; and while he spoke, he gave vent to his feelings in a paroxysm of weeping, the tears chasing each other down his sun-burnt cheeks and long white beard. "I ne'er thought to have thanked God to see my master weep," said Will Badger; "but now I do, though I am like to weep for company." "I will ask thee no questions," said the old Knight; "no questions—none, Edmund—thou hast not found her, or so found her, that she were better lost."—Tressilian was unable to reply, otherwise than by putting his hands before his face. "It is enough—it is enough. But do not thou weep for her, Edmund. I have cause to weep, for she was my daughter,—thou hast cause to rejoice, that she did not become thy wife.—Great God! thou knowest best what is good for us—It was my nightly prayer that I should see Amy and Edmund wedded,—had it been granted, it had now been gall added to bitterness." "Be comforted, my friend," said the Curate, addressing Sir Hugh, "it cannot be that the daughter of all our hopes and affections is the vile creature you would bespeak her." "O, no," replied Sir Hugh, impatiently, "I were wrong to name broadly the base

thing she has become—there is some new name for it, I warrant me. It is honour enough for the daughter of an old De'nshire clown to be the lemman of a gay courtier,—of Varney too,—of Varney, whose grandsire was relieved by my father, when his fortune was broken, at the battle of—the battle of—where Richard was slain—out on my memory—and I warrant none of you will help me.'——'The battle of Bosworth,' said Master Mumblazen, 'stricken between Richard Crookback and Henry Tudor, grandsire of the Queen that now is, Primo Henrici Septimi; and in the year one thousand four hundred and eighty five, *post Christum natum*.' 'Ay, even so,' said the good Knight, 'every child knows it—But my poor head forgets all it should remember, and remembers only what it would most willingly forget. My brain has been at fault, Tressilian, almost ever since thou hast been away, and even yet it hunts counter.' 'Your worship,' said the good clergyman, 'had better retire to your apartment, and try to sleep for a little space,—the physician left a composing draught,—and our Great Physician has commanded us to use earthly means, that we may be strengthened to sustain the trials he sends us.' 'True, true, old friend,' said Sir Hugh, 'and we will bear our trials manfully—We have lost but a woman.—See, Tressilian,'—he drew from his bosom a long ringlet of fair hair,—'see this lock!—I tell thee, Edmund, the very night she disappeared, when she bid me good even, as she was wont, she hung about my neck, and fondled me more than usual; and I, like an old fool, held her by this lock, until she took her scissars, severed it, and left it in my hand,—as all I was ever to see more of her!'——Tressilian was unable to reply, well judging what a complication of feelings must have crossed the bosom of the unhappy fugitive at that cruel moment. The clergyman was about to speak, but Sir Hugh interrupted him. "I know what you would say, Master Curate,—after all, it is but a lock of woman's tresses,—and by woman, shame, and

sin, and death, came into an innocent world—And learned Master Mumblazen, too, can say scholarly things of their inferiority.' '*C'est l'homme*,' said Master Mumblazen, '*qui se bast et qui conseille*.' 'True,' said Sir Hugh, 'and we will bear us, therefore, like men who have both mettle and wisdom in us.—Tressilian, thou art as welcome as if thou had brought better news. But we have spoken too long dry-lipped.—Amy, fill a cup of wine to Edmund, and another to me.'—Then instantly recollecting that he called upon her who could not bear, he shook his head, and said to the clergyman, 'This grief is to my bewildered mind what the Church of Lidcote is to our park; we may lose ourselves among the briars and thickets, for a little space, but from the end of each avenue we see the old grey steeple and the grave of my forefathers. I would I were to travel that road to-morrow.'

Tressilian is now summoned by his patron, the Earl of Sussex, (Leicester's rival,) and proceeds to court to attend him, and also to bring the case of Amy's supposed seduction before the Queen.

The romance here enters more distinctly upon personages of historical note. The leaders themselves, and the contending factions of Leicester and Sussex are admirably portrayed; nor is the character of Elizabeth less powerfully delineated. Shakspeare, Sidney, Harrington, are slightly mentioned; but Raleigh's earliest fortunes are happily combined with the romance.

The audience of the rival peers is a noble drama, which we lament our inability to transcribe. Leicester is obliged to dissemble, in order to avoid the storm of his royal mistress's displeasure. And when the accusation respecting Amy Robsart is brought forward, compelled to sanction the falsehood of Varney, that she is his wife. In consequence of this, he regains his ascendancy as the favourite; and the Kenilworth Progress is resolved upon; Varney, however, being ordered to bring his lady thither.

Preparations are every where made for the visit to Kenilworth, and Varney

is dispatched by his lord to Cumnor-Place to induce Amy to the disguise of appearing there as his own wife, till Leicester's plans are ripe. This interview is admirable :

“Varney entered the room in the dress in which he had waited on his master that morning to court, the splendour of which made a strange contrast with the disorder arising from hasty riding, during a dark night and foul ways. His brow bore an anxious and hurried expression, as one who had that to say of which he doubts the reception, and who hath yet posted on from the necessity of communicating his tidings. The Countess's anxious eye at once caught the alarm, as she exclaimed, “You bring news from my lord, Master Varney—Gracious Heaven, is he ill?” “No, madam, thank Heaven!” said Varney. ‘Compose yourself, and permit me to take breath ere I communicate my tidings.’ ‘No breath, sir,’ replied the lady, impatiently; ‘I know your theatrical arts. Since your breath hath sufficed to bring you hither, it may suffice to tell your tale, at least briefly, and in the gross.’ ‘Madam,’ answered Varney, ‘we are not alone, and my lord's message was for your ear only.’ ‘Leave us, Janet, and Master Foster,’ said the lady; ‘but remain in the next apartment, and within call.’ Foster and his daughter retired, agreeably to the Lady Leicester's commands, into the next apartment, which was the withdrawing-room. The door which led from the sleeping-chamber was then carefully shut and bolted, and the father and daughter remained both in a posture of anxious attention, the first with a stern, suspicious, anxious cast of countenance, and Janet with folded hands, and looks which seemed divided betwixt her desire to know the fortunes of her mistress, and her prayers to Heaven for her safety. Anthony Foster seemed himself to have some idea of what was passing through his daughter's mind, for he crossed the apartment and took her anxiously by the hand, saying, ‘That is right—pray, Janet, pray—we have all need of prayers, and

some of us more than others. Pray, Janet—I would pray myself, but I must listen to what goes on within—evil has been brewing, love—evil has been brewing. God forgive our sins, but Varney's sudden and strange arrival bodes us no good.’ Janet had never before heard her father excite or even permit her attention to any thing which passed in their mysterious family, and now that he did so, his voice sounded in her ear—she knew not why—like that of a screech-owl denouncing some deed of terror and of woe. She turned her eyes fearfully towards the door, almost as if she expected some sounds of horror to be heard, or some sight of fear to display itself. All, however, was as still as death, and the voices of those who spake in the inner-chamber were, if they spoke at all, carefully subdued to a tone which could not be heard in the next. At once, however, they were heard to speak fast, thick, and hastily; and presently after the voice of the Countess was heard exclaiming, at the highest pitch to which indignation could raise it, ‘Undo the door, sir, I command you!—Undo the door!—I will have no other reply!’—she continued, drowning with her vehement accents the low and muttered sounds which Varney was heard to utter betwixt whiles. ‘What ho! without there!’ she persisted, accompanying her words with shrieks, ‘Janet, alarm the house!—Foster, break open the door—I am detained here by a traitor!—Use axe and lever, Master Foster—I will be your warrant!’ ‘It shall not need, madam,’ Varney was at length distinctly heard to say. ‘If you please to expose my lord's important concerns and your own to the general ear, I will not be your hindrance.’ The door was unlocked and thrown open, and Janet and her father rushed in, anxious to learn the cause of these reiterated exclamations. When they entered the apartment, Varney stood by the door grinding his teeth, with an expression in which rage, and shame, and fear, had each their share. The Countess stood in the midst of her apartment like a juvenile

Pythoness, under the influence of the prophetic fury. The veins in her beautiful forehead started into swollen blue lines through the hurried impulse of her articulation—her cheek and neck glowed like scarlet—her eyes were like those of an imprisoned eagle, flashing red lightning on the foes whom it cannot reach with its talons. Were it possible for one of the Graces to have been animated by a Fury, the countenance could not have united such beauty with so much hatred, scorn, defiance, and resentment. The gesture and attitude corresponded with the voice and looks, and altogether presented a spectacle which was at once beautiful and fearful; so much of the sublime had the energy of passion united with the Countess Amy's natural loveliness. Janet, as soon as the door was open, ran to her mistress; and more slowly, yet with more haste than he was wont, Anthony Foster went to Richard Varney. 'In the Truth's name, what ails your ladyship?' said the former. 'What, in the name of Satan, have you done to her?' said Foster to his friend. 'Who, I?—nothing,' answered Varney, but with sunken head and sullen; 'nothing but communicated to her her lord's commands, which if the lady list not to obey, she knows better how to answer it than I may pretend to do.' 'Now, by Heaven, Janet!' said the Countess, 'the false traitor lies in his throat! He must needs lie, for he speaks to the dishonour of my noble lord—he must needs lie doubly, for he speaks to gain ends of his own, equally execrable and unattainable.' 'You have misapprehended me, lady,' said Varney, with a sulky species of submission and apology; 'let this matter rest till your passion be abated, and I will explain all.' 'Thou shalt never have an opportunity to do so,' said the Countess.—'Look at him, Janet. He is fairly dressed, hath the outside of a gentleman, and hither he came to persuade me it was my lord's pleasure—nay, more, my wedded lord's commands, that I should go with him to Kenilworth, and before the Queen and

nobles, and in presence of my own wedded lord, that I should acknowledge him—*him* there—that very cloak-brushing, shoe-cleaning fellow—*him* there my lord's lacquey, for my liege lord and husband; furnishing against myself, great God! whenever I was to claim my right and my rank, such weapons as would hew my just claim from the root, and destroy my character to be regarded as an honourable matron of the English nobility! * * *
* * * Never will I believe that the noble Dudley gave countenance to so dastardly, so dishonourable a plan. Thus I tread on his infamy, if his indeed it be, and thus destroy its remembrance for ever!' So saying, she tore in pieces Leicester's letter, and stamped in the extremity of impatience, as she would have annihilated the minute fragments into which she had rent it. * * * 'I would I were a man but for five minutes! It were space enough to make a craven like thee confess his villainy. But go—begone—Tell thy master, that when I take the foul course to which such scandalous deceits as thou hast recommended on his behalf must necessarily lead me, I will give him no rival something worthy of the name. He shall not be supplanted by an ignominious lacquey, whose best fortune is to catch his master's last suit of clothes ere it is thread-bare, and who is only fit to seduce a suburb-wench by the bravery of new roses in his master's old pantofles. Go, begone, sir—scorn thee so much, that I am ashamed to have been angry with thee.'

They attempt to poison her, but she is saved by an antidote given by Warwick, and finally escaping from Cumbyland, under the guidance of that individual, arrives after several interesting adventures at Kenilworth on the morning of the day whereon the Queen makes her entry.

By a strange fatality, the unhappy Countess is carried in her disguise to the apartment in Mervyn's Tower which had been assigned to Tressilian, where they meet, and a most affecting scene ensues, in which the equivocal

lations of all the parties are more intricably involved.

Tressilian consents to keep the secret of Amy for twenty-four hours; but a letter to Leicester, apprizing him of her situation, unfortunately miscarries; and the scoundrel Varney has Wayland thrust out of the castle that he may carry his own infernal plot, unobstructed, into effect. The intricacies of the game which Leicester, his Countess, Tressilian, and Varney, are playing, become more and more perilous, as the Earl vacillates between his love for Amy, and his ambition to marry Elizabeth. The lone lady in her tower-chamber, forms an exquisite subject. While she was waiting here the ruffian Lambourne, supposing the room to contain a light love of Tressilian's, bursts open the door, and offers violence to the Countess. Her shrieks bring the tower-keeper to her aid, and while he struggles with Lambourne, she escapes into the garden. Here she is discovered by the Queen, and confesses her marriage with Leicester. Dread confusion ensues: the incensed princess hardly spares her favourite's life; but the tempest is appeased by new inventions and lies of Varney, who further infects his master's breast with foul suspicions of Amy's infidelity, amounting almost to certainty, so strong is the circumstantial chain of evidence, respecting her stay in Tressilian's chamber.

Our limits preclude us from the details, however, and we can only notice, that a very affecting meeting takes place between the Earl and Countess, that Varney obtains authority to carry her to Cumnor, and dispose of her, and that Leicester and Tressilian twice encounter with swords. The last of these combats leads to the catastrophe. Tressilian is disarmed, and on the point of being slain, when the Earl's hand is arrested by Dickie Sludge, and the too long lost letter from Amy is delivered to him. This explains all, and the distracted Earl speeds away Tressilian, to save poor Amy from Varney's murderous machinations. But before concluding her fatal story, we ought to ex-

tract the scene in which the effect of Leicester's treachery is exhibited with regard to the Queen; but our limits forbid, and we proceed to the catastrophe.

The victim of Varney is hurried to Cumnor, and on the way Lambourne is shot by his master, to destroy the evidence of a merciful order, of which he is the bearer from the Earl. At Cumnor, Alasco is found dead in his laboratory, destroyed by the fumes of one of his own infernal preparations. The task of murdering the hapless lady therefore devolves on Varney himself; and he accomplishes it by causing her to precipitate herself down a fearful abyss.

"On the next day, when evening approached, Varney summoned Foster to the execution of their plan. Tider and Foster's old man-servant were sent on a feigned errand down to the village, and Anthony himself, as if anxious to see that the Countess suffered no want of accommodation, visited her place of confinement. He was so much staggered at the mildness and patience with which she seemed to endure her confinement, that he could not help earnestly recommending to her not to cross the threshold on any account whatsoever, until Lord Leicester should come, 'Which,' he added, 'I trust in God, will be very soon.' Amy patiently promised that she would resign herself to her fate, and Foster returned to his hardened companion with his conscience half-eased of the perilous load which weighed on it. 'I have warned her,' he said; 'surely in vain is the snare set in the sight of any bird.' He left, therefore, the Countess's door unsecured on the outside, and withdrew the supports which sustained the falling trap, which, therefore kept its level position merely through a slight adhesion. They then withdrew to wait the issue on the ground-floor adjoining, but they waited long in vain. At length Varney, after walking long to and fro, with his face muffled in his cloak, threw it suddenly back, and said, 'Surely never was a woman fool enough to neglect so fair an opportunity of escape.' 'Per-

haps she is resolved,' said Foster, 'to await her husband's return.' 'True—most true,' said Varney, rushing out, 'I had not thought of that before.' In less than two minutes, Foster, who remained behind, heard the tread of a horse in the court-yard, with a whistle similar to that which was the Earl's usual signal;—and the instant after the door of the Countess's chamber opened, and the trap-door gave way. There was a rushing sound—a heavy fall—a faint groan—and all was over. At the same instant, Varney called in at the window, in an accent and tone which was an indescribable mixture betwixt horror and raillery, 'Is the bird caught?—Is the deed done?' 'O God, forgive us!' replied Anthony Foster. 'Why, thou fool,' said Varney, 'thy toil is ended, and thy reward secure. Look down into the vault—what seest thou?' 'I see only a heap of white clothes, like a snow-drift,' said Foster. 'O God, she moves her arm!' 'Hurl something down on her—Thy gold chest, Tony—it is an heavy one.' 'Varney, thou art an incarnate fiend!' replied Foster;—'There needs nothing more—She is gone!' 'So pass our troubles,' said Varney, entering the room; 'I dreamed not I could have mimicked the Earl's call so well. Let us now think how the alarm should be given,—the body is to remain where it is.' But their wickedness was to be permitted no longer;—for, even while they were at this consultation, Tressilian and Raleigh broke in upon them, having obtained admittance by means of the servants whom they had secured at the village. Foster fled; and, knowing each corner and pass of the intricate old house, escaped all search. But Varney was taken on the spot; and, instead of expressing compunction for what he had done, seemed to take a fiendish pleasure in pointing out to them the remains of the murdered Countess, while at the same time he defied them to shew that he had any share in her death. The despairing grief of Tressilian, on viewing the mangled and yet warm remains of what had lately

been so lovely and beloved, was such, that Raleigh was compelled to have him removed from the place by force, while he himself assumed the direction of what was to be done. Varney, upon a second examination, made very little mystery either of the crime or of its motives; alleging as a reason for his frankness, that though much of what he confessed could only have attached to him by suspicion, yet that suspicion would have been sufficient to deprive him of Leicester's confidence, and to destroy all his towering plans of ambition. 'I was not born,' he said, 'to drag on the remainder of life a degraded outcast,—nor will I so die, that my fate shall make a holiday to the vulgar herd.'—From these words it was apprehended he had some design upon himself, and he was carefully deprived of all means by which such could be carried into execution. But like some of the heroes of antiquity, he carried about his person a small quantity of strong poison, prepared probably by the celebrated Demetrius Alasco. Having swallowed this potion over-night, he was found next morning dead in his cell; nor did he appear to have suffered much agony, his countenance presenting, even in death, the habitual expression of sneering sarcasm, which was predominant while he lived. The wicked man, saith scripture, hath no bonds in his death.

"The fate of his colleague in wickedness was long unknown. Cumnor-Place was deserted immediately after the murder; for, in the vicinity of what was called the Lady Dudley's Chamber, the domestics pretended to hear groans and screams, and other supernatural noises. After a certain length of time, Janet hearing no tidings of her father, became the uncontrolled mistress of his property, and conferred it with her hand upon Wayland, who had become a man of settled character, and had a place in Elizabeth's household. But it had been after they had been both dead for some years, that their eldest son and heir, in making some researches about Cumnor-Hall, discovered a

secret passage, closed by an iron door, which, opening from under the bed in the Lady Dudley's Chamber descended to a sort of a cell, in which they found an iron chest containing a quantity of gold, and a human skeleton stretched above it. The fate of Anthony Foster was now manifest. He had fled to this place of concealment, forgetting the key of the spring-lock, and secured from escape, by the means he had used for preservation of that gold, for which he had sold his salvation, he had there perished miserably. Unquestionably the groans and screams heard by the domestics were not entirely imaginary, but were those of this wretch, who, in his agony, was crying for relief and succour.

"The news of the Countess's dreadful fate put a sudden period to the pleasures of Kenilworth. Leicester retired from court, and for a considerable time abandoned himself to his distress. But as Varney in his declaration had been studious to spare the character of his patron, he was the object rather of compassion than resentment. The Queen at length recalled him to court; he was once more distinguished as a statesman and favourite, and the rest of his career is well known to history. But there was something retributive in his death, if according to an account very generally received, it took place from his swallowing a draught of poison, which was designed for another person.

"Sir Hugh Robsart died very soon after his daughter, having settled his estate on Tressilian. But neither the prospect of rural independence, nor promises of favour which Elizabeth held out to induce him to follow the court, could remove his profound melancholy. Wherever he went, he seemed to see before him the disfigured corpse of the early and only object of his affection. At length, having made provision for the maintenance of the old friends and old servants of Sir Hugh's family at Lidcote-Hall, he himself embarked with his friend Raleigh for the Virginia expedition, and, young in years, but old in griefs, died before his day in that foreign land."

Such is Kenilworth, at least so far as we can shew it, for it is not in our power to mark the multitude of isolated beauties which grace the narration, and afford delightful proof of the genius of the author in touches of nature, exquisite similes, and minor charms, which, though delicious in the garden where they grow, are not susceptible of transplantation. Nor shall we prolong this article by expressions of our opinions, further than to say, that Kenilworth appears to us to be peculiarly dramatic in its construction, and only less romantic than *Ivanhoe*. As a panorama of the age of Elizabeth, it is surpassing; as a story, not unlike the fine novel of *The Recess*; and as a work of general interest, worthy of its author.

A JOURNEY TO PALMYRA, OR TADMOR IN THE DESERT, WITH A SHORT
ENQUIRY RELATIVE TO THE WIND OF THE DESERT CALLED SAMIELI.

By Count Wenceslaus Rzewusky.

PALMYRA, or Tadmor situated in the arid and burning Desert of Arabia (the province of Hauran), is too interesting not to excite the curiosity of every traveller who loves to carry back his imagination to the remotest periods of antiquity, and to contemplate among majestic ruins, the vicissitudes of fortune. Once splendid, and

celebrated for its luxury and its commerce, interesting from the misfortunes of the warlike and proud Zenobia, Palmyra, whose temple rivalled in riches the most magnificent edifices, the number of whose columns seemed to equal that of the stars, is now only a heap of overthrown columns, of insulated colonnades, of broken capitals, and decay-

ed porticoes. Koehla and Ada, two mountains at the foot of which Palmyra is situated, and which the Bedouins often celebrate in their poetry, no more re-echo to the cheerful songs of an industrious and prosperous people. Gloomy Silence, the presiding genius of the waste, has succeeded to the hymns and songs of joy ; and the Arab alone, armed with his lance, and mounted on his spirited mare, sometimes animates this solitude. There leaning on the tombs which cover the heights, he meditates the commission of some crime ; he watches the favourable moment ; or endeavours to surprise the ostrich for the sake of its feathers. The statues which adorned the temples and the galleries, are buried under deep sand, which the winds have been amassing for centuries. The sanctuary of the Sun has become a wretched hamlet, and its fine remains serve as vaults, or as walls to the miserable sheds which some poor inhabitants have fixed to them, and who daily abandon them, never to return. It is in the midst of these ruins that the eye of the philosopher is struck with the unequal combat between Time and Industry. It is on these precious remains that History and Tradition found their triumph ; before them, Time is compelled to humble his destroying scythe, It is through them that a single fragment rebuilds an entire space, that a single name re-animates whole nations. Time thus yields his sceptre to Memory, and Antiquity receives the homage which is its due.

There are travellers who prefer Balbec to Palmyra ; but I am not of this opinion. Situated in the rich and fruitful valley of the Bequaa, enclosed in a more confined space, circumscribed within narrower limits, Balbec offers ruins, the *ensemble* of which is more easily embraced. Palmyra engages both the mind and the heart : they dwell, by turns, on the immensity of these ruins ; on the romantic history of a warlike and unfortunate princess ; on periods of glory and humiliation ; on the mysteries of an ancient and natural religion. Balbec was the work of the Romans only. Sacred history, its own,

with which we are unhappily too little acquainted, and that also of the Romans, are connected with Palmyra. At Balbec all is great ; at Palmyra all is immense. A valley sufficed for Balbec ; the Desert, that solid ocean, was reserved for Palmyra.

It was on the 17th of June 1819, that I set out from Aleppo by the Desert to visit Tadmor. This route, according to the accounts of the people of Aleppo, has not been taken by any one except Scheik Ibrahim (Mr. Burckhardt.) I incurred great dangers during the twenty-three days that I remained in the Desert, in the hands of the *Quazé* guides. I bore the name of the Emir Tage of Fakhr (*crown of glory*), the translation of my Polish Christian name, Wien-cryslau. I owed this danger to the great celebrity which I had acquired among the Bedouins, on the various occasions when I visited them. I was considered by them as the great Emir of the Bedouin tribes of the North. My hardy and active mode of life, my manner of riding on horseback, the management of the lance and the sabre, which exercises are familiar to all true Poles from their childhood ; some acts of generosity, a great knowledge of the races of horses of the Nedjed, and of their distinguishing characteristics, proved by examinations which I was obliged to undergo among the tribes of Hosueh, of Weled-Aly, of Sebah, and of the Fidanes---every thing, in short, caused me to be compared with the favourite hero of the Arabs, the celebrated Antar. Verses were sung in my praise among the tribes, and thus my name was spread in the Desert ; and, as I afterwards learnt, it penetrated to the remotest part of Arabia. At the time when I determined to leave Aleppo, the Desert was in combustion. The tribe of Weled-Aly had just cut to pieces a body of Delibaches of the Pacha of Damascus. The Wechabites had begun again to act offensively ; many Sheiks had been arrested and detained by the Pacha of Bagdad, and their tribes roamed about without guides. My appearance in the Desert put all these tribes in motion to seize me. I had

been betrayed at Aleppo, and they were informed of my departure from that city before I had quitted it. They desired to make themselves masters of my person, in order to obtain their sheiks in exchange. The merchants of Bagdad, and Picciotto, the consuls, informed me of all this. However I resolved to set out, depending on my good fortune, which has never deserted me. I was accompanied by M. Autoine Rossel, my interpreter, an active and intelligent young man, who was connected with the first families of Aleppo, and whose conduct I cannot sufficiently praise. I took some dromedaries, and repaired to the encampment of Auazés Fidanes, at Tal el Sultan; which I left two days after at nine o'clock in the evening, the night being very dark, directing my course by the stars. The time which I had chosen for this journey was so dangerous, that some Englishmen, notwithstanding the assistance afforded them by the Pacha of Damascus, and the Mutesellims could not execute their plan, were plundered, even wounded, and turned back without having seen Palmyra. These same Mutesellims could hardly believe that I had been there; and when they were convinced of it, they found my expedition so bold, that they gave me the name of El Fiddavi; *i. e.* *the Devoted.*

My journey through the Desert from the gates of Aleppo had more than one purpose. The following are my reasons for choosing that direction: Palmyra being the principal object, it enabled me to observe the Desert in a direction which it was necessary for me to know in a geographical point of view; I wished to see several Bedouin encampments, to obtain a sight of their horses; and, lastly, to learn the nature of the celebrated wind called the Samieli. It was, in fact, the season when it is prevalent. I do not intend to speak here of the ruins of Palmyra. I refer the reader to the work of Mr. R. Wood, which I have found correct in every particular, as well as his engravings, with the exception of some differences which time has occasioned. That traveller visited Palmyra in 1751. Since his time, the sand having accu-

mulated, the general aspect of the proportions has partly changed; there are also several columns marked in the plates, which now no longer exist. I reserve for another memoir my observations on the profile of the Desert. A separate notice also will be dedicated to the Arabian horses; I have brought back four of the first races. Here I shall speak only of the Desert-wind called samieli.

This pestilential wind which is felt in the deserts of Arabia, and which causes the death of so many pilgrims going to Mecca, is called in literal Arabic *summoun*, which means *burning wind blowing at intervals and by night*. It is likewise called *harrou* the burning night-wind. The difference between the denominations *sammoun* and *harrou* is, that the former includes an idea of poison. In fact, the root of samum, is *sammu* to *administer poison*; *sammon* means *poison*, *saammon* *poisoned*. The Arabs of the Desert call it *sumbuli*, which appears to me to be a compound of *sam*, poison, and of *ballaton*, humidity, moisture; or *ballaton*, *humid wind*, which *excites moisture*. Such I take to be the origin of the word *sumbuli*. I think we should say *saam ballaton*, that is, *poisoned wind, humid, and causing moisture*. By humid we are not to understand aqueous, bringing rain, but loaded with vapour. The Turks call it *samieli*.

The Samieli, or Sumbuli, is felt in the Desert from about the middle of June to the 21st of September. It is experienced with a very violent south-west wind, and on those days when the heat of the sun is the most ardent. It is burning; it comes in gusts, more or less scorching, of more or less duration; each of them, however, even the shortest, exceeds the time that a man can hold his breath. This wind consists in a succession of burning and cool gusts. In the first, there is frequently a double degree of heat and impetuosity. The difference between the hot and the cold gusts according to my observation, is from 7 to 10 degrees. The highest degree of the hot gusts was 63° of Reaumur; the temperature in the sun,

without the samieli, having been constantly from 43° to 47° . I thought I could observe that when this wind blows, a yellowish tinge, inclining to livid, is diffused through the atmosphere; and that in its most violent periods, the sun becomes of a deep red. Its odour is infectious and sulphureous; it is thick and heavy, and when its heat increases, it almost causes suffocation. It occasions a pretty copious perspiration, partly excited by the uneasiness which one feels, and the difficulty with which one breathes on account of its fœtid quality. This perspiration appeared to me more dense and viscous than the natural perspiration: the wind itself deposits an unctuous fluid. The better to examine its qualities and its nature, I opened my mouth to inhale it; the palate and throat were instantly parched. It produces the same effect when inhaled through the nostrils, but more slowly. To preserve one's self from it, and keep the respiration more free, it is usual to wrap up the face with a handkerchief. In passing through the tissue it loses a part of its action and of its destructive principle; and besides, the breath keeps up a degree of humidity, and hinders the burning air from suddenly penetrating into the mouth and lungs. The Arabs, therefore, are accustomed, whatever the heat may be, even in the shade, to wrap the whole body, not excepting the head, in their *meseleh* (cloak), if they desire to sleep. This wind causes, by the rarefaction that attends it, a pretty strong agitation in the blood; and this increased movement soon brings on weakness. It in general produces on man two effects distinctly characterized. It strikes him mortally with a kind of asphyxy, or causes him a great debility. In the first case nature sometimes comes to the relief of the sufferer by a discharge of blood with the urine. The corpse of a person so suffocated has this peculiarity, that in a few days, or even hours, as some Arabs affirm, the limbs separate at the joints with the slightest effort; so powerful is the action of the poison even on the muscular parts, giving an astonishing activity to the prog-

ress of putrefaction. Such a corpse is reputed contagious. I know nothing so terrible as this wind: I felt it almost constantly in the Desert, bating some interruptions, one of which was for three days and three nights successively. My interpreter, Mr. Rossel, was struck by it, but escaped death by a discharge of blood. That which confirms what I have said of the separation of the limbs, is, that, having been struck by this air, I was affected for some weeks with an extreme weakness; and whenever the least warm wind blew on me, I felt a great faintness, and perceived in my joints a relaxation of the muscles.

The dangers of this wind are guarded against by inhaling the fumes of good vinegar, and by covering the face with the handkerchief. I asked the Arabs if lying down on the ground was a preservative against it: they assured me it was not. I should be inclined myself to think it prejudicial. The description which M. Volney gives of the samieli, called in Egypt *khamsein* (the wind of fifty days), does not seem to me exact. What Niebuhr says of it did not strike me sufficiently to relate it here. The observations which I have now made are founded on my own experience.

The period at which the samieli is felt, is between the middle of June and the 21st of September. It blows sometimes one, two, or three days and nights successively, and never exceeds the number of seven. Between its appearances there are sometimes intervals of from three to ten days, and even fifteen; not that the wind ceases to blow, but because having been carried in different directions, it is felt in one place after having visited another. The epoch of the samieli coincides with the extraordinary variation of the Nile, namely, between the summer solstice and the autumnal equinox.

During six months, from the autumnal to the vernal equinox, the sun traverses the ecliptic between the equator and the tropic of Capricorn; that is to say, he visits the part of the globe where there are great masses of water. His action then increases in the southern

hemisphere, in proportion as, on account of its obliquity, it diminishes in the solid northern hemisphere. It is natural that the evaporations occasioned by the solar orb in this liquid hemisphere should produce that immense succession of clouds, which dissolves in rain into the upper bason of the *plateau* of Africa, or is preserved in snows deposited on the heights which surround that bason, of which the Niger is the last receptacle. These accumulated rains, and the melting of the snows, are the cause of the rise of the Nile; and at the same time make the Niger communicate with that river.

It is hold in me to express, as principles, results of my geographical labours before I have submitted my whole work to the public, and awaited its fate. Requesting the patience and indulgence of my reader, I, however, venture to declare my opinions.

“The interior of every continent is a vast *plateau*, elevated, concave, containing by its nature many marshes and sulphureous springs, having a proclivity towards one of its sides, and the contour of which corresponds with the contours actually known of that continent. The profile of this continent is composed of as many principal terraces as there have been principal epochs in the successive subsiding of the seas.” The examination of Europe and Asia has furnished me with this result. I laid it before my uncle, Count John Potocki, who approved it, and that emboldens me to publish it here.

The superior *plateau* of Africa, then, is a bason surrounded with eminences, the bottom of which is traversed from west to east by the Niger, and the proclivity of which is consequently in the same direction. The valley of the Nile is lateral to this direction; that is, the course of the Niger is at right angles to that of the Nile. There is between both a tract of ground, the elevation of which is such as, at the time of low water, to hinder the Niger from flowing into the Nile. The Wangara is the lake in which all the waters of the bason unite, where they stagnate and corrupt for want of a vent.

When the aun, after the autumnal equinox, sends towards this *plateau* the great rains and snows, the mass of the waters augmented by the rains only, is not sufficient to rise above the level. Thus this bason is filled towards the Wangara with an immense quantity of water. The season, as well as the great elevation of the *plateau*, then, hinder these waters, though stagnant, from corrupting and emitting their mephitic gas. After the vernal equinox, the melting of the snows being completed between the beginning of May and the summer solstice, the mass of waters rises above the level, and opens the communication between the two rivers: and it is about the summer solstice that the Nile begins to rise. This evacuation of the Wangara into the Nile would, perhaps, be more prompt but for the north winds, which retard it by driving back the waters of the Nile. It is, however, effected; the Nile receives the greenish tinge of the stagnant waters; and in the neighbourhood of the Wangara, this evacuation uncovers immense marshes, which were just before submerged.

The sun, returning towards the Line, occasions a great evaporation of mephitic gasses, in the bason of Africa, which had been heated and prepared for this great evaporation by the passage of that luminary from the equinox to the solstice, and then by its return from the solstice to the equinox. Amidst these causes of corruption, how many insects, reptiles, and animals are there in all this marshy bason which daily perish! We know from Herodotus, that the three brothers Nasamones, after having ascended the northern rampart of this bason, had large marshes to cross, in order to reach to the Niger. In the environs of the Wangara, there is formed an atmospherical stratum, heavy, offensive to the smell, and pestiferous, which is renewed in proportion as the wind has carried it away. It is a continual developement of mephitic gas and noxious exhalations Timbuctoo, and the Upper Niger, being on a higher level, the putrefied gas formed there would sink in consequence of its specific gravity, and be drawn by

the current of the river, or be simply carried away by the west wind, and increase the mass which hangs over the Wangara, and would leave that city free from the scourge.

I cannot concur in the opinion of Captain Maxwell, who supposes that the Niger, after having traversed the Wangara empties itself into the Atlantic Ocean, in the 6th degree of south latitude, by the name of the Congo or Zaire, or between the 5th and 6th degrees of north latitude, into the Gulf of Guinea. If this were so, the upper bason having a regular evacuation, the increase of the Nile and the samieli would be inexplicable.

Such, then, is the state of the interior of this bason, when sometimes the south, sometimes the west wind, begins to reign there. A high wind arriving at the superior plateau of Africa, carries away, and drives before it, the air heated by the sun, and infected by the foetid exhalations, and bears it sometimes to Arabia, into the *Hegias*, where it destroys the pilgrims of Mecca, or into Syria, where I felt it. This air, thus impelled by a strong wind, either passes over the mountainous chain of Syria, or striking it at some point of its elevation, and being compressed on one side by the mountains, on the other by a column of wind, flies off at a tangent, and rises above the mountains. By its specific gravity, it would tend to fall on the reverse of the obstacle surmounted; but still impelled by the same wind, it describes a curve, and

does not strike the Desert till it reaches a point at the distance of a day and a half's journey. What proves this correct is, that the coast of Syria feels only a hot wind, but never the offensive samieli; and that the whole tract along the foot of Libanus, and Anti-Libanus, of a breadth of from fifteen to twenty leagues, is also exempt from it. Hama, Homs, Damascus, &c. know nothing of the samieli. The mixture of burning and cool gusts is caused by the heated mephitic gas passing first, and because the wind which impels it has not become heated. The marshes of the Wangara instantly reproduce an ardent mass of mephitic gas, which a new gust of wind takes and impels before it.

Such, I presume, is the origin of the famous samieli. It is, I think, on the marshes of the Wangara, on the immense plateau of Africa, that its true source is to be sought.

At Bagdad this wind, coming from the north, strikes against the chain of mountains which pass near Sohneh, and which go obliquely from the north to the south-west, and meet the Euphrates to the north of that city, at the distance of three days' journey. Bagdad is at the bottom of the valley of the Euphrates, the ridge which separates that river from the Orontes, is of a great elevation; the wind cannot come there but by surmounting, gliding over the eastern slope of the valley of the Orontes, and having struck the chain in question, taking a direction analogous to its course.

ACCOUNT OF ROBIN HOOD.

Mr. Urban,

Dec. 5, 1820.

THE following account of Robert Earl of Huntington, extracted from "Hargrove's Anecdotes of Archery," may be interesting to your readers:

"During the reign of Richard I. we first find mention made of *Robin Hood*, who hath been so long celebrated as the Chief of English Archers.

The intestine troubles of England were very great at that time, and the country every where infested with out-

laws and banditti: amongst whom none were so famous as this sylvan hero and his followers, whom Stow, in his Annals, styles *renowned thieves*. The personal courage of this celebrated outlaw, his skill in archery, his humanity, and especially his levelling principle, of taking from the rich and giving to the poor, have ever since rendered him the favourite of the common people.

Sir Edward Coke, in his 3d Institute, speaks of Robin Hood, and says, that

men of his lawless profession were from him called *Robberdsmen* : he says, that this notable thief gave not only a name to these kind of men, but mentions a bay on the Yorkshire coast, called *Robin Hood's Bay*. He adds, that the Statute of Winchester, 13th of Edw. I. and another Statute of the 5th of Edw. III. were made for the punishment of Robberdsmen, and other felons.

Who was the author of the collection called "*Robin Hood's Garland*," no one has yet pretended to guess. As some of the songs have more of the spirit of poetry than others, it is probably the work of various hands : that it has from time to time been varied and adapted to the phrase of the times is certain.

Hearne, in his Glossary, inserts a manuscript note out of Wood, containing a passage cited from John Major, the Scottish historian, to this purpose ; that Robin Hood was indeed an arch robber, but the gentlest thief that ever was : and says he might have added from the Harleian MSS. of John Fordun's Scottish Chronicle, that he was, though a notorious robber, a man of great charity.

The true name of Robin Hood, was Robert Fitz-ooth, the addition of *Fitz*, common to many Norman names, was afterwards often omitted or dropped. The two last letters *th* being turned into *d*, he was called by the common people *Ood* or *Hood*. In the old Garland he is said to have been born at Loxley in Staffordshire ; and in a shooting match*, made by the King and Queen, being chose by the latter for her archer, she calls him *Loxley* : a custom very common in those days to call persons of eminence by the name of the town where they were born.

It does not appear that our hero had any estate ; perhaps he or his father might be deprived of that on some political account ; attainders and confiscations being very frequent in those days

of Norman tyranny and feudal oppression. In the 19th of Henry II. when the son of that king rebelled against his father, Robert de Ferrers manned his castles of Tutbury and Duffield in behalf of the prince. William Fitz-ooth, father of our hero (supposing him connected with the Ferrers, to which his dwelling at Loxley† seems to point), might suffer with them in the consequences of that rebellion, which would not only deprive the family of their estates, but also of their claim to the Earldom of Huntingdon. From some such cause our hero might be induced to take refuge in those woods and forests, where the bold adventurer,—whether flying from the demands of his injured country, or to avoid the ruthless hand of tyrannic power,—had often found a safe and secure retreat.

Tutbury, and other places in the vicinity of his native town, seem to have been the scene of his juvenile frolics. We afterwards find him at the head of 200 strong resolute men, and expert archers, ranging the woods and forests of Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, and other parts of the North of England.

Charton, in his History of Whitby Abbey, recites, "That in the days of Abbot Richard, this freebooter, when closely pursued by the civil or military power, found it necessary to leave his usual haunts, and retreating across the moors that surrounded Whitby, came to the sea coast, where he always had in readiness some small fishing vessels ; and in these, putting off to sea, he looked upon himself as quite secure, and held the whole power of the English nation at defiance. The chief place of his resort at these times, and where his boats were generally laid up, was about six miles from Whitby, and is still called *Robin Hood's Bay*." Tradition further informs us, that in one of these peregrinations he, attended by his Lieutenant, John Little, went to dine‡ with

* On this occasion we are told, that Robin Hood was dressed in scarlet, and his men in green ; and that they all wore black hats and white feathers.

† The Ferrers were Lords of Loxley.—The name of Loxley has been adopted for this chivalrous Outlaw by the very intelligent Author of "*Ivanhoe*." And *Robin Hood* has been given as a Christian name by the present Earl of Huntingdon to one of his youngest sons.

‡ Possibly without invitation.

Abbot Richard, who, having heard them often famed for their great dexterity in shooting with the long-bow, begged them after dinner to show him a specimen thereof; when to oblige the Abbot, they went up to the top of the Abbey, whence each of them shot an arrow, which fell not far from Whitby Laths, but on the contrary side of the lane. In memory of this transaction, a pillar was set up by the Abbot in the place where each of the arrows fell, which were standing in 1779; each pillar still retaining the name of the owner of each arrow. Their distance from Whitby Abbey is more than a measured mile, which seems very far for the flight of an arrow; but when we consider the advantage a shooter must have from an elevation, so great as the top of the Abbey, situated on a high cliff, the fact will not appear so extraordinary. These very pillars are mentioned, and the fields called by the aforesaid names in the old deeds for that ground, now in the possession of Mr. Thomas Watson. It appears by his Epitaph, that Robert Fitz-ooth lived 59 years after this time (1188); a very long period for a life abounding with so many dangerous enterprizes, and rendered obnoxious both to Church and State. Perhaps no part of English History afforded so fair an opportunity for such practices as the turbulent reigns of Richard I. King John, and Henry III.

Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury and Chief Justiciary of England, we are told, issued several proclamations for the suppressing of out-laws; and even set a price upon the head of this hero. Several stratagems were used to apprehend him, but in vain. Force he repelled by force; nor was he less artful than his enemies. At length being

closely pursued, many of his followers slain, and the rest dispersed, he took refuge in the Priory of Kirklees, about twelve miles from Leeds, in Yorkshire, the Prioress at that time being his near relation. Old age, disappointment, and fatigue, brought on disease; a monk was called in to open a vein, who, either through ignorance or design, performed his part so ill, that the bleeding could not be stopped. Believing he should not recover, and wishing to point out the place where his remains might be deposited, he called for his bow, and discharging two arrows, the first fell in the river Calder, the second falling in the park, marked the place of his future sepulture. He died on the 24th of December, 1247,* as appears by the following Epitaph, which was once legible on his tomb, in Kirklees Park; where, though the tomb remains, yet the inscription hath been long obliterated. It was, however, preserved by Dr. Gale, Dean of York, and inserted from his papers by Thoresby, in his *Ducat. Leod.* and is as follows;

"Hear, undernead his latil stean,
Laiz Robert Earl of Huntington;
Nea Arcir ver az hie sa geud,
An pipi kauld im Robin Heud;
Sick utlawz az hian iz men,
Vil England niwr si agen.
Obit 24 Kal. Dekembris, 1247."

In the churchyard of Hathersage, a village in Derbyshire, were deposited, as tradition informs us, the remains of John Little, the servant and companion of Robin Hood. The grave is distinguished by a large stone, placed at the head, and another at the feet; on each of which are yet some remains of the letters *I. L.*

* Supposing him twenty one years of age, when on his visit to Abbot Richard at Whitby, he must at this time have been at least in his eightieth year.

THE RAINBOW.

THE evening was glorious, and light through the trees
 Play'd the sunshine and rain-drops, the birds and the breeze,
 The landscape, outstretching in loveliness, lay
 On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.

For the Queen of the Spring, as she pass'd down the vale,
 Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;
 And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
 And flush in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.

The skies, like a banner in sunset unroll'd,
 O'er the west threw their splendour of azure and gold;
 But one cloud at distance rose dense, and increased,
 Till its margin of black touch'd the zenith, and east.

We gazed on the scenes, while around us they glow'd,
 When a vision of beauty appear'd on the cloud;—
 'Twas not like the Sun, as at mid-day we view,
 Nor the Moon that rolls nightly through star-lights and blue.

Like a *Spirit*, it came in the van of the storm!
 And the eye, and the heart, hail'd its beautiful form;
 For it look'd not severe, like an Angel of Wrath,
 But its garment of brightness illumed its dark path.

In the hues of its grandeur sublimely it stood,
 O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood;
 And river, field, village, and woodlands grew bright,
 As conscious they gave and afforded delight.

'Twas the bow of Omnipotence; bent in His hand,
 Whose grasp at Creation the Universe spann'd:
 'Twas the presence of GOD, in a symbol sublime;
 His Vow from the Flood to the exit of Time!

Not dreadful, as when in the whirlwind he pleads,
 When storms are his chariot, and lightnings his steeds;
 The black clouds his banner of vengeance unfurl'd,
 And thunder his voice to a guilt-stricken world;—

In the breath of his presence when thousands expire,
 And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire;
 And the sword, and the plague-spot with death strew the plain,
 And vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain:—

Not such was that RAINBOW, that beautiful one!
 Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone—the Sun;
 A Pavilion it seem'd which the Deity graced,
 And Justice and Mercy met there, and embraced.

Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
 Like Love o'er a death-couch, or Hope o'er the tomb;
 Then left the dark scene, whence it slowly retired,
 As Love had just vanish'd, or Hope had expired.

I gaz'd not alone on that source of my song;—
 To all who beheld it these verses belong,
 Its presence to all was the path of the Lord!
 Each full heart expanded,—grew warm,—and adored!

Like a visit—the converse of friends—or a day,
 That Bow from *my sight* pass'd for ever away;
 Like that visit, that converse, that day—to my heart,
 That Bow from *remembrance* can never depart.

'Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined,
 With the strong and unperishing colours of mind;]
 A part of my being beyond my controul,
 Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

TO A CHILD.

By Joannie Bailie.

WHOSE imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,
And curly pate and merry eye,
And arm and shoulders round and sleek
And soft and fair thou urchin sly !

What boots it who with sweet caresses
First call'd thee his, or squire or hind ?
For thou in every wight that passes
Dost now a friendly play-mate find.

Thy downcast glances, grave but cunning,
As fringed eye-lids rise and fall,
Thy shyness, swiftly from me running,—
'Tis infantine coquetry all !

But far a-field thou hast not flown,
With mocks and threats half-lisp'd half-spoken,
I feel thee pulling at my gown,
Of right goodwill thy simple token.

And thou must laugh and wrestle too,
A mimic warfare with me waging,
To make, as wily lovers do,
Thy after-kindness more engaging.

The wilding rose, sweet as thyself,
And new-cropt daisies, are thy treasure :
I'd gladly part with worldly pelf
To taste again thy youthful pleasure.

But yet for all thy merry look,
Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming,
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
The weary spell or horn-book thumbing.

Well ; let it be ! thro' weal and woe
Thou know'st not now thy future range ;
Life is a motley shifting show,
And thou a thing of hope and change.

JERUSALEM IN 1820.

NARRATIVE of a TOUR made in PALESTINE, by the REV. J. CONNOR.

ON Monday morning, March 6th, we proceeded, says Mr. Connor, from Rama the ancient Arimathea, towards Jerusalem. After passing over a cultivated plain, we entered a broad valley at the end of which, turning to the right we rode along a stony path in a narrow glen, amidst the mountains of Judea. The mountains that bound this glen are, in general, uncultivated and rocky, but beautifully tufted with underwood. On issuing from this glen, the road carried us over a fatiguing succession of stony hills and vallies ; the country as we approached Jerusalem, becoming more and more desolate, till it terminated in a rugged desert of rock, which scarcely admitted the growth of a few blades of grass. About four o'clock we came in sight of the Holy City ; its first appearance, when approached from Jaffa, is that of a neat little walled town, seated on a gentle eminence. Outside the gate was a band of pilgrims amusing themselves with throwing stones. We entered the city and proceeded through a few narrow and winding streets, to the Latin con-

vent of San Salvador, where we took up our abode.

The Archbishop of Cyprus having given me an introductory letter to PROCOPIUS, the chief agent of the patriarch of Jerusalem, I waited on him at the Greek convent two or three days after my arrival. He received me in the most friendly manner. He expressed his warmest approbation of the plan and objects of the Bible Society; and acceded immediately to my proposal of leaving a considerable portion of the Scriptures which I had brought with me in his hands, for sale or distribution among the pilgrims and others.

The language universally spoken throughout the patriarchate of Jerusalem is the Arabic. Schools are rare; consequently reading is not a very common attainment. The metropolitans, archbishops and bishops, are all native Greeks, and reside in Jerusalem. Very few of them know any thing of Arabic but maintain agents (natives of the country) at their dioceses, which they occasionally visit. The patriarch of Jerusalem resides in Constantinople.

Among the Jews, I have not been able to do any thing. The New Testament they reject with disdain, though I have repeatedly offered it to them for the merest trifle. As for the prophecies, they say the book is imperfect, and therefore they will not purchase: and as for the psalters they tell me there is no want of them in Jerusalem. Had I brought complete Hebrew bibles with me, I could have sold many.

The ceremonies at the Latin and Greek Easters have been very numerous. I shall transcribe from my journal what I have written on some of them.

Here I must pause, to give you, in a few words, some idea of the church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is a large building. In the middle under the great cupola, stands an edifice of considerable size containing the tomb, over which are suspended 44 lamps always burning:

of these 21 belong to the Greeks, 13 to the Catholics, 6 to the Armenians, and four to the Copts. Between the sepulchre and the sides of the church is a large space, open and free to all, the chapels of the different communions being in the sides of the church. Mount Cavalry is within its walls. You ascend it by a flight of steps, and on its top are two small chapels belonging to the Greeks. The large chapel of the Greeks is the most splendid and richly ornamented. For a minute description of the church, I refer you to Maundrell and Chateaubriand.

Palm Sunday.

On Palm Sunday (March the 26th,) I went to see the ceremony of the Latins. After a considerable time had been spent in singing before the door of the sepulchre, the deputy superior of the Latin convent (the superior himself being in Cyprus) entered the sepulchre with some priests, to bless the palm branches that lay there. When this was done he left the sepulchre, and, sitting on an elevated chair, received the palms which had been blessed from the hands of the priests. These came forward first, and knelt one after the other, before the deputy superior, receiving from his hand (which they kissed) a branch of the consecrated palm. When this part of the ceremony was concluded, the crowd pressed forward to receive their palms. The confusion and tumult were excessive. The Turks,* with their sticks and whips, did all they could to restrain the impetuosity of the people; and had it not been for their great activity, the deputy superior would certainly have been overwhelmed by the crowd. When the palms had been distributed, and the confusion had in some measure subsided, the priests and some others walked three times in procession round the sepulchre, with lighted candles, incense, elevated crucifixes, and palms. They sang as they walked. When the procession was ended, an altar splendidly ornamented was placed

* There are always in the church, during the ceremonies, a considerable number of Turks, with sticks and whips to keep the people in order. This appeared to me, at first a rather tyrannical measure; but repeated visits to the church soon convinced me that without the interposition of the Turks it would become the theatre of riot and disorder. These Turks (who are paid by the convents) guard the processions, and clear the way for them.

before the sepulchre, and mass was performed.

On Good Friday there was a grand procession and ceremony of the Latins, in the evening. It commenced with an Italian sermon, in the Catholic chapel, on the flagellation of Christ.† From this place they proceeded to the chapel where they say Christ's garments were taken from him: here was another sermon in Italian. They then ascended Mount Calvary; and passed first into the chapel which marks the spot where Christ was nailed to the cross; the large crucifix and image which they carried in the procession was here laid on the ground, and a Spanish sermon was pronounced over it. When this was finished, the crucifix was raised, and moved into the adjoining chapel of the elevation of the cross: here it was fixed upright behind the altar; a monk standing by, preached for twenty minutes on the crucifixion; the sermon was in Italian, and when it was concluded two monks approached the cross, and partially enveloping the body of the image in linen, took off with a pair of pincers the crown of thorns from the head, kissed it, and laid it on a plate; the nails were then drawn out from the hands and feet with the same ceremony. The arms of the image were so contrived, that, on the removal of the nails which kept them extended, they dropped upon the sides of the body. The image was then laid on linen, and borne down from Calvary to the Stone of Unction, the spot where they say Christ's body was anointed: here the image was extended, and was perfumed with spices, fragrant water, and clouds of incense; the monks knelt round the stone, with large lighted candles in their hands; a monk ascended an adjoining pulpit and preached a sermon in Arabic. The procession then went forward to the Sepulchre, where the image was deposited, and a sermon preached in Spanish: this concluded the ceremony.

On the Easter day of the Latins, which is the Palm Sunday of the Greeks, Armenians, &c. I went to the church early, and found it excessively

crowded. Most of the people had remained there all night. The Catholic, Greek, and Armenian processions were long and splendid. In all the processions to-day, except that of the Catholics, palm branches were carried, and also banners with the various scenes of the Passion painted on them. The people were very eager to sanctify their palms, by touching the banners with them as they passed.

On the Greek Good Friday I went to the church, with the intention of spending the night there with the pilgrims, and of viewing the ceremonies. The Turkish guard at the gate was particularly strong, and they admitted none who did not chuse to pay twenty-5 piastres (about 16s. 8d. sterl.) The firmân which I obtained at Acre from the Pacha, who is guardian of the Holy Sepulchre, saved myself and servant this expense. It is a general belief among the Greeks and Armenians, that on Easter Eve a fire descends from heaven into the sepulchre. The eagerness of the Greeks, Armenians, and others to light their candles at this holy fire, carried an immense crowd to the church, notwithstanding the sum which they were obliged to pay. About nine at night I retired to rest, in a small apartment in the church. A little before midnight the servant roused me to see the Greek procession. I hastened to the gallery of the church; the scene was striking and brilliant. The Greek chapel was splendidly illuminated; five rows of lamps were suspended in the dome, and almost every individual of the immense multitude held a lighted candle in his hand. The procession and subsequent service around the sepulchre were long and splendid.

I was awakened early in the following morning by the noise in the church; and on proceeding to my station in the gallery I found the crowd below in a state of great confusion. Some were employed in carrying others on their backs round the sepulchre, others in dancing and clapping their hands, exclaiming in Arabic, "This is the tomb of our Lord!" Sometimes a man pas-

† In their chapel the Catholics profess to shew the pillar where this took place.

sed, standing upright on the shoulders of another; and I saw, more than once, four carried along in this manner, a little boy, seated, forming the fourth or topmost; others again were busy in chasing one another round the tomb, and shouting like madmen. Whenever they saw in the crowd a man who they thought could pay them, they seized and forcibly carried him in their arms two or three times round the church. The whole is a most lamentable profanation of the place! The same happens every year. The noise and confusion increased as the moment appointed for the apparition of the fire approached. At length the Turks, who had not hitherto interfered, began to brandish their whips, and to still in some measure, the tumult. About noon, the governor of Jerusalem, with a part of his guard, entered the gallery. The eagerness and anxiety of the people were now excessive; they all pressed toward the sepulchre, each person holding a bundle of tapers in his hand. The chief agent of the Greek patriarch and an Armenian bishop had entered the sepulchre shortly before. All eyes were fixed on the gallery, watching for the governor's signal. He made it, and the fire appeared through one of the holes in the building that covers the tomb! A man lighted his taper at the hallowed flame, and then pushed into the thickest of the crowd, and endeavoured to fight his way through. The tumult and clamour were great, and the man was nearly crushed to death by the eagerness of the people to light their tapers at his flame. In about twenty minutes every one both in the galleries and below, men, women, and children, had their candles lighted. Many of them put their lighted candles to their faces, imagining that the flame would not scorch them; I perceived, however, by their grimaces, that they speedily discovered their mistake. They did not

permit these tapers to burn long, reserving them for occasions of need. The power which they attribute to those candles that have been touched with the fire from heaven is almost unbounded: they suppose, for instance, that if overtaken by a storm at sea, they throw one of these candles into the waves, the tempest will immediately subside.

They are chiefly valued, however, in consequence of a superstitious notion that if they are burned at the funeral of the individual, they will most assuredly save his soul from future punishment. To obtain these candles, and to undergo a second baptism in the waters of the Jordan are the chief objects of the visit of the Greek pilgrims to Jerusalem.

The average number of Greek pilgrims is about 2,000; this year they are only 1,600. Of these pilgrims the majority are native Greeks, who speak and read Romaic; the next in number are the Greeks from Asia Minor, who speak and read the Turkish, but in the Romaic character; the third class consists of Russians; and the fourth and fifth of Wallachians and Bulgarians; few however, of these pilgrims can read.

The Armenian pilgrims amount this year to about 1,300. The majority of them are from Anatolia, and speak nothing but Turkish. Very few of them can read.

The average number of Copt pilgrims is about 200. This year only 150 arrived. Their appearance is very wretched.

The pilgrims that have visited Jerusalem this year may be thus summed up:—

Greeks - - - - -	1,600	
Armenians - - - -	1,300	
Copts - - - - -	150	
Catholics - - - -	50	} chiefly from Damascus.
Abyssinians - - -	1	
Syrians - - - - -	30	
Total - - - - -	3,131	

Concluded in our next.

CANNIBALISM IN NEW-ZEALAND.

ALTHOUGH we copy the following article from the Literary Gazette, we have been in possession of the melancholy fact upwards of three months. This horrible tale was told, at the late Methodist Conference held in Liverpool, by Mr. Samuel Leigh, a Wesleyan Missionary, who at that time had lately returned to England from New Zealand, &c.

Our readiness to comply with a request which was then made to us, not to give immediate publicity to the relation, furnishes the reason why we did not at that time insert this, and several anecdotes of a similar description and character, in the pages of the Imperial Magazine.

"One day, while Mr. Leigh was walking on the beach, conversing with a native chief, his attention was arrested by a great number of people on a neighbouring-hill. He inquired the cause of such a concourse, and being told that they were roasting a lad, and had assembled to eat him, he immediately proceeded to the place, in order to ascertain the truth of this appalling relation. Having arrived at the village where the people were collected, he asked to see the boy. The natives appeared much agitated at his presence, and particularly at his request, as if conscious of their guilt; and it was only after a very urgent solicitation that they directed him towards a large fire at some distance, where they said he would find him. As he was going to this place, he passed by the bloody spot on which the head of this unhappy victim had been cut off; and on approaching the fire, he was not a little startled at the sudden appearance of a savage-looking man, of gigantic stature, entirely naked, and armed with an axe. Mr. Leigh, though somewhat intimidated, manifested by symptoms of fear, but boldly demanded to see the lad. The cook, for such was the occupation of this terrific monster, then held him up by his feet. He appeared to be about fourteen years of age, and

was about half roasted. Mr. Leigh returned to the village, where he found several hundreds of the natives seated in a circle, with a quantity of coomery (a sort of sweet potatoe) before them, and waiting for the roasted body of the youth. In this company were shewn to him the parents of the child, expecting to share in the horrid feast. After reasoning with them for about half an hour on the inhumanity and wickedness of their conduct, he prevailed on them to give up the boy to be interred, and thus prevented them from consummating the most cruel, unnatural, and diabolical act, of which human nature is capable."

Mr. Leigh, on rescuing the body from their hands, found on examination, that it was in a mutilated state; it having no head, and only one arm. He then informed the savages, that he must have the absent parts, especially the head, as the body was "*no good without the head.*" Finding him both resolute and persevering, they, after some time, reluctantly procured the head, and gave it up. Having obtained this, he then urged similar inquiries respecting the arm, and insisted on having it restored. This, they soon gave him to understand, was impossible; and on being pressed closely on the ground of their impossibility, they put their fingers to their open mouths, to signify that this part had been already eaten. With regard to the intestines, we do not recollect that Mr. Leigh made any particular remark.

It furthermore appears, from the account given by Mr. Leigh, that with these horrid repasts the barbarians of New Zealand were but too well acquainted. They had so far polished cannibalism into refinement, that they could distinguish the most delicate portion in the human body, from the parts which were less palatable to the savage epicure. They informed him that *the most delicious morsel was a particular part of the arm*, to which they directed his attention.

ON THE COMPLAINTS IN AMERICA AGAINST THE BRITISH
PRESS.

IT may not be known to all our readers that several citizens of America, addicted to writing books, or, like ourselves, to the less ambitious composition of periodical articles, consider themselves to be in a state of declared and justifiable hostility with the British press, for what they call "the indiscriminate and virulent abuse," which it has lately heaped upon their country; and that in consequence some very angry appeals and remonstrances, and retaliative effusions, have been sent forth, to expose the extreme injustice and illiberality with which their unoffending republic has been treated on this calumniating side of the Atlantic. The vanity, or at least the views, of the writers to whom we allude, seems to have taken rather a singular turn. Heretofore a self-sufficient and irritable author's first ambition was to create an extraordinary bustle about himself; and he accordingly, as often as the fit was on him, loudly called upon the world to become a party in his personal squabbles and fantastic resentments; but the present race of paper-warriors of Boston and Philadelphia, magnanimously dismissing all consciousness of themselves, are displaying a more expanded fretfulness, as asserters of their country's reputation; and lest, we suppose, their sincerity should be questioned, they have entered into their patriotic animosities with all the blind and morbid zeal, and all the petty punctilious susceptibility of affront, that might have been expected from the most sensitive pretender to genius, while defending his own sacred claims to admiration and respect.

If the questions at issue were confined to the respective merits of Mr. Walsh, the great American appellant, against the calumnies of English writ-

ters*, and our principal periodical reviews, which he so bitterly arraigns, we should leave the belligerents to fight out their differences in a course of harmless missile warfare across the Atlantic; but we can perceive from the tone of Mr. Walsh's book, and of his Boston reviewer†, that they have taken up the affair in a spirit far exceeding that of an ordinary literary quarrel. They have laboured hard to impress upon America, that she has become in this country the object of systematic hatred and contumely. Many obsolete questions have been revived for the mere purpose of exasperation, and discussed in a tone of the fiercest recrimination. We have hints, not of a very pacific kind, of the consequences that may accrue to England from her perverse insensibility to the merits of the United States. These topics and the inferences extorted from them, are throughout supported by considerable exaggeration, and occasionally, we regret to observe, either by direct falsehoods, or by suppressions that amount to falsehoods; so that were it not for our confidence in the better sense and information of the community which those productions are designed to inflame, we should expect to find every American that possessed a spark of national pride, burning to retaliate upon us, by acts of more substantial vengeance than verbal reprisals, for the insolent and unmanly sarcasms against his country that he is taught to believe has been of late the favourite occupation of English writers.

We profess to take a very anxious interest in all that relates to America. The Boston Reviewer derides the notion of the endearing influence of consanguinity; but we feel it in all its force. We have not enough of his philosophy to forget, that the commun-

* An Appeal from the Judgments of Great-Britain respecting the United States of America. Part first, containing an Historical Outline of their Merits and Wrongs as Colonies, and Strictures upon the Calumnies of British Writers. By Robert Walsh, junior.

† North American Review. New series, No. 11. April 1820. Boston.

ity which he is seeking to inflame against us, is principally composed of the children of British subjects—that our fathers were the countrymen of Washington and Franklin. We can never bring ourselves to consider the land of their birth as absolutely foreign ground. Many generations must pass away, and great vicissitudes in our mutual sentiments and relations mark the close of each, before a contest between America and England can be any thing else than what the late one was regarded, an unnatural civil war. We cannot but feel too, that the character of the principles and institutions that most attach us to our own country, is vitally connected with the moral and political destiny of the United States; and that in spite of the violent separation, and of any changes of forms and titles that may have ensued, the Americans of future times will be regarded by the world as a race either of improved, or of degenerate Englishmen. Entertaining these sentiments, we cordially unite with those who deprecate all attempts to excite a hostile spirit in either country; and with this view shall proceed to point out a few instances of the extraordinary and unpardonable precipitation with which the above-mentioned writers have levelled their sweeping accusations against the English press; and, for brevity sake, shall take the review of Mr. Walsh's book in preference to the cumbrous original of which it contains an analysis.

With the generality of our readers it might indeed be sufficient to assert, and to appeal to their own knowledge of the fact, that in this country America is the object of no such sentiment as systematic hatred or contempt; but as the Boston critic has boldly cited some examples to the contrary, we may as well stop to examine how far his selection has been fortunate.

"It is well known (says he) that one of the most severe attacks ever made against this country in a respectable quarter, is the one contained in the 61st No. of the Edinburgh Review;" and the writer (Mr. Sydney Smith) is classed among the "malignant contributors," to whom "abusive books of travels in America

are entrusted," and who do not hesitate to gratify their feelings of personal animosity, and their jocular propensities, at the expense of truth and candour. We have this offensive libel before us, and we answer—

It accuses the English *cabinet* of *impertinence* for treating the Americans with ridicule and contempt, and dwells upon the astonishing increase of their numbers and resources as a proof that England and the other powers of the old world must soon be compelled to respect them. It *praises* the cheapness of the American establishments. It compares the spirit of the American and English governments in relation to the liberty of the subject, and gives the preference to the former.

It *praises* the simple costume of the American judges and lawyers, and is unsparing in its ridicule of the "calorific wigs" of our Ellenboroughs and Eldons. It commemorates the cheapness and purity of the administration of justice in America, and exposes the expense and delays of the English Court of Chancery.

The reverend and "malignant contributor" extracts the details of Mr. Hall's visit to Mr. Jefferson, and Mr. Fearon's to Mr. Adams, both tending to increase our admiration of those respectable characters.

He agrees with Mr. Fearon that the indolence of the American character is a proof of the prosperity of the country.—He gratifies his "personal animosity" by expressing his "real pleasure" in citing Mr. Bradbury's attestations to their independence and hospitality, and Mr. Hall's, to the good sense and courtesy prevailing in their social circles—to their extraordinary liberality to strangers in pecuniary transactions—and to "the gallantry, high feeling, and humanity of the American troops;" and finally, the libeller vents some encomiums upon the religious habits of the American people, and the great respectability of their clergy.

Here is praise enough, one should think, for national vanity of an ordinary appetite; but Mr. Smith has had the arrogance to glance at two little facts, upon the first of which the Boston crit-

ic seems particularly sore—the scantiness of their native literature—and the institution of slavery, the greatest curse and stain upon a civilized community ; and this foul proceeding on the part of the reverend reviewer has cancelled all the merit of his previous panegyric.

We had intended to have taken one of the papers in another periodical journal which has proved equally offensive on the other side of the Atlantic, and to have given a similar summary of its contents ; but the specimen we have selected of an article pre-eminently stigmatized for its injustice and illiberality, will be sufficient to satisfy every rational Englishman or American, that very little dependence is to be placed on those directors of public opinion in the latter country, who assert that it has been the subject of “ indiscriminate and virulent abuse ” in this.

The North-American Review, in a long episode, arraigns the English writers and politicians (including Mr. Bentham and Lord Grey) for their profound ignorance of some important peculiarities in the government of the United States. Assuredly, we may with equal truth retort the accusation, and express our astonishment that Mr. Walsh, and the conductor of the Boston Review, Mr. Everett, both of whom passed some years in England, should have returned to their own country, so singularly unacquainted with the most notorious characteristics of our constitution, and with the consequences as manifested in the political sentiments of our people. Did they never hear, that our frame of government was compounded of monarchical and republican elements ? that these elements were in a state of ceaseless conflict ? that every Englishman, who arrives, or thinks he has arrived, at the age of discretion, makes it a point to extol the one, and decry the other, according as his education, or temperament, or interests, throw him into the ranks of either of our great contending parties ? Are they not aware that in this fierce intestine war of opinion, which has been now for a couple of centuries raging among us, the highest personages of the land on the one side, and the most sacred rights of the people

on the other, are daily assailed with the most virulent abuse and ridicule ? During their residence in England, did Messrs. Walsh and Everett never throw their eyes over the columns of one of our ranting patriots, or over the anti-jacobinical effusions of a ministerial declaimer ? Did they never pass by one of our caricature-shops, where kings and queens, ministers and oppositionists, judges and bishops, and every man, woman, and child, who has the good fortune to be of sufficient celebrity for the purpose, are regularly gibbeted for the entertainment of a people, who consider one of their most glorious privileges to be that of laughing at their superiors ? Did these enlightened observers of British manners never discover that it is one of the customs of our country to tolerate all this, and that the most prominent objects of those attacks are, for the most part, among the first to enter into the spirit of the joke against themselves ? And if the United States of America now and then happen to come in for a share of the wit or scurrility that is going on, do they not perceive that it is in reality a tribute to her importance, and that she may safely leave her quarrel in the hands of the admirers of republics among us, who will not fail in due season to retaliate with equal venom if not equal wit, upon some of the popular royal butts of the day—the Bourbons, or the Holy Alliance, or the august representative of what is most monarchical in the eyes of men, the Emperor of all the Russias. Surely a moment's reflection might have shewn them that on such occasions silence and good-humour are the only effectual weapons of defence, and that no wise and sober American should feel serious alarm for the character and dignity of his nation, even though a Scotch critic should make unreasonably light of Mr. Joel Barlow's inspirations, or because Mr. Sydney Smith's pen, in an hour of thoughtless gaiety, addressed some words of friendly admonition to the United States of America, under the homely appellation of “ Jonathan.” Yet such are among the provocations that have called forth Mr. Walsh, as the protagonist of his “ calumniated country,” that

he may "if possible arrest the war, which is waged without stint or intermission upon its national reputation."

However irrational this extraordinary sensitiveness may be, we suspect that the secret cause of it may be easily discovered.

We have had occasion to mingle pretty freely with American travellers in this and other countries of Europe, and to study their sentiments and manners with some share of attention. Among them we found several who might be compared with the best specimens of the best classes of any community that can be named—accomplished gentlemen and scholars, who had crossed the seas for the honourable purpose of enlarging their views, and travelling down their prejudices, and whose conversation afforded infinite stores of interesting information and manly speculation. They were distinguished by manners happily composed of frankness and refinement, by great ardour in the pursuit of practical knowledge, and by a deep but temperate preference for the institutions of their native country. The greater number, if not all of them, have returned to America, where their rank and acquirements predestine them to share in the conduct of public affairs, and where we sincerely trust, that their better influence will prove a corrective to the baneful doctrines of such men as Mr. Walsh and his Boston coadjutor. But others, and we must add, the large majority, were persons of a very different stamp. They were vulgar, vain, and boisterous; their acquirements were common-place and limited. Their conversation was made up of violent declamations against slavery (*Americè monarchy*) and as loud assertions of the superiority of America over all the countries of the globe. This latter feeling, pushed to the utmost verge of extravagant pretension, is (according to the concurring testimony of travellers) a prominent trait in the second-rate American character; and, when encountered either by argument or ridicule, or what is worst of all, by facts, seldom fails to provoke such angry remonstrances as those of the plaintiffs in the present action of slander against the writers of

Great-Britain. In their own country, indeed, this national prepossession, being rarely exasperated by resistance, does not always swell beyond the bounds of a buoyant and harmless self-complacency, a little offensive perhaps to strangers, but there the matter ends: it is only when an American of this class comes to Europe, more especially to Great Britain, and finds himself daily confronted by men who resolutely contest his claims, that his admiration of himself assumes the inflammatory form of unmeasured hatred and rudeness to those who have the audacity to prefer themselves.

This irritable and exaggerated self-love arises from a striking peculiarity in the foundation of an American's national vanity. Other nations boast of what they are or have been—but a true citizen of the United States exalts his head to the skies in the contemplation of the future grandeur of his country. With him the pride of pedigree is reversed. Others claim respect and honour through a line of renowned ancestors; an American glories in the achievements of a distant posterity. Others appeal to history, an American to prophecy.--- The latter modestly calls on us to discount his predictions; and, on no better security, to hand him over the full amount in ready praise. His visions are like those of the Trojan prince in Elysium, gazing with anticipated rapture on the passing forms of his illustrious descendants. You must beware how you speak of a worthy native of Kentucky as the son of a respectable planter. No, no, "You don't catch the thing at all." He is to be considered and duly venerated as the great-grandfather of some immortal warrior, or legislator, or poet. This system of raising a fictitious capital of renown, which his posterity is to pay off (an invention much resembling our financial anticipations) is the secret of an American's extraordinary pretensions, and of his soreness when they are not allowed. With Malthus in one hand, and a map of the bark settlements in the other, he boldly defies us to a comparison with America, *as she is to be*, and chuckles with precocious exultation over the

splendours which the "geometrical ratio" is to shed upon her story. This appeal to the future is his never-failing resource. If an English traveller complains of their inns, and hints his dislike to sleeping three or four in a bed, first, he is a calumniator; and next, he is advised to suspend his opinion of the matter, until another century shall demonstrate the superiority of their accommodations. So in matters of literature and science—if Shakspeare, and Milton, and Newton be named, we are told to wait—"wait till these few millions of acres shall be cleared, when we shall have idle time to attend to other things—only wait till the year 1900 or 2000, and then the world shall see how much nobler our poets, and profounder our astronomers, and longer our telescopes, than that decrepid old hemisphere of yours could produce."

This propensity to look forward with confidence to the future exaltation of their country, may, in the abstract, be natural and laudable: but when the Americans go farther, and refer to that wished-for period as one in which the comparative glory of England shall be extinguished for ever, they allow themselves to be betrayed into hopes at once unnatural and absurd. Let us admit that their proudest predictions shall be fully accomplished—that the day is to come, when the immense northern Continent between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, shall be all their own—an assemblage of contiguous circles of independent states, each a kingdom in itself, and the great federal compact, like a vast circumference, binding them together in strength and union—the whole the residence of countless millions of free and enlightened Americans. Let us imagine the time arrived when American fleets shall cover every sea, and ride in every harbour for the purposes of commerce, or chastisement, or protection: when the land of America shall be the seat of all that is most admirable in the eyes of men—of freedom, learning, taste, morals. Let us farther suppose that when all these are "throned in the West," old England sinking beneath the weight of years, and the manifold casualties by which the pride

of empires is levelled in the dust, shall have "fallen from her high estate,"—in that day of her extremity, what is the language which an Englishman, remembering the deeds of his ancestry, might hold to an American, who should too exultingly boast of the superior grandeur of his country? Might he not truly and justly say, America has reason to be proud, but let her not forget the source whence she derived that original stock of glory which she has laid out to such admirable account. Who were the men that first tamed those barren tracts which have since become a garden? Englishmen.—Who laid the foundations of those capitals, now the emporia of commerce and of science? Englishmen.—Who taught you the arts of navigation, which have brought that commerce to perfection? Englishmen.—From what code did you first catch that spirit of freedom which achieved your independence, and has so happily preserved it? From the laws and institutions of England.—Where did your infant science and literature find their models of deep thought, of exquisite composition, of sublime conception? In the writings of immortal Englishmen, your ancestors and instructors. No, never imagine that the most splendid consummation of your destinies can give you an exclusive lustre, in which the name of England has no right to share. The bands of generous exiles whom in ages past she sent forth to be the founders of your race, were her sons, and carried the elements of grandeur within them. In every stage of their adventurous career, the genius of their original country was among them, directing and consecrating their efforts. You have a right to be proud; but you are also to remember, that what you make your highest boast, is, after all, the good old spirit of British freedom, of which you are the lineal inheritors. This is an honour of which no vicissitudes can deprive her. Let the name of England fade away from the list of nations—let her long line of statesmen, heroes, and scholars, and "the many wondrous things they did in their day," be buried in oblivion—still, as long as an empire

of Americans survives, speaking her language, cherishing her institutions, and emulating her example, her name shall be pronounced with veneration throughout the world, and her memory be celebrated by a glorious monument.

Before we conclude, we cannot refrain from adverting to one curious topic introduced by the Boston reviewer, upon which he enlarges, with considerable warmth, through half a dozen closely printed pages—the comparative purity of the English language in the works of British and American writers: our readers will readily conjecture to whom the preference is assigned. The American stoutly maintains that we have no right to dictate to his country on this head; and that she is, and shall be, the sole judge of the words she shall employ, and the significations they shall bear. “That every innovation which has taken place since the time of Shakespeare, or of Milton, in the English language in England, should be recognised as authority, and every change which has taken place in the language in America, in the same interval, should be stigmatized as a corruption, (he) sees no good reason in philology or common sense: it appears (to him) mere arrogant pedantry.” Now really this quarrel about words seems, to us, to be silly in the extreme, and to betray, on the part of the writer, great ignorance of the subject he undertakes to discuss: certainly the current language of America is to be at her own disposal; and she is as free as England to circulate as many new, or call in as many old words as she pleases. But what will be the consequence of the capricious exercise of such a right? Why, that a particular standard of the language will arise in America, differing from the English standard, and which English writers and readers will not recognise to be authority. It will be in vain to tell us that the American innovations have “good reasons in philology and common sense.” The only question we have to ask is, whether our best writers and speakers have adopted them; and, if they have not, we of necessity pronounce them to be corruptions. The utmost concession we could make in such a case,

would be to imitate the courteous Parisian’s observation on a phrase of Dr. Moore’s: “It is not French, but it deserves to be so.” If these innovations proceed in either country to such an extent as to cause a material difference between the languages, how idle to ask which is the better English. The better English will always be the English of the British court and senate, and of distinguished British authors; while the language of America, with all its appeals to “philology and common sense,” must submit to be termed a dialect.

If America is ambitious of forming a language that shall rival or supersede the parent-tongue, there is indeed one (and only one) mode of accomplishing her object; but that she will find to be a work of far more difficulty than the Boston reviewer appears to have suspected.

When we speak of the period at which a language becomes *fixed*, we seldom annex a very definite or accurate meaning to the expression. Its more ordinary signification we imagine to be, that in grammatical correctness, in elegance, and in strength, the language has then arrived at its acmé of perfection: but, in this point of view, we are too apt to confine our attention to certain inherent qualities in the language, which, having attained a particular point, are supposed to be incapable of farther improvement. The true mode, however, of considering the question is, to advert to the genius of the writers who have thus far moulded the language to their purposes. The greatest writers in any language, let them appear when they will, fix that language; that is, they leave in their works models of *thought* and composition, which their successors cannot surpass, and which are, for that reason, ever after referred to as standards of unequalled excellence. They become the manuals of students, or, in other words, the *classics* of the language. Now when we say, that those writers fix their language, we in reality mean, that the mind of their country reaches, in their persons, its highest point. The Greek tongue was fixed by a group of writers who flourished about the time of Socrates;

but, had the freedom of Athens continued, and her intellect advanced—had a race of authors in after-times sprung up, more eloquent than Demosthenes, more profound and imaginative than Plato, more elegantly flowing than Xenophon—no matter how many innovations the lapse of years might have introduced, these latter would have been the fixers of the language; and innumerable words and phrases in the writings of their predecessors, which are now admired for their purity, would pass for obsolete or uncouth. But no such event occurred. The genius of Greece could not survive her freedom. The successors of the classic age were not sparing of innovation; but the mind that could have sanctified the changes was wanting, and that noble language which, in its better days, had been pronounced to be a vehicle of thought “fit for the gods,” became, in its latter periods, feeble, bloated, and deformed; and, after dragging out a precarious existence, finally expired, some centuries too late for its glory.

Now, in this case, (or in that of the Latin language, whose history is the same) we can at once refer to an unalterable standard of purity; for the genius of those countries has run its course, and its highest possible attainments are clearly ascertained. Homer and Plato, Cicero and Virgil, are, in this respect, fixed upon an eminence, from which nothing but “the oblivion of all things” can displace them. But with a living language like our own, it is otherwise. While English continues to be written and spoken, no one can assert that it is absolutely fixed: our classic models, a century hence, may be very different from those of the present day; and we must hope that it may be so, for unless we presume upon a deplorable degeneracy of taste in our posterity, it will be a proof that the mind of England gathers strength as it moves along. Deeply as we venerate the names of Shakspeare and Milton, we must not forget what a glorious event it would be in our history to give birth to spirits that could soar above them, and whose higher conceptions would require to be conveyed in

expressions of yet undiscovered brilliancy and vigour.

But it is only by great writers that any permanent and authoritative innovations can be made. In order, therefore, to give a general currency to the fluctuations of our language that may take place in America, it is indispensable that she shall produce writers surpassing in genius every contemporary and preceding author of Great Britain. As long as the productions of this country continue superior, or equal, they will be resorted to by natives and strangers as the fountains of the language. Of this privilege America cannot deprive us by any sullen rejection of the novelties we may introduce, or by coining new terms for the uses of her citizens, with the pompous impression of “philology and common sense.” Her language, to be entitled to precedence, must make its claim through generations of American writers, more divine than Shakspeare, deeper and more comprehensive than Bacon, more sublime than Milton, more “winning soft” than Addison, more tersely splenetic than Junius, and more excellent, in their respective kinds, than the many admirable masters of the British tongue that have followed, and (we trust) are yet to come—then may America, with some reason, contest our right to controul her phraseology; but until that period shall arrive, her critics must not be accusing us of “mere arrogant pedantry,” because we make the language of our scholars and men of genius our standard of English diction, and are determined to exclude from our lips and books every obsolete or new-fangled dialect that may have local sway in Philadelphia or at the sources of the Missouri.

Should these and the preceding observations chance to fall under the eye of an American, he may, perhaps, imagine that we too have been indulging in offensive animadversions upon his nation; but we sincerely assure him, that we have no intention to offend. We think that America is doing wonders, and we most heartily congratulate her. We cannot for an instant doubt, that the formation of a great empire, re-

sembling in its best points the best times of Great Britain, must prove an auspicious era in the history of the human race. A community, provided with ample resources against an endless increase of members, and enjoying a free bar, a free senate, and a free press, if true to itself, must do great things. But America is yet in her infancy, and must not, like a forward child, born to a great estate and the dupe of domestic adulators, immaturity assume the tone and pretensions of a riper period; she must be docile and industrious, and patient of rebuke that conveys instruction. She must not talk too much of her glory, till it comes. She must not make fine speeches about freedom, while a slave contaminates her soil. She must not rail at English travellers, for visiting her cities and plantations, and publishing

what they see. She must not be angry with Lord Grey for calling Mr. Fearon "a gentleman*;" and she positively must not be fretting herself into the preposterous notion, that there exists in this country an organised conspiracy against her literary fame. There is no such thing. For ourselves, we can say, that on a late occasion, we felt unfeigned zeal in offering a voluntary tribute to the memory of an American man of genius†; and that we shall be at all times ready to resume so pleasing an office; while, on the part of others, we can refer to the universal praises now bestowed upon the elegant productions of Mr. Washington Irving, as a proof that American talent has nothing to apprehend from the imputed jealousy and injustice of English criticism.—

New Mon. Mag. Feb. 1821.

Cornucopia

OF LITERARY CURIOSITIES AND REMARKABLE FACTS.

(From the English Magazines, Feb. 1821.)

NEW MODE OF FISHING.

SEVERAL years ago, a farmer who resided in the immediate neighbourhood of Lochmaben, Dumfriesshire, kept a gander, who not only had a great trick of wandering himself, but also delighted in piloting forth his cackling harem to weary themselves in circumnavigating their native lake, or in straying amidst forbidden fields on the opposite shore. Wishing to check this vagrant habit, he one day seized the gander just as he was about to spring into the pure breast of his favourite element, and tying a large fish-hook to his leg, to which was attached part of a dead frog, he suffered him to proceed upon his voyage of discovery. As had been anticipated, this bait soon caught the eye of a greedy pike, which swallowing the deadly hook, not only arrested the progress of the astonished gander, but forced him to perform half a dozen of somersets on the surface of the water!

For sometime the struggle was most amusing—the fish pulling, and the bird screaming with all its might—the one attempting to fly, and the other to swim, from the invisible enemy—the gander the one moment losing and the next regaining his centre of gravity, and casting between whiles many a rueful look at his snow-white fleet of geese and goslings, who cackled out their sympathy for their afflicted commodore. At length victory declared in favour of the feathered angler, who, bearing away for the nearest shore, landed on the smooth green grass one of the finest pikes ever caught in the Castle-loch. This adventure is said to have cured the gander of his propensity for wandering; but on this point we are inclined to be a little sceptical—particularly as we lately heard, that, at the reservoir near Glasgow, the country people are in the habit of employing ducks in this novel mode of fishing.

* "Gentleman, as Lord Grey calls Fearon."—*North American Review*.

† C. B. Bown.

We cannot, to be sure, vouch for this last fact; but, in the days of yore, hawks were taught to bring down woodcocks and muir fowl, and why might not a similar course of training enable ducks to bring up pikes and perches?"

A DANGEROUS QUESTION.

A simple ostler being one day at confession to his priest, was asked by the father if he had never greased the teeth of the guests' horses, to prevent their eating their allowance of hay and oats? 'Never,' replied the ostler. In a subsequent confession the ostler acknowledged the frequent commission of that fraud—'How,' said the priest, 'I remember at your last confession, you said you had never done so?' 'No more I had then,' answered the ostler; 'for, till you told me, I never knew that greasing a horse's teeth would prevent his eating; but since you first put it in my mind I have been tempted to practise that fraud.'

TRUE UNICORN, AN INHABITANT OF THIBET.

We have no doubt that a little time will bring to light many objects of natural history peculiar to the elevated regions of central Asia, and hitherto unknown in the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms, particularly in the two former. This is an opinion which we have long entertained; but we are led to the expression of it on the present occasion, by having been favoured with the perusal of a most interesting communication from Major Latter, commanding in the Rajah of Sikkim's territories, in the hilly country east of Nepaul, addressed to Adjutant General Nicol, and transmitted by him to the Marquis of Hastings. This important paper explicitly states that the unicorn, so long considered as a fabulous animal, actually exists at this moment in the interior of Thibet, where it is well

known to the inhabitants. 'This,'—we copy from the Major's letter—'is a very curious fact, and it may be necessary to mention how the circumstances became known to me. In a Thibetian Manuscript, containing the names of different animals, which I procured the other day from the hills, the unicorn is classed under the head of those whose hoofs are divided; it is called the one-horned *tso'po*. Upon inquiring what kind of animal it was, to our astonishment, the person who brought me the manuscript described exactly the unicorn of the ancients; saying, that it was a native of the interior of Thibet, about the size of a *tattoo*, (a horse from twelve to thirteen hands high,) fierce and extremely wild; seldom, if ever, caught alive, but frequently shot; and that the flesh was used for food.'

'The person,' Major Latter adds, 'who gave me this information, has repeatedly seen these animals, and eaten the flesh of them. They go together in herds, like our wild buffaloes, and are very frequently to be met with on the borders of the great desert, about a month's journey from Lassa, in that part of the country inhabited by wandering Tartars.'

This communication is accompanied by a drawing made by the messenger from recollection. It bears some resemblance to a horse, but has cloven hoofs, a long curved horn growing out of the forehead, and a boar-shaped tail, like that of the 'fera monoceros,' described by Pliny.* From its herding together, as the unicorn of the Scriptures is said to do, as well as from the rest of the description, it is evident that it cannot be the rhinoceros, which is a solitary animal; besides, Major Latter states, that, in the Thibetian manuscript, the rhinoceros is described under the name of *servo*, and classed with the elephant; 'neither,' says he, 'is it the wild horse, (well known in Thibet,) for that has also a different name, and is

* In speaking of the wild beasts of India, Pliny says, with regard to the animal in question, 'Asperimam autem feram monocerotem, reliquo corpore equo similem, capite cervo, pedibus elephantis, cauda apro, mugitu, gravi, uno cornu nigro media fronte cubitorum duum eminente.---Hanc feram vivam negant capi.'---Plin. Hist. Mund. lib. 8, cap. 21. The resemblance is certainly very striking.

classed in the MS. with the animals which have hoofs undivided.' 'I have written (he subjoins) to the Sachia Lama, requesting him to procure me a perfect skin of the animal, with the head, horn, and hoofs; but it will be a long time before I can get it down, for they are not to be met with nearer than a month's journey from Lassa.'"

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

All through Ireland, the ceremonial of wakes and funerals is most punctually attended to, and it requires some *savoir faire* to carry through the arrangement in a masterly manner. A great adept at the business, who had been the prime manager at all the wakes in the neighbourhood for many years, was at last called away from the death-beds of his friends to his own. Shortly before he died, he gave minute directions to his people, as to the mode of waking him in proper style. "Recollect," says he, "to put three candles at the head of the bed, after you lay me out, and two at the foot, and one at each side. Mind now, and put a plate with the salt on it just a-top of my breast. And, do you hear, have plenty of tobacco, and pipes enough. And remember to make the punch strong. And—but what the devil is the use of talking to you; sure, I know, you'll be sure to botch it, as I won't be there myself."

PROFESSOR OF SIGNS.

King James VI. on removing to London, was waited upon by the Spanish Ambassador, a man of erudition, but who had a *crotchet* in his head that every country should have a Professor of signs, to teach him and the like of him to understand one another. The Ambassador was lamenting one day, before the king, this great disideratum throughout all Europe, when the king, who was a *queerish* sort of man, says to him—"Why, I have a Professor of Signs in the northernmost college in my dominions, viz. at Aberdeen; but it is a great way off, perhaps 600 miles." "Were it 10,000 leagues off I shall see him," says the Ambassador,

and am determined to set out in two, or three days.' The king saw he had committed himself, and writes, or causes to be written, to the university of Aberdeen, stating the case, and desiring the professors to put him off some way, or make the best of him. The Ambassador arrives, is received with great solemnity; but soon began to inquire which of them had the honour to be Professor of Signs? and being told that the Professor was absent in the Highlands, and would not return nobody could say when, says the Ambassador, 'I will wait his return, though it were twelve months.' Seeing that this would not do, and that they had to entertain him at a great expence all the while, they contrived a stratagem. There was one Geordy, a butcher, blind of an eye, a droll fellow, with much wit and roguery about him. He is got, told the story, and instructed to be a Professor of Signs; but not to speak on pain of death! Geordy undertakes it. The Ambassador is now told that the Professor of Signs would be at home next day, at which he rejoiced greatly. Geordy is *gowned, wigged*, and placed in a chair of state in a room of the college, all the professors and the Ambassador being in an adjoining room. The Ambassador is now shown into Geordy's room, and left to converse with him as well as he could, the whole professors waiting the issue with fear and trembling. The Ambassador holds up one of his fingers to Geordy; Geordy holds up two of his. The Ambassador holds up three; Geordy clenches his fist and looks stern. The Ambassador then takes an orange from his pocket, and holds it up; Geordy takes a piece of barley cake from his pocket, and holds that up. After which the Ambassador bows to him, and retires to the other professors, who anxiously enquired his opinion of their brother. 'He is a perfect miracle,' says the Ambassador; 'I would not give him for the wealth of the Indies!' 'Well,' say the professors, 'to descend to particulars.' 'Why,' said the Ambassador, 'I first held up one finger, denoting that there is one God; he held up two, signifying that

these are the Father and Son ; I held up three, meaning the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ; he clenched his fist, to say that these three are one. I then took out an orange, signifying the goodness of God, who gives his creatures not only the necessities, but the luxuries of life ; upon which the wonderful man presented a piece of bread, showing that it was the staff of life, and preferable to every luxury.' The professors were glad that matters had turned out so well ; so having got quit of the Ambassador, they next got Geordy, to hear his version of the signs. 'Well, Geordy, how have you come on, and what do you think of yon man ?' 'The rascal !' says Geordy, 'what did he do first, think ye ? He held up one finger, as much as to say, you have only one eye ! Then I held up two, meaning that my one eye was perhaps as good as both his. Then the fellow held up three of his fingers, to say that there were but three eyes between us ; and then I was so mad at the scoundrel, that I *steeked my neive*, and was to come a whack on the side of his head, and would ha' done it too, but for your sakes. Then the rascal did not stop with his provocation here ; but forsooth takes out an orange, as much as to say, your poor beggarly cold country cannot produce that ! I showed him a whang of a bear bannock, meaning that I did na' care a farthing for him nor his trash neither, as lang's I ha' this ! But by a' that's guid (concluded Geordy,) I'm angry yet that I didna' thrash the hide o' the scoundrel !'—(So much for signs, or two ways of telling a story.)

MR. KEAN AT NEW YORK.

We have been favoured with letters from New York to the 10th ult. The critiques of the American writers on his *debut* in Richard resemble those of London in variance of opinion. The *National Advocate* applauds him to the echo, and ascribes the hoarseness of his voice to the cold current of American air which rushes on the stage. The *Evening Post* is also his enthusiastic admirer. But *The American*

takes the opposite side, *o. r. versus p. s.* and accuses him of drawling in the dialogue as if he were weighing it in his study for public delivery, rather than delivering it to the public. They all agree, however, that though the evening was wet the theatre was crammed. The *Othello*, (his second part, which we think his best,) is not so well spoken of.

The private communications are more particular. One says that the only editor adverse to Kean is Johnson Oerplank, of the *American*, who is a relation of Cooper's ; and thus revenges some harsh criticisms upon Cooper written by a man named Agg (a friend of Maywood's, who plays with Kean.) Another states, that the audiences have been much divided in opinion—some admire Kean's excellency, while others revolt at his extraordinary manner and voice. Yet he improves so generally on acquaintance, that he has even moved the New York houses to shout bravo ! (a rare innovation on their heretofore sober critical fashion,) though they have not got the length of huzzaing and hat-waving, practised by the enlightened frequenters of Drury Lane. A third letter mentions that persons have come all the way from Philadelphia, (90 miles,) to see him perform : it is therefore no wonder that the temporary theatre should draw, as it has done, 1000 dollars per night, which it hardly did before in a week. Kean has renewed his engagement till January, and was on the 10th to act *Lear* for his own benefit. After closing at New York he goes to Philadelphia ; and we rejoice to hear that his habits are temperate and respectable.

SUPERSTITION.

Henry the III^d. summoned all the great men of the kingdom, 1247, to come to London on the festival of St. Edward, to receive an account of a certain *sacred benefit* which Heaven had lately bestowed on England. The singular strain of this summons excited the most eager curiosity, and brought great multitudes to London at the time

appointed. When they were assembled in St. Paul's Church, the King acquainted them, that the great Master of the Knights Templars had sent him, by one of his Knights, a *phial of crystal*, containing a small portion of the *precious blood* of CHRIST, which he had shed upon the cross for the salvation of the world, attested to be genuine by the seals of the Patriarchs of Jerusalem, of several Archbishops, Bishops, Abbots, and other great men of the Holy Land! This he informed them he designed to carry the next day in solemn procession to Westminster, attended by them and all the clergy of London in their proper habits, with their banners, crucifixes, and wax-candles, and exhorted all who were present to prepare themselves for that sacred solemnity by spending the night in watching, fasting, and devout exercises. On the morrow, THE PROCESSION was put in order, and ready to set forward, the King approached the *Sacred Phial* with reverence, fear, and trembling—took it in both his hands, and holding it up higher than his face, proceeded under a canopy, two assistants supporting his arms! Such was the devotion of Henry on this occasion, that though the road between St. Paul's and Westminster was *very dirty and miry*, he kept his eyes constantly fixed on the *Phial* or on Heaven! When the procession approached Westminster, it was met by about one hundred monks of that Abbey, who conducted it into the church, where the King deposited the *venerable relic*, which (says the historian) made all England shine with glory, dedicating it to God and St. Edward, to the Church of St. Peter's Westminster, and the Monks of that Abbey!"

Henry details this fact, and it is one of the most singular events recorded in the History of England. Our ancestors seem to have been smitten with no small degree of superstition and folly. Nor can their descendants lay claim to the entire exercise of good sense in matters of religion. May the *glorious Gospel* speedily amend and beatify the world! This would render impotent the attacks of a blind and virulent infi-

delity. It is the union alone of *reason* and *piety* that is destined in the counsels of Heaven to regenerate mankind.

ANECDOTES RESPECTING THE LATE VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

It has been mentioned in many of the public journals that a newspaper was *printed* on board the Discovery Ships in the late Northern Expedition. This is partly erroneous; no printing materials were on board. The fact was, each officer contributed some article (generally either an ingenious pleasantry, or else upon the subject of the expedition) unknown at the time to the rest of the crew. The whole being collected, were fairly copied out by a clerk, and thus was produced a newspaper in *writing* once a fortnight, to the great amusement of the crews.

A natural phenomenon occurred on board, which may be of peculiar interest to the admirers of Newton's principles of colours, of the truth of which it appears to be a remarkable confirmation. Near the stove was grown a considerable quantity of mustard and cress, which was highly useful on account of its anti-scorbutic qualities. In consequence of the privation of light during the winter, this vegetable as it grew was perfectly white, but when the summer returned, and the light was admitted to it through an aperture, it immediately bent in the direction of the light, and the tips became green, which colour gradually spread itself down the stalks.

The crews used every means, as may be supposed, to escape the cold. The cabins were kept at a moderate and comfortable warmth, which was always regulated by a thermometer. They were also air-tight, but whenever the exterior air gained admission, the intensity of the cold was so violently opposed to even the moderate warmth of that within, that it produced an effect which had the appearance of a fall of small snow which covered the floors.

The sailors generally wore masks, warmly lined, when upon deck. Upon their return below they were examined by their messmates, for fear there should be any white spots upon their faces. These white spots were the ef-

fects of the intense cold in congealing the blood, and if not attended to, were the forerunners of mortification; they were, therefore, immediately rubbed with snow, until the free circulation returned. Although their situation, in regard to climate, was of itself thus difficult to be sustained, other disheartening troubles were added—for a long period, previous to their return, they laboured under a scarcity of provisions. Four pounds, only, of meat weekly, were allowed to each man, and a very small glass of rum each day. The former was weighed, and the latter measured with the most scrupulous exactness. The conduct of the men under these circumstances was highly deserving of praise.

The officers suffered from the cold, particularly when changing their clothes for the performance of the play, being obliged to go into another cabin, the warm one being fitted up as the Theatre. This play was performed once a fortnight, and the time of its repetition

was looked forward to by the men with the utmost delight and impatience. The subject of the Drama related to the Expedition, and exhibited the numerous dangers they were to encounter in the voyage. Among others was displayed a desperate battle with the ferocious white bears, which of course ended in the destruction of those animals. Then succeeded an encounter with an enormous sea-horse, which, after giving ample scope to the palpitations of hope and fear, terminated in a similar manner. The successful passage of the ships into the Pacific Ocean was represented, and that the acquirement of the 20,000*l.* in London. There was also a sort of after act, which turned upon the different ways of getting rid of the money in that great city.

By the above, and other judicious means, Lieutenant Parry and his officers succeeded in their high and meritorious endeavours to keep the men in excellent spirits during their very long confinement.

TO THE RAINBOW.

By Thomas Campbell.

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky,
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art—

Still seem as to my childhood's sight
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws.

And yet, fair bow, no fabled dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign.

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,

Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang,
On earth delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam:
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme.

The earth to thee its incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshest fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle east
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast
A thousand fathoms down.

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS ON HER BIRTH-DAY ; A SONG

Translated from the Bohemian.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

IF any white-wing'd Power above
My joys and griefs survey,
The day when thou wert born, my love—
He surely bless'd that day.

I laugh'd (till taught by thee) when told
Of Beauty's magic powers,
That ripen'd life's dull ore to gold,
And changed its weeds to flowers.

My mind had lovely shapes pourtray'd ;
But thought I earth had one
Could make ev'n Fane's visions fade
Like stars before the sun ?

I gaz'd, and felt upon my lips
Th' unfinish'd accents hang ;
One moment's bliss, one burning kiss,
To rapture chang'd each pang.

And though as swift as lightning's flash
Those tranec'd moments flew,
Not all the waves of time shall wash
Their memory from my view.

But dely shall my raptured song,
And gladly shall my eyes,
Still bless this day's return, as long
As thou shalt see it rise.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

LISTEN while sweet sounds creep
An angel's whispers seeming !
Such sounds as steal on sleep
When innocence lies dreaming.
A smusic in the stilly night
Awakens not, yet pleases,
Life steals away with life's delight
Scaree heeded ere it ceases.

Ye dream of friends that shed
Balm on the broken-hearted—
Loves that in rosy beauty spread,
Then to the dust departed :
They came as morning's breath
Wafts incense from young flowers ;
They sank to earth in death,
Like drops of summer showers !

Yet where the dead rose lies
A precious seed reposes ;

The fallen shower supplies
Fresh life to other roses :
The memory of sweet mirth
Thus solaces our sorrow,
And those kind tears we give to earth
Shall raise new sweets to-morrow.

Listen !—for like the sound
Of music softly swelling
Is all that on our earth is found,
All that in life is dwelling.
It comes, it passes, and is gone,
Leaving no trace behind it,
Unless the lonely couch upon
In midnight dreams we find it.
Yet the loved shadows leave
A whispering comfort near ye,
As thus in winter's darkest eve
Sweet music comes to cheer ye.

V.

Paragraphs.

From the English Magazines, &c. Feb. 1821.

ANECDOTE.

J. SWARTS, a famous German painter, having engaged to execute a roof-piece in a public Town Hall, and to paint by the day, grew exceedingly negligent, so that the Magistrates and Overseers of the work were frequently obliged to hunt him out of the tavern. Seeing he could not drink in quiet, he the next morning stuffed a pair of stockings and shoes corresponding with those that he wore, hung them down betwixt his staggering, where he sat to work, removed them a little once or twice a day, and took them down at noon and night ; and by means of this deception, drank a whole fortnight together, the innkeeper being privy to the plot. The Officers came in twice a day to look at him, and seeing a pair of legs hanging down, suspected nothing, but greatly extolled their convert Swarts as the most laborious and

conscientious painter in the world. Swarts had once finished an admirable painting of our Saviour's Passion, on a large scale, and in oil colours. Cardinal B----- was so pleased with it that he resolved to bring the Pope to see it. Swarts knew the day, and, determining to put a trick on the Pope and the Cardinal, painted over the oil, in fine water colours, the twelve Disciples at Supper ; but altogether by the ears, like the Lapithes and Centaurs. At the time appointed the Pope and Cardinal came to see the picture. Swarts conducted them to the room where it hung ; they stood amazed, and thought the painter mad. At length, says the Cardinal, "Idiot, dost thou call this a Passion?" "Certainly I do," said Swarts. "But," replied the Cardinal, "shew me the picture I saw when last here." "This is it," says Swarts, "for I

have no other finished in the house." The Cardinal angrily denied it was the same. Swarts, unwilling to carry the joke any further, requested that "they would retire a few minutes out of his room." They did so; and were no sooner gone, than Swarts, with a sponge and warm water, immediately obliterated the whole history in water colours! Then introducing the Pope and Cardinal, he presented a most beautiful picture of our Saviour's Passion. They stood astonished, and thought Swarts a necromancer. At last the painter explained the mystery; and then, as the old Chronicles say, "they knew not which to admire most, his wit or his work."

CLOSE REASONING.

A Lady nearly connected with one of the Queen's chief confidential advisers, was asked why she did not visit her Majesty? She replied,—"If the Queen is what she *ought* to be, I cannot aspire to the honour; if she is what she *ought not* to be, I will not submit to the disgrace."

The proprietors of coach horses, in snowy weather, should cause their horses' hoofs to be rubbed with soft soap before they set out. This will prevent the snow from gathering into a ball, and the animals will perform their journeys with much more facility.

Two rather singular weddings were recently solemnised at the parish church of St. Bride's Minor, viz.—a father and his son to a mother and her daughter.

A raised Pie, the pastry tastefully ornamented with leaves, flowers, &c. of the same materials, was made in Sheffield for the Hotel Tavern in that town, last week, and placed in the Christmas larder. It contained two brace of partridges, one brace of pheasants, one brace of hares, one brace of wild ducks, a couple of tame ducks, three plovers, two tongues, three pounds of rump steaks, and one brace of pigeons.

At the recent anniversary of the Whitehaven Philosophical Society, two specimens of meat cured with the pyroligneous acid were exhibited by one of the members. They were prepared on the 7th of September, 1819; one was hung up at home, and the other sent out by a vessel to the West Indies, to try the effect of climate upon it, and brought back on the return of the ship to that port. They were pronounced by all present who tasted them to be perfectly fresh, sweet, and fit for use, after a lapse of fifteen months.

THE POOR.

It has often been remarked, that the poor have, in many instances, displayed a great dislike to the mode of receiving charity by soup, and it may be from the following defect in making it, viz.—the crude moisture of the turnip, carrot, and other vegetables, which forms too large a part of its composition, is deleterious and unwholesome, and renders the soup flatulent and indigestible, and it becomes, therefore, as a frequent meal, very disagreeable and disgusting; to remedy this, let all the vegetables be cut in pieces, and previously boiled a few minutes, in separate water; this mode will extract the baneful quality, improve the flavour, and render the soup more wholesome, as well as

more nutritious and palatable. When potatoes are dressed by a steamer, and the water underneath used at the same time for boiling meat, or other food, the foregoing practical remark is equally applicable; the moisture dropping from the potatoe being pernicious, renders the water underneath unfit for such purposes.

FEMALE HEROISM.

A few days since, two young ladies were left by their parents in care of a country house, a few miles from Abingdon, together with two maid-servants and a footboy. They were roused in the night by the boy's telling them the house was on fire; they instantly rose, called the maids and got buckets. The fire being inaccessible to the water, one of the sisters fell to work with a pick-axe to batter down the wall of the drawing-room to put it out; the other threw a pelisse over her night clothes, went into the stable, saddled a cart-horse, took the footboy behind her, and, provided with a dinner-bell, rode off ringing and screaming for assistance at the public-house, parsonage, &c. till she roused all the neighbours, who came with buckets, &c. and extinguished the fire, which had been prevented from extending, through the exertions of her sister. The drawing-room furniture only was destroyed, and the premises were insured. The Insurance Office were so pleased with the astonishing conduct of these young ladies, that they replaced every thing in the handsomest manner, even to the pelisse. They are delicate accomplished girls of 18 and 20.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LINNÆUS.

There has lately been discovered accidentally, among the papers of a shopkeeper, a biographical account of Linnæus, written by himself, and since continued to his death. The autograph MS. which is in the Swedish language, has been sent to Upsal, and will speedily be printed. It will form a book of 500 pages in 8vo. embellished with six engravings, exhibiting two portraits of the great naturalist, a fac simile of his handwriting, his monument in the Cathedral church, and the arms of his family.

THEODORIC, ARCHBISHOP OF COLOGNE.

This Prelate was illustrious in his time for his talents, erudition, and morals. One day the Emperor Sigismund asked of him instructions to obtain happiness. "We cannot, Sire, expect it in this world." "Which, then, is the way to happiness hereafter?" "You must act virtuously." "What do you mean by that expression?" "I mean," said Theodoric, "that you should always pursue that plan of conduct which you promise to do whilst you are labouring under a fit of the gout."

TURKISH IDEAS OF HONESTY.

An officer belonging to the Court of the son of the Pacha of Egypt, died lately at Medina. When he died, no property belonging to him could be found, except a few piastres in his pocket. Soon after, a woman came to the Palace with a bag of 800 piastres in sequins, saying that the officer had left it with her, and had never called to take it back. The Pacha took the bag and put the woman in prison accusing her of concealing more than she had given up. A Turk cannot conceive that a person can be honest.

A young couple appeared, on Sunday last, in the church of St. Giles, near Torrington, in Devonshire, to be united in Hymen's bands, and, at the moment the clergyman was saying, "What God joineth together let no man put a-under," two men hurried up to the altar and seized the bridegroom by the collar. The minister called upon them for an explanation of their conduct, when they declared themselves constables, sent to apprehend the bridegroom as a runaway apprentice, and instantly conveyed the youth to prison, leaving the weeping and disappointed bride in tears.

THE GREAT PEDESTRIAN MATCH COMPLETED.—Mr. Arnot, a Somersetshire yeoman, started on the North road on Wednesday se'nnight, to do 264 miles in four days, which is far beyond the compass of the powers of a horse. His first stage was to Dorchester in Oxfordshire, and from thence he took a north-eastward route to Nottingham; from thence to Doncaster, and back to Lincolnshire, where he completed the extraordinary undertaking, at 11 o'clock on Saturday se'nnight, although the weather was much against him. The 1st day he completed

72 miles in nineteen hours.

Second day 69 ditto in twenty hours.

Third day 63 ditto in twenty hours.

Fourth day 55 ditto in twenty-one hours.

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The pedestrian was much distressed on the third day, but he took much time to do the last day's work. His blistered feet were relieved by worsted being drawn through the blisters, which was left in.

CHILD STRIPPING.

A few days since, a little boy, belonging to Mr. Davis, of Red-cross-street, Borough, was decoyed away by an old woman (who spoke with an Irish accent), who gave the child apples, and persuaded him to accompany her up some mews, where she pretended to have a rocking-horse which she would give him. Here the old delinquent stripped the poor child of all its clothes, and went away, promising to return soon with a new suit. In the meantime the boy was missed by his parents, and Smith, a constable of the Borough, was sent to make inquiries respecting him; he found him, towards the evening, in the care of a cowkeeper, named Thomas, at Burmondsey, who had been attracted to the stable by the poor little boy's cries.

GREAT SKAITING MATCH.

Thursday, at one o'clock, the match for 100 guineas, to skait a mile in three minutes was decided. The person selected to perform the match appears to have been a countryman in the neighborhood of the fens. He started a few seconds before the time, and came up in speed to the scratch at the moment appointed, and performed the distance seven seconds under the three minutes. Considerable bets were depending on the match, and the result has surprised most persons. Indeed the speed is extraordinary, when compared with the first race-horses recorded in sporting annals. The Baron course is four miles round, and is generally performed in seven minutes, fifteen or twenty seconds; but it is recorded that Flying Childers, for a considerable wager, being put to his utmost

speed from the moment of starting, accomplished it in five minutes seventeen seconds.

SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY.

A match which stands unequalled in the annals of sporting, was decided in the High-street, Hammersmith, about three o'clock last Monday afternoon. A master baker living in the town, had betted a guinea with his neighbour, that he and his mastiff would draw his bread-barrow with twenty quarter loaves in it, a mile and a half, and do the ground in less time than any stage-coach that passed the town (the baker to have his choice) between one and three o'clock, provided the horses did not break into a gallop. The baker started against the last coach (the Blue-Eyed Maid), to the infinite amusement of several hundred spectators, and surprise of Jarvis, who was not in the secret, and who, determined not to be beat by what he called an ass and a dog, drove on furiously; but his horses invariably broke into a gallop, when he was requested to stop and canter, that being the terms of the agreement. He good-humouredly complied; but the ground which he so lost enabled the baker to get so far ahead, that *Coachee* could not overtake him, and he finally travelled the ground in a much shorter time, and won his wager.

EMPLOYMENT FOR PAUPERS.

For some time past the applications of paupers for relief to the parish of St. Giles, having become very numerous, and a great many of the applicants being able-bodied healthy young men, the overseers hit upon a mode of either getting rid of them, or making them earn money to supply their immediate wants. Accordingly, when the applications were made for relief by this class of persons, the overseers, who had a great quantity of ground oyster shells in the parish, determined on the following method of proving who were the most industrious persons, and finding out the most indolent. Every man who had a desire of earning a shilling or eighteen pence, a pair of shoes, or other article of clothing, was to agree to the proposal of carrying a bushel basket full of the ground oyster-shells from the workhouse to Finchley and back again, the completion of which would entitle him to a supply of his immediate wants. Several who undertook this performed the task, and were consequently considered the industrious, and paid; but others, "the indolent," took off the baskets but never returned to the workhouse. By these means the overseers have ridded themselves of a number of idle intruders.

LITERARY.

Among the most important works announced for publication is the life of the late Mr. Pitt, by the present Lord Bishop of Winchester. It will form several volumes in 4to.

Mr. SOUTHEY has just finished a new Poem, entitled *The Vision of Judgment*.

The public will learn with much pleasure that Mrs. JOANNA BAILLIE has nearly ready for publication, her *Metrical Legends of Exalted Characters*.

The Rev. ROBERT MATURIN's Poem, entitled *The Universe*, will appear in the course of the present month.

Miss PORDEN is preparing for publication a Poem in sixteen books, called *Cœur-de-Lion*, or the *Third Crusade*.

Lady MORGAN's work on Italy is at length sent to the press.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 2.]

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[VOL. IX.

(From the English Magazines, &c.)

ON AMERICANISMS, WITH A FRAGMENT OF A TRANS-ATLANTIC PASTORAL.

"Our mountains are Andes, our rivers are grandees,
Our country abounds with diversified wonders."

American Song.

'I SUPPOSE, Sir,' said a London shopkeeper to the Earl of Marchmont, 'I suppose, Sir, you are an American.' 'Why so, Sir?' said his lordship. 'Because, Sir,' replied the shopkeeper, 'you speak neither English nor Scotch, but something different from both, which I conclude is the language of America.'

This is related by Boswell; and since that time, the Americans have been gradually making a decided progress towards the formation of a separate language.

Amongst all the mutable things of earth, language is perhaps the most unstable. Governments, manners, fashions, rise, flourish, and fade, but they revive again, the same in form and mould: a language once changed or perished, can never resume its original character, or live again in its ancient shape. The change in language is certainly very gradual, but it is very sure: and though this progress may be accelerated by adventitious circumstances, centuries may frequently intervene before we perceive any radical alteration. Where the people who have formed one nation become divided into separate states, these discrepancies in lan-

guage become the more remarkable—like waters of a large stream, which flowing through the same channel are of one hue and clearness, but when separated into different courses become tinged with various colours, according to the nature of the channels through which they pass. Had America still continued a colony of England, the change would have been more gradual, but still it would have taken place; for we cannot suppose it possible that two countries so far distant from each other, though united by the same government, could have preserved the extensive and constant intercourse on which a community of language must always depend. The independence of America accelerated the change; and amongst the other privileges which her inhabitants claim, as the consequence of such emancipation, is the right to *make new words*.

The Americans have accordingly thought proper to exercise their ingenuity in this manner; and it will not perhaps be unentertaining to trace the progress they have made in the improvement of the English tongue. The task has certainly been begun, and will as certainly proceed, till the day arrives

when Englishmen will read the works of some descendant of Cadwallader Colden, *done* into English from the original American : or according to the anticipation of Mr. Pickering, in his Essay on Americanisms, "when Americans shall no longer be able to understand the works of Milton, Pope, Swift, Addison, and other English writers, justly styled classical, without the aid of a translation into a language that is to be called at some future day the American tongue." It is not necessary to say who would be the losers in such an event.

The Americans have not, however, confined themselves to the coinage of new words, but they have retained the use of many which are obsolete amongst us, and to others they have attached new meanings. The taste for these useless innovations is said to be on the decline. It is only from the literature of a nation that a correct idea of the language can be formed ; for the conversation of any class of society will not be a sufficient criterion. In the warmth or carelessness of friendly dialogue, words are used which the better judgment of a writer in the retirement of his closet would reject ; and there is no class which is exempt from a certain *slang*, either of fashion or vulgarity. The "Lancashire dialect" would not afford a very accurate specimen of the English language ; and it will not therefore be just to insist on certain representations which some travellers have given of the conversational language of America. The dialogues which Mr. Fearon has recorded, are certainly very facetious, but an American would collect without much difficulty, in almost any county in England, sentences equally ridiculous. In England, however, our authors seldom fail to produce what may be fairly termed English ; but the language of the American writers is not always entitled to the same denomination. The use of words by some persons in a particular sense, to which others attach a different meaning, has sometimes a very ludicrous effect. In this manner the word *awful* is used in America to signify any thing which creates surprise ; and we rather think

that in the Scotch dialect a similar meaning is attached to it. Pickering, in his Vocabulary, tells us that in New England many people would call a disagreeable medicine *awful* ; an ugly woman, an *awful-looking* woman ; a perverse child that disobeys his parents would also be said to behave *awfully*. Indeed every thing that creates surprise is *awful*. What an *awful* wind ! *awful* hill ! *awful* mouth ! *awful* nose ! In a similar manner they pervert the word *balance*, (and, if we are to believe their commercial rivals, the thing itself,) using it for remainder : thus they would say, "I spent a part of the evening at a friend's house, and the *balance* at home. Half the enemy were killed, and the *balance* taken prisoners." What a specimen is this last sentence of the attachment of the Americans to commerce ! Besides giving a new sense to old words, the Americans have been very ingenious in the invention of new ones, some of them formed on the basis of old words, and others of a completely novel nature. Thus, for diminish, Mr. Jefferson uses *belittle* ; an author is called a *composuist* ; instead of a country being compromised, it is *compromitted* ; so we find *Christianization*, *constitutionality*, *consternated*, *customable*, *governmental*, *deputize*, *gubernatorial*, *happifying*, *lengthy*, and a thousand other similar improvements. At the meaning of these words, however, we can make a tolerable guess, for we hear something like them at home ; but when we hear of *reluct*, and *scow*, and *slangwanger*, and *squiggle*, and *clush*, and *squirm*, it certainly makes us look very *awful*, Anglicè, we feel somewhat surprised. We are at the same time reminded of Mr. Leigh Hunt's ship which *swirls* into the bay ; but more respecting our own *naturalization* of these barbarisms another time.

The lines which follow, and which are unfortunately only a fragment, will give a tolerable idea of a few of the slight peculiarities of trans-atlantic phraseology. Should we be enabled to complete our copy, and to obtain the remainder of the eclogues, which we are told amount in number to twelve, we intend to publish them with Souter, of

St. Paul's Church-yard, who imports American books. We have heard that in one of these bucolics, the interlocutors are Mr. Birkbeck and all the Five Nations; while in another, Mr. Flower, a young Chikasi squaw, and a large

brown bear contend for the prize of skill in the discovery of honey. We have with much labour and research added some explanatory notes to the pastoral.

FRAGMENT OF AN AMERICAN ECLOGUE.

A Backwoodsman and a Squatter.¹

2 On Susquehanna's banks, where timber brash,
3 Slumps in the flood with many a hideous crash,
Where boatable, she pours her waters bland
Thro' prairies in green 4. and muggy bottom-land 5,
And waters in her course the sloshy swamp
That yields sweet meals of succotash and samp 6;
Two guessing Yankies met 7, slang-whangers both, 8
And men of gumption they 9, and nothing loth
To squeal 10 loose jaw, and slam an angry oath;
One a backwoodsman, who with axe and glut 11
Had built himself a handsome 12 clapboard 13 hut;
The other was a squatter, who was bent
From off his neighbour's land to tote a cent 14:
Both kedge and sprigh 15, and men that in a scrnuge
Could jeopardize their fcs, and neatly gouge. 16
Leaving his chore 17, thus the backwoodsman spoke:
B. So, Jonathan, a very pretty joke!
Are then my bottom-lands so rich and fat,
That you must come and on my prairie squat?
Once in a while 18 it perhaps were no great matter,

1 The people who inhabit to the westward of the Allegany mountains are called Backwoodsmen. Squatters, sometimes called Lumberers, are people who enter on your lands, and don't find it convenient to leave them, like morning visitors who are fond of sitting too long.

2 We think this opens almost as beautifully as the first stanza of Gertrude of Wyoming.

3 "To sink or fall into the water or mud through ice, or any other hard substance."—*Webster's Dic.*

4 A Gallicism—so say the Edinburgh Reviewers.

5 A very expressive word, signifying damp or wet, of which Dr. Johnson gives the following example—

"Cover with muggy straw to keep it moist."

Bottom-lands, rich flat grounds, sometimes called interval land.

6 Samp, boiled maize for feeding little Copper Indian children.

7 Generally called "nasty guessing Yankies,"

8 A slang-whanger is properly a newspaper writer, but it signifies any noisy, bullying writer or talker: thus we should say, "the slang-whangers of Blackwood's Magazine."

9 A fine old word signifying intellect.

10 Very similar to the author of Rimini's favourite word *swale*. It is to throw any thing horizontally,

11 A large wooden wedge.—*See Rees's Cyclopaedia.*

12 Every thing is *handsome* in America.

13 A narrow board used to cover buildings.—*Web.'s Dict.*

14 To carry off something.

15 Words of infinite meaning. Kedge signifies brisk and lively; *ex. g.* How are you to-day? I guess I'm pretty kedge. Sprigh, we apprehend, is a contraction of sprightly. It is used by a Columbian bard in the following manner.

"Now I chase the butterfly,
Tho' he thinks himself so sprigh."

16 To gouge is an elegant and captivating amusement, on which we may shortly promise ourselves an article in Blackwood, when pugilism is exhausted. The art consists in dexterously "twisting the forefinger in a lock of hair near the temples, and turning the eye out of the socket with the thumb-nail, which is suffered to grow long for this purpose."—*Lambert's Travels*, vol. 2. p. 300.—We believe a similar practice used to exist a few years ago in the northern parts of England; but we hope it is now nearly obsolete, unless it be revived by some "young gentleman of the fancy."

17 "A small job, domestic work."—*Web.'s Dict.*

18 In referring to our friend Pickering for an explanation of this phrase, which we find means *sometimes* we were struck with another instance of American ingenuity. A writer in the Cambridge Literary Miscellany, proposes a new preposition (*onto*) to be used in such phrases as these: "an army marches *onto* a field of battle; a man leaps *onto* a fence." How this new preposition would have pleased Horne Tooke!

To give some mush 19 to some poor likely squatter :
But you're too clitchy 20, so I mus' confess
I fain would obligate you to progress.

S. Progress ! you think a squatter may be trounced,
And patiently from post to pillar jounced.
But I'm a Yankee too, and to your loss
I'll shew you speedily you're not my boss. 21
Is't not enough to waste my strength and cunning,
Trying to get a scanty meal by gunning,
Wading thro' dismal swamps, and nearly spent,
But you must grudge your countryman a cent ?
I'd have you know it's well I ask no more,
For Mister Jackson, when he gets the floor 22
In Congress, tells us that we are all men
And every Yankee is a citizen.

(*Catera Desunt.*)

N. Mon. Mag.

THE DOG OF THE CONVENT OF ST. BERNARD.



AMONG the many excellent and interesting line engravings which have been lately imported by our foreign print-sellers, few have surpassed the one now before us, by a Swiss artist, of which we have given a slight sketch of the principal groupe. The engraving is of a size suitable to a furniture print, and is executed with a beauty fit for any port-folio: but the subject is still more interesting than the picture.

The dog whose portrait is here introduced, was one of that species of Alpine mastiffs, which furnished the subject of Mr. Edwin Landseer's fine picture of a traveller perishing in the

snow, saved by the sagacity of one of the convent dogs, exhibited last year at the British gallery.

This true *philanthropist*, whose name was BARRY, bore by way of decoration and of use, the collar of an order which was renowned for its hospitality and love for mankind. It was neither the collar of the order of the garter, nor of the Bath, nor of the thistle—but bore, instead of the George, the three crowns, or the cross of St. Andrew, a bottle filled with a restorative cordial for the help of necessitous mortals.

The zeal of this philanthropic quadruped, is known to have saved the lives of *forty* unfortunate travellers, who but for his assistance under the direction of the truly christian monks of St. Bernard, must have perished in the dread and dreary wastes of that neighbourhood. If Barry was in time with his succours, he relieved the unfortunate from his bottle, and with the garment which his worthy masters had tied around his body; but if he could not by his warm tongue and breath restore sufficient animation, he returned to the

19 "Food of maize, flour and water, boiled."—*Web's Dict.*

20 *Clutchy*, is clammy, sticky, glutinous, like a poor friend in want of a dinner.

21 This word has baffled the discriminating faculties of the ablest etymologists and lexicographers, and even all the acumen of the *Quarterly Review* has been thrown away upon it in vain. We presume our friend Pickering omitted it in his *Vocabulary* from absolute despair. The curious inquirer will see some remarks on this word in Mr. Fearon's *Sketches*. At the first view it seems undoubtedly to be derived from the Latin, and we immediately recur to the "*bos piger*," but nothing can be farther from the truth, as it does not signify a bullock, but a master: thus an American servant would say, "I guess, Boss, I shall dine with you to-day."

22 This expression is equivalent to our parliamentary phrase of "Getting possession of the House."

convent and brought with the utmost expedition the more efficient assistance of one of the brethren.

The event here represented is when he saved the life of a beautiful child by himself. He found one day in his hospitable excursion, a child, asleep, and almost frozen in a cavern of ice, in the celebrated Glacier of Balsore. Barry warmed the child, licked him, awoke him, presented him with his restorative bottle, and carried him on his back to the convent. The event may be anticipated. The child was saved and restored to his disconsolate parents.

When age had diminished the strength of this sagacious animal, who

gives us more than common reason to say with the poet,

“I am a friend to dogs,

For they are honest creatures. They ne’er
Betray their masters, nor fawn on those they do not
love”——

he was sent by the superior of the convent to finish his usefully employed days tranquilly at Berne. His old age was long, happy, and carefully treated. After his death, which was but recently, his body was carefully buried, and his skin stuffed to imitate nature, and with an action resembling life, stands in this state decorated with his collar and bottle in the Museum of Berne.

ANECDOTES OF A PECULIAR FISH AT SARDINAS, ON THE COAST OF BRITTANY.

Letter from M. de la Moriniere, Inspector of the Fisheries.

I HAVE not to report my having seen the whale on which St. Malo, accompanied by St. Brandan, celebrated mass, at Easter, in the midst of the sea, thinking they had landed on an Island—the fish disappeared as soon as they had taken to their vessel: this is certified by the Rev. Father Albert, Dominican, of Morlaix. Nor can I rehearse any tales respecting the great sea serpent, which for two years, has been seen on the coasts of the United States, to the terror and astonishment of the fishermen of Newport; but I can assure you that on the 28th of October, last, I saw in the Bay of Douarnenez, near Brest, the *pesq-bras* of the Armorican Bretons, or as we commonly call it, the great fish.

This fish is the sovereign master or rather tyrant of the Sardinias; he is swift in the chase and can decimate them at his pleasure: his extreme agility leaves no reason to doubt that his destruction of them is enormous. The fishermen pretend that he is eight feet in length; he may be more, for he has never yet been taken, and they can have but very inaccurate ideas of his proportions. It is moreover evident, that in the state of submersion wherein this fish is visible, at one or more fa-

thoms depth, it is not easy to ascertain the dimensions of his body. The largest Sardinias do not then appear bigger than coffee berries.

Twice the great fish passed within sight of our *Sardiniere* or fishing smack. The wind and sea were calm, and the sun beams were obliquely crossing the upper surface of the water. Twice I saw him dart through the sea with an astonishing velocity. I could distinguish by his false dorsal fins, that he belongs to the genus of scombres, and that each of the fins is encircled with an oval border of an orange colour. This fish is so rapid in his motions, that it requires a very piercing eye to seize the outline of his form, but I have no doubt that it is pretty nearly that of the tunny.

The fishermen affirm that this terrible enemy of the Sardins, who is incessantly on the pursuit and devouring them, never dares come near the nets though even loaded with fish. If he approaches, it is with extreme caution. On these occasions, he even becomes the protector of the Sardinias that are netted, by driving away the porpoise, and various other fishes of prey that would assail them. An extended net to him proves a talisman that checks his

career, and seems to suspend even the voracity of his appetites. In lieu of availing himself of his strength, he retires from a barrier which he dares not break through—and no instance has occurred of a net being torn by one of the great fish. An innate sense of danger makes him circumspect, and he appears content to catch any stragglers that may get loose from the net, and which from the compression, must either be dying, or at least unable to escape.

When the fishermen find a great fish near them, which they know by a particular swell on the surface, they try by all means to get rid of so troublesome a neighbour, whose presence would endanger the success of their labours. They can easily drive away the porpoise, by striking and making a noise with pieces of wood, but the great fish keeps following the boat so constantly, that they are often obliged to pass on to another set of fishers, the sight of

whose net will fix and divert his hostile intentions. In the Breton language, this is called *reita ar pesq-bras*, that is dodging or amusing the great fish.

If this plan be unsuccessful, they push for the land; the great fish still follows, but when the shore gets shallower, as he swims very low, a natural instinct will turn him back, and so they contrive to avoid him.

At Donarnenez, the common opinion is that the great fish cannot be taken with hook and line. If the cord is weak, say they, he will break it, and if strong, he may upset the boat. I am fully aware that the great fish may make a long resistance, but I have little doubt that I could have taken him with a baited line, had I been provided with one. In Norway, they frequently catch the *brygd* or *squalus maximus*, and the shark (*charcharias*) whose strength is far superior to his, and the boats are not upset.

Dec. 1820.

BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF GENERAL MORILLO,

INCLUDING SOME HISTORICAL PARTICULARS RESPECTING THE WAR IN SPANISH AMERICA.

(Monthly Magazine.)

THE political and military occurrences in South America, have a tendency to promote the influence of civilization, in the vast regions of that continent. Its ultimate issue will be alike favourable to commerce and industry, to the arts and sciences, to the rights of nations and those of humanity.

General Morillo, the modern Duke of Alba in ferocity and cruelty, was an ancient serjeant of artillery in the marine; during the wars of Spain he served at the affair of Vigo. At the head of a few peasants, he formed a corps of Guerillas, and obliged the French officer, who commanded in the place to capitulate. Bearing then no rank in the Spanish army to sign the capitulation, he took upon him the title of Colonel with the consent of his companions in arms. It appears that all the other chiefs of the Guerillas obtained their rank in the same way. As soon as any one had gained some signal advantage over the enemy, he wrote to

the Central Junta, with the signature of Colonel of the Legion of Volunteers of such a province; and the junta to encourage the defenders of national independence, in their answer, confirmed the title thus assumed.

Morillo, by his courage and activity on all occasions, justified the promotion which he had acquired; but if his military talents rendered him formidable to the French, the ferocity of his character made him an object of dread also to the Spaniards. He had the command of a division when Lord Wellington was at the head of all the forces of the Peninsula: he frequently distinguished himself on the retreat of the French armies, but in his conduct and manner of making war, there seemed to be nothing Spanish: and whether it was in compliment, or meant as a disparagement, Morillo had the title of Wellington's cossack.

In 1815, the cabinet of Madrid, to reduce under their former yoke the

countries of South America, sent over an army of the *elite* of their troops, the command of which was given to General Morillo. At first, circumstances appeared favourable, and it was thought that very little execution would be required to crown the expedition with success. A terrible catastrophe had deprived the government of Venezuela of the best part of its artillery and stores, and of almost all its best soldiers. The earthquake of March 26, 1812, had buried 10,000 men under the ruins of the city of Caraccas, and thrown the whole of that superstitious country into a state of consternation. The Spanish General Monteverde, profiting by these circumstances, had retaken possession of Venezuela; but soon forgetting the capitulations which had been agreed to, and avowing his resolution to admit no amnesty, his violence forced the Venezuelians again to take up arms, and they compelled their enemies to retire.

Generals Bolivar and Marino had gained considerable advantages in 1813, and their independence seemed on the point of being secured, when divisions broke out in the province, and gave a turn to their fortune. Bovez, a chief, till then almost unknown, rallied the Spanish party, and his success was so great, that the independents had only the Isle of Margarita left. His successor Morales, having combined his forces with those of the expedition of Morillo, resistance seemed to be at an end. On his entrance into Venezuela, he was at the head of an army of near 25,000 men. There was an apparent prospect then of pacifying New Grenada, of succouring Peru, of reducing Chili, and attacking Buenos Ayres with advantage, as the colony was rent with intestine divisions.

But how were the wounds then bleeding to be healed? No sooner had Morillo entered in triumph into Caraccas, than he erected a Junta of Sequestration, which confiscated the goods of all who had taken part in the insurrection, and even of all such as had not opposed it. In one or other of these classes, was included all who had quitted the country, and even those who had remained in it from compulsion;

and that no kind of property might escape these confiscations, an obligation was imposed of making donatives, a sort of forced loan or rather military contribution, as no promise was held of reimbursement.

This mode of healing wounds, was not likely to calm the effervescence of the provinces, on their submission to the Spanish domination. From that era an army, deemed competent to hold in subjection all Spanish America, appeared impotent to curb even some insulated parts by a regimen so detested. Events soon proved that the tyrannical system which had been adopted was not only unjust and cruel, but unsound, impolitic and dangerous. In fact, Morillo was obliged to convert grand military operations into contracted and partial measures, slow and ineffectual operations. His own army consisted of 6000 Europeans, 3000 Venezuelians under Morales, the stationary regiment of Porto Vico, and two or three thousand men of the troops of Santa Martha. The fleet that was to second him in his attack on Carthagena, consisted of three frigates, two corvettes, a number of brigs, and goelettes, thirteen feluccas armed with sixteen pounders, and eight inch howitzers, eleven bongos, with eighteen and twenty-four pounders, and fifty-six transports, the sailors of which were to reinforce the ships of war.

This force seemed able to take or destroy, a city whose garrison was only 4000 men, scattered in fortifications very extensive: but Morillo's operations were confined to a blockade that lasted 112 days. The brave defenders displayed the most heroic perseverance, in enduring a famine more dreadful than the enemy. They had only forty-three days provision, and though each day witnessed the fall of their best men, and their stock of provisions was exhausted, they dismounted their cavalry, and horse-flesh with that of mules and asses, was distributed regularly in their rations. At last they were reduced to eat viands the most unpalatable, the grass of the public places, the vilest animals, and even the leather that was to cover trunks, coaches, and the sad-

dles of horses. On the 12th of Nov. 1815, Morillo attacked with the flower of his army, the advanced position of La Popa, which was defended by 97 men worn down with hunger; so vigorously did they repulse the assailants, that they received from the government of Carthagena, in token of satisfaction, three dozen ox leathers as a supplementary ration.

A hundred vessels that were to bring provisions being cast away, without hopes of obtaining any, the remainder of the garrison determined to cut their way through the Spanish force of the cross-batteries. They embarked with such of the inhabitants as would follow them in nine ships, only three of which were armed with a sixteen pounder. This intrepid flotilla had to run through the fire of both ships and batteries, dispersing the feluccas and bongos that would obstruct their passage. Arriving at Bocachica, the gullet or mouth of the roadstead, they nailed up the artillery of the forts, embarked the male population of the neighbouring villages, which served them for a garrison, and passed through the Spanish squadron in despite of all their efforts: as gallant a feat of arms as any presented in the history of South America.

The village of Bocachica, wherein the women, children and sick were left, sent a deputation to General Morillo, then at a little distance; he entered it with his division, and though he had met with no resistance, and taken to breakfast with him the officer who had brought the keys, in less than half an hour he cut to pieces the 500 individuals whom he found in the place. This massacre became the signal to multiplied executions, successfully perpetrated for a length of time after. The most distinguished characters were the first sufferers, but no obscurity of private life could be secure from danger.

When Morillo marched from Carthagena to Santa Fe de Bogata, his passage was marked in every place by gibbets, that along the roads and public places shewed bleeding heads and dissevered limbs to the passengers. When he entered the capital, in the capitulation an entire amnesty was the

principal article; it was, however, in the midst of fetes given by the inhabitants to celebrate the return of peace, sealed by the solemn promise of royal clemency, that Morillo published lists of proscription that have not left a single family without reason to lament a loss.

Considering this mode of ruling as a political experiment, its results prove evidently that the most cruel excesses of oppression cannot even plead the merit of a criminal utility. Morillo calculated on deciding the fate of all the Spanish provinces by the taking of Carthagena, and the destruction of those who had relied on his word; but a very little time served to undeceive him. The hopes of vengeance made those again take up arms who had laid them down; bands of guerillas were formed in all parts of Venezuela, led by the generals, Paez, Sarasa, Sedenó, Roxas, and a number of other chiefs, and every where they gained advantages over the Spaniards. Arismendi put himself at the head of the insurgents of Margarita, and destroyed the garrison which Morillo had left in that island; all attempts to retake that important post have been repulsed. When the Spaniards in 1817, received a reinforcement of 4000 men from Europe, to repair the immense losses their army had sustained, Morillo undertook to carry Margarita sword in hand; but the massacre of the women and children that fell into his hands on disembarking, was a warning to the inhabitants of what they might expect; and to the number of 400 they attacked the Spaniards with such fury, as to put the whole to flight, and cut off one half of their invaders.

Fresh enemies appeared on all sides, to render the situation of Morillo critical. The remains of the garrison of Carthagena, that had retired to Jamaica and St. Domingo, under the orders of General Bolivar, embarked in the flotilla of Admiral Brion, and the cause of independence once more beheld, in Venezuela, regular armies fighting under its banners. Morillo was forced to withdraw his armies from New Grenada into this province, and every where guerillas, often without

regular arms, attacked the Spanish posts, holding them in constant alarm, so that they were pent up in their *casas fuertes*, a sort of block-houses. The two brothers Negras, partisans, penetrated even to the environs of Santa Fe, the residence of the Viceroy, and where almost all the remaining royalist force was concentrated. They carried off a number of convoys that were repairing thither, and received augmentations even from those sent to fight against them. General Santander, assisted by the government of Venezuela, collected all the corps in the province of Casanares, beat the troops sent against him, and carried on a very successful war. General Morillo, after losing all the levies he had made in the country, besides 20,000 European soldiers that he had brought to America, or received afterwards, was at length confined to the occupation of one part

only of the province of Caraccas, hedged round with mountains and terminated by the sea. The independents, who on his arrival had only the isle of Margarita, are now masters of the provinces of Guyana, Cumana, Barcelona, Varinas, Casanares and New Grenada, the whole of which are covered with guerillas.

It Morillo had appeared in the New World at the epoch of its discovery, like Pizarro, he might have traced, by his bloody exploits, a name in the histories of posterity; but it may safely be pronounced, that in an age like the present, his name and actions will be denounced with execrations, however great a favourite he may have been with the Spanish Inquisition, which raised him to the high dignity of Alguazil Major or chief usher of the Holy Office.

SAPPHIC ODE.

To the Evening Star.

Clouds float around to honour thee, and Evening
Lingers in heaven.

Southey.

WHEN from the blue sky traces of the daylight
Fade, and the night-winds sigh from the ocean,
Then, on thy watch-tower, beautiful thou shinest,
Star of the Evening!

Homewards weary man plods from his labour,
From the dim vale comes the low of the oxen;
Still are the woods, and the wings of the small birds
Folded in slumber.

Thou art the lover's star! thou to his fond heart
Ecstasy bequeatest; for, beneath thy soft ray,
Underneath the green trees, down by the river, he
Waits for his fair one.

Thou to the sad heart beacon art of solace—
Kindly the mourner turns his gaze towards thee,
Past joys awakening, thou bid'st him be of comfort,
Smiling in silence.

Star of the Mariner! when the dreary ocean
Welters around him, and the breeze is moaning,
Fondly he deems that thy bright eye is dwelling
On his home afar off:

On the dear cottage, where sit by the warm hearth,
Thinking of the absent, his wife and his dear babes,
In his ear sounding, the hum of their voices
Steals like a zephyr.

Farewell, thou bright Star ! when woe and anguish
Hung on my heart with a heavy and sad load,
When not a face on the changed earth was friendly,
Changeless didst thou smile.

Soon shall the day come, soon shall the night flee,
Thou dost usher in darkness and day-light ;
Glitter 'st through the storm, and mid the blaze of morning,
Meltest in glory.

Thus through this dark earth holds on the good man,
Misfortune and malice tarnish not his glory ;
Soon the goal is won, and the star of his being
Mingles with heaven.

EVE OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

From the German.

I picked up the original of the following ditty one evening of last July, in the beautiful village of Blankenese, on the Elbe, where the ungenial zephyrs kept me for a day or two, closely pent up in a land which I loved much, but yearning to return to one which I loved more. I transcribed it from an almanack lent me by my host, and in which the name of the author is given—*Frederick Stricker*. It exhibits a parallel superstition to that pertaining to another country. The superstitious influence of the Baptist is felt at all points of the compass. Fires are duly lighted after sunset upon the “eve of St. John,” on the mountains which lie to the south of Dublin, (and which embellish the vicinity of that city, with a variety of romantic scenery, rarely to be met within four miles of a metropolis.)

THE ST. JOHN'S WORT.

The young maid stole thro' the cottage door,
And blush'd as she sought the plant of pow'r ;—
“Thou silver glow-worm, O, lend me thy light,
I must gather the mystic St. John's-wort to-night,
The wonderful herb whose leaf will decide
If the coming year shall make me a bride.”

And the glow-worm came
With its silvery flame,
And sparkled and shone
Thro' the night of St. John,
And soon has the young maid her love-knot tied.

With noiseless tread
To her chamber she sped,
Where the spectral moon her white beams shed :—
“Bloom here—bloom here, thou plant of pow'r,
To deck the young bride in her bridal hour !”
But it droop'd its head that plant of pow'r,
And died the mute death of the voiceless flow'r :
And a wither'd wreath on the ground it lay,
More meet for a burial than bridal day.

And when a year was past away,
All pale on her bier the young maid lay !
And the glow-worm came
With its silvery flame,
And sparkled and shone
Thro' the night of St. John,
As they clos'd the cold grave o'er the maid's cold clay.

The following note is added in the German :—“According to a provincial custom in Lower Saxony, every young girl plucks a sprig of St. John's Wort on mid-summer night, and sticks it into the wall of her chamber. Should it owing to the dampness of the wall, retain its freshness and verdure, she may reckon upon gaining a suitor in the course of the year ; but, if it droop, the popular belief is, that she also is destined to pine and wither away.”

JERUSALEM IN 1820.

CONNOR'S NARRATIVE OF A TOUR MADE IN PALESTINE.

Concluded.

I HAVE been with the pilgrims to the river Jordan. We left Jerusalem about seven in the morning, accompanied by Messrs. Grey and Hyde, two English travellers. A great portion of the pilgrims had preceded us. The streets of Jerusalem were all life and bustle. To avoid the confusion, we left the city by the gate of Bethlehem; and, passing along the north side, fell in with the train of pilgrims at the gate of St. Stephen. The scene was very lively. The path through which we passed, down Mount Moriah, across the valley of Jehoshaphat, and up the side of Olivet, was lined with people, who came to witness the procession. A Turkish band of music, leaving the gate of St. Stephen, and accompanied with banners, proceeded with us as far as a tree on Olivet, under which the governor of Jerusalem, with his court, were seated. Guns were fired at intervals.

In about three-quarters of an hour after we had started, we passed through Bethany, a little miserable village; shortly after we descended into a deep valley. The appearance of the pilgrims, with the immense train of camels, horses, mules, &c. was here truly picturesque. The pilgrims, muleteers, and guards, formed a body of about 2,300 persons. The country through which we passed was barren and desolate beyond description.

At length, after having crossed a number of hills, we descended into the plain of Jericho. In the midst of this plain appears a large verdant tract, like an Oasis in the desert; and here, embosomed in trees, stands the wretched mud-built village of Jericho. About half-past twelve we arrived on the edge of the Oasis, and encamped. A large extent of ground was covered with the tents. An able artist might have made a very interesting picture of the scene; he would have introduced the numerous and variously-coloured tents, the diversified costumes of the pilgrims, the

Turkish horse soldiers, with their elegant dress and long spears, gallopping across the plain, with camels and horses reposing. We spent the remainder of the day here. About half-past three the next morning we all set out, by torch-light, for the Jordan. The appearance of the pilgrims, moving in detached parties with their flambeaux across the plain, was singular and striking.

The sun rose shortly before we arrived at the brink of the river; there men, women, and children stripped, and plunged into the water. Many employed themselves while in the river in washing, and thus sanctifying the linen which they destined for their grave-clothes.

The Jordan at the spot where the pilgrims bathed, is beautifully picturesque; its breadth may be about twenty yards, and it is shaded on both sides by the thick foliage of closely planted trees. The water appeared turbid, and was not deep.

Some Turkish horsemen dashed through the river, and rode to and fro in the grove on the opposite side, to protect the pilgrims from the guns of the Bedouins, many of whom were assembled to watch the ceremony.

On retiring from the water the pilgrims employed themselves in cutting branches from the trees, to carry home with them, as memorials of the Jordan. They then mounted their beasts, and returned to their former station in the plain.

Our party set off from the Jordan, with Prince Avaloff (a Georgian) and his suite, to the Dead Sea, where we arrived in about two hours and a half. We rambled about for some time on the borders of this lake, which covers the ashes of Sodom and Gomorrah. I tasted the water, and found it excessively nauseous. Some of the party bathed.

On our return we traversed the fertile part of the plain, passed through

the village of Jericho, and returned to our tents about noon. Most of the pilgrims had already started for Jerusalem. After taking a slight refreshment, we returned to the city by the same way that we had come, and entered by the gate of St. Stephen.

Jerusalem is a considerable place. The most beautiful building within its wall is the mosque of Omar, which stands on the site of Solomon's Temple. The Turks have a singular reverence for this mosque, and will not permit a Christian even to set his foot in the large grassy area which surrounds it.

The walks which I most frequent are those that lead down the valley of Jehoshaphat, by the fountains of Siloah, or those that run along the side of Olivet. From the side of Olivet you have a very commanding view of Jerusalem. The mosque of Omar appears particularly fine from this situation. The greater part of the surrounding country is most desolate and dreary. Hills of white parched rock, dotted here and there with patches of cultivated land, every where meet and offend the eye.

In the north of Palestine are many beautiful and fertile spots, but not in Judea.

I have spent a day or two in BETHLEHEM and its neighbourhood. Under the Latin convent at Bethlehem, they show three altars, said to mark the spot where Christ was born, where the manger stood, and where the magi adored. These altars are splendidly adorned, and illuminated with many lamps.

The men of Bethlehem have peculiar privileges. They alone of all Christians subject to the Turks, are permitted to wear the white turban, and to carry arms. They are fine men, and have an air of boldness and independence not common. I met with in the Christians of these countries. Their gov-

ernment is a kind of democracy, and their chiefs are elected from among themselves. The Bethlehemites are perpetually at war with the Turks of Hebron.

It was my intention to go direct from Jerusalem to Damascus, by way of Napolose and Tiberias; but the disturbed state of the country about Napolose, occasioned by the presence of the Pacha of Damascus, who was making his rounds to collect the tribute,* caused me reluctantly to alter my plans, and thus to resign the hopes which I had indulged, of gleaningsome further particulars respecting the Samaritans.

From Saide I proceeded to Der el Kamr, the metropolis of the Druses, on Mount Lebanon.

On the 19th of April I left Jerusalem, and proceeded to Rama, and from thence across the luxuriant plain of Sharon, and by Cæsarea and the foot of Carmel, to Acre. After a few days repose in Acre, I rode forward, by way of Sour, to Saide.

The number of the Druses may be about 70,000; of these, 20,000 men are capable of bearing arms.

The Druses are divided into two grand classes; that of the "Akkals," or *intelligent*; and that of the "Djahels," or *ignorant*.

The Akkals, in number about ten thousand, form the sacred order, and are distinguishable by their white turbans, the emblem of purity. Every Thursday evening the Akkals assemble together in their oratories, and perform their religious rites; what these rites are, no one but themselves know. Their ceremonies are enveloped in the profoundest mystery; during the performance of them they place guards around the spot to prevent the approach of the profane: their wives are permitted to be present; if any one of the initiated

* A few days before my departure from Jerusalem, the Pacha arrived there from Napolose, and, according to custom, pitched his tent outside the walls. A large body of troops accompanies him. One of his soldiers, a Christian Albanese, impelled by curiosity, had the imprudence to set his foot within the walls of the mosque of the temple. He was discovered; a tumult was raised—and the Pacha was informed of the soldier's crime. He immediately dispatched one of his slaves, with orders to put the soldier to death wherever he should find him. A few hours after, I saw the body of the poor fellow lying in the street, naked and mangled, and exposed to the insults of the Turks. His head was nearly severed from his body, and one of his hands had been cut through with a sabre.

dared to witness any part of their sacred rites, instant death would on discovery be the reward of their temerity. All the Akkals are permitted to marry. The Chief of the order resides in a village called El Mutna. The title and privileges of the members are not necessarily handed down from father to son. When arrived at a certain age, every individual who wishes it, and whose conduct has not been stained with any flagrant vice, may, after passing through some initiatory ceremonies, enter the order. At the funeral of an Akkal, the principal of the priests who happens to be present, demands of the bye-standers their testimony of the conduct of the deceased during his life; if their testimony be favourable, he addresses the deceased with the words, "God be merciful to thee;" if otherwise the address is omitted. The funerals of the Akkals, as well as those of the other Druses, are always very numerous attended. The Akkals bear arms only in defence of their country, and never accompany an invading army.

The Djahels, who form by far the most numerous class, perform no religious rites whatever, unless when circumstances oblige them to assume the appearance of Mahomedans; on these occasions they enter the mosques, and recite their prayers with the Turks. They consider both Jesus Christ and Mahomet as impostors, and cherish an equal dislike to Christians and Turks. They believe that the Deity was incarnated in the person of Hakem, caliph of Egypt, and that he will shortly appear again. He is to come, they think, from China; and to meet, fight with, and utterly destroy all his enemies, at a place called the "Black Stone."

The Druses regard the Chinese as belonging to their sect, and as the most exemplary members of it in the world.

They believe in the transmigration of souls; and that, according to the character of the individual, in his first journey through life, will be the nature of the body which his soul will animate in a future state of existence; if his conduct has been fair and honourable, his soul at his death will pass into, and vivify the body of him who is des-

tined to fill a respectable station in life: if on the other hand, his conduct has been evil, his soul will enter the body of a horse, a mule, an ass, &c. Those who distinguish themselves by noble and meritorious actions, and shine by their virtues in their career through life, will, as the highest recompence of their merits, pass after death into the bodies of Chinese Druses.

I inquired of Mr. Bertrand if it was true that the Druses worshipped a calf; he said that he had questioned many of them about it, and they all denied it; "Do you suppose," they asked, "that we would worship as our God, the image of an animal whose flesh we eat, and of whose skin we make our shoes?"

I had been told that there was a great number of Christians among the Druses; this, however, I find is not the case. The Emir Bechir, with his family, and some of the other nobles of the nation, have received baptism, have their children baptized, have chapels in their houses, and hear mass every Sunday. The rest of the natives are hostile to the Christians.

The Emir has retained his situation for upwards of thirty years. He wears the green robe of a Sherif, or one of the descendants of Mahomet; and has the exterior of a Turk. He never enters a mosque, but has a chapel in his palace at Biedyn, where service is regularly performed by a Maronite priest. In conformity with his Christian principles, he has only one wife, by whom he has several children living.

From Der el Kamr I proceeded along the mountains, through a succession of beautiful and romantic scenes to BEIROUT.

I then set out for the convent of patriarch (late archbishop) Giarve. His convent is universally called in the country Der el Sharfi. After passing for some hours along a rugged, steep, and difficult path among the mountains, we arrived about three in the afternoon, at the foot of an eminence, on the side of which, and near to its woody summit, stands the convent of Santa Maria Della Liberatrice. The situation of the convent is noble and commanding, overlooking a large tract of mountain

scenery, the town of Beirout, a long line of coast, and a wide sweep of the Mediterranean. The convent itself is not yet completed. Its chapel is small, and is hung round with a great number of little pictures of saints and scripture scenes. It was pleasing to hear in the evening, the sound of the various convent bells in the neighbouring mountains, which summoned the people to vespers.

I proceeded from Mar-Hanua direct to Damascus; and, after having descended Lebanon, crossed the fine valley of Beckaa, and traversed the dreary solitudes of Anti-Lebanon; arrived in that city about two in the afternoon of May the 8th.

The Greeks under the patriarch of Antioch may amount to about 20,000, and of these about 4,000 are in Damascus. The rest of the Christian population of Damascus consists of Catholics, Latins, Maronites, Greeks, &c. 16,000, Armenians 150, Nestorians 70. This is a rough calculation. It is impossible to know the exact number.

The Jews of Damascus may amount to 2,500. The Jews throughout the Pachalics of Damascus and Acre possess more liberty than in most parts of

Turkey. The prime ministers of the two pachas are Jews and brothers, and by their power and influence, which are great, shield their nation to a considerable degree from oppression and violence.

After a stay of ten days in Damascus, I began to move toward TRIPOLI. The war in Balbec obliged us to follow the great caravan road. After a dreary ride of five days along the edge of the desert, we arrived at Homs, on the Orontes; turning thence to the west, we arrived in three days more at Tripoli.

In order to avoid a hot and fatiguing ride of four days along the shore, I hired a small vessel at Tripoli, which carried me up to Latichea in 32 hours. Here I finished my business with our consul, Signor Elhas, a Greek, and then set out for ALEPPO, where I arrived in six days.

The Christian population of Aleppo, may be thus enumerated: Greek catholics 14,000, Maronites 2,000, Syrian catholics 5,000, Nestorians 100, Armenian catholics 8,000, Armenian schismatics (as they are called) 2,000, Greeks under the patriarch of Antioch 500.

PRINCE CARACCILO AND LADY HAMILTON

At Naples.

THE first man executed at Naples, two months before the establishment of the grand criminal court, and even before the arrival of the King, was Prince Francesco Caracciolo, admiral of the Neapolitan navy, who, by seventy years of active life, had kept off the torpor under which Italian patricians are apt to languish; and to the experience of his profession, he added the acquirements of a man of science. He had, at first, followed the court to Sicily, and returned to Naples with the King's permission, who cautioned him not to mix in the affairs of the republic. Yet he conceived himself bound to resume the command of a flotilla of gunboats, the only remains of the ships of war, lest the French should put into it

officers of their own nation; and when the Allies attacked Naples, he attempted to drive out the British squadron from the island of Procida. A price was put upon his head, and he was carried before Nelson, who directed a court-martial to proceed summarily, and "report to him what punishment the prisoner ought to suffer." Count Thurn, who had formerly burned the Neapolitan navy, was one of those foreign adventurers intriguing for the favours of princes, and every where jealous of native merit; and although the prisoner alleged that Thurn was his known enemy, it was he who assembled the court-martial of Neapolitan officers on board the flag-ship of Lord Nelson, and was appointed its president. The bearer of

the sentence found the English admiral seated in his cabin, between Sir William and Lady Hamilton, and hearing that Caracciolo had been condemned to banishment and confiscation, he ordered the sentence to be revised : the punishment being then commuted to perpetual imprisonment, he desired them to revise it again. This is the statement of two naval officers, who, although then at Naples, were not ocular witnesses ; the only historian by whom this transaction is related with impartiality, has made use of such cautious expressions in this place, that I can neither admit nor reject the circumstance of the revision of the two sentences. The trial began at ten o'clock in the morning, and Nelson soon after noon signed the sentence, and ordered the criminal to be hanged ; who, dreading rather the manner of his death, than the end of his life, demanded to be shot as an officer, or beheaded according to the privileges of his forefathers. The English admiral answered, "That he had no right to interfere in a judgment fairly pronounced by the officers of the country."

After these words he walked up and down, agitated and silent ; and while he apparently tried to hush in his breast the presentiment of the stain inflicted on his reputation, Lady Hamilton was present at the execution. The Italian sailor who was ordered to pass the rope round the neck of the admiral, hesitated and bent forward as if desirous to kiss his hand. "Let me die alone," said Caracciolo, and, while he expired, Lady Hamilton wiped her eyes. Her endowments, both physical and intellectual, had urged her to struggle from her very infancy to rise by means of those expedients to which every individual must inevitably have recourse whose ambition is infinitely above his circumstances. She had been at first a menial servant in London ; next a wandering girl, lost to virtue : at last, devoid of shame, she lent the admirable beauties of her person as a model to academies of painters, until she became the concubine of a young military man ; and was no sooner raised from penury, than she gave a loose to that indiscretion which

afterwards brought her, through anguish, luxury, and contempt, into the grave, in the same helpless indigence in which she was born. Her lover, distressed with debt, sold her to Sir William Hamilton, a man far advanced in years, and ambassador to Naples ; he was an enthusiast in the fine arts, of which, by the elegance of her taste, and her long intercourse with painters and sculptors, she had gathered a correct knowledge ; so that, by flattering his taste, irritating his affection, threatening to part with him out of regard for his character, and affecting to be pursued by the advances of an illustrious personage, she succeeded in becoming at once the wedded wife, and the most useful assistant of the British ambassador. She ingratiated herself with the Queen, by the nature and violence of those indulgencies which in the lowest and highest ranks are alike irritated by absolute want and reckless profusion ; and ungoverned by the fear of public opinion, the character and morals of both were closely assimilated. The most private correspondence of the King was betrayed, and sent over to the British ministers. Not being educated with a due sense of honour, Lady Hamilton conceived herself bound to sacrifice it, not only to the policy of her husband's employers, but also to the gratification of all the passions of a scandalous court. She was believed (and perhaps not unjustly) to be an adulterous wife ; for the delight of bloodshed does not tempt the weaker sex, without the utter corruption of the two best instincts of our nature, modesty and sympathy, with which women seem to be liberally endowed, in order that, by becoming tender wives and mothers, they might soften the ferocity of men. Lady Hamilton did not quit the vessel till she saw Caracciolo hanged ; she sent twice to know when he was to be taken down from the fore-yard-arm ; she went again in a barge at the approach of night to see him thrown into the sea ; she then wrote to assure the Queen "that even the remains of her Majesty's enemy were no more to be seen." Thirteen days afterwards the King walking on the deck with Nelson, ex-

claimed suddenly, with a yell of horror, "*Vien! Viene!*"—The old man's corpse, erect breast high above the waves, was seen floating towards the ship; the shot which had been attached to the feet for the purpose of sinking it,

not being sufficiently heavy. Two sailors, without any person having ventured either to approve or to reprimand them, picked up their admiral's corpse, and carried it to a church for interment.

ORIGIN OF SALUTATIONS AND AMICABLE CEREMONIES

IN VARIOUS NATIONS.

WHEN men salute each other in an amicable manner, it signifies little whether they move a particular part of the body, or practise a particular ceremony. In these actions there must exist different customs. Every nation imagines it employs the most reasonable ones; but all are equally simple, and none are to be treated as ridiculous.

The infinite number of ceremonies may be reduced to two kinds, to reverences or salutations, and to the touch of some part of the human body. To bend and prostrate ones-self to express sentiments of respect, appears to be a natural motion; for terrified persons throw themselves on the earth, when they adore invisible beings. The affectionate touch of the person they salute is an expression of tenderness.

As nations decline from their ancient simplicity, much farce and grimace are introduced. Superstition, the manners of a people, and their situation, influence the modes of salutation, as may be observed from the instances we collect.

Modes of salutation have sometimes very different characters, and it is no uninteresting speculation to examine their shades. Many display a refinement of delicacy, while others are remarkable for their simplicity, or for their sensibility. In general, however, they are frequently the same in the infancy of nations, and in more polished societies. Respect, humility, fear, and esteem, are expressed much in a similar manner; for these are the natural consequences of the organization of the body.

The demonstrations become in time only empty civilities, which signify nothing; we shall notice what they

were originally, without reflecting on what they are.

The first nations have no peculiar modes of salutation; they knew of no reverences, or other compliments, or they despise and disdain them.

The Greenlanders laugh, when they see an European uncover his head and bend his body before him whom he calls his superior.

The Islanders, near the Philippines, take the hand or foot of him they salute, and with it they gently rub their face.

The Laplanders apply their nose strongly against that of the person they salute.

Dampier says, that at New Orleans they were satisfied in placing on their heads the leaves of trees, which have ever passed for symbols of friendship and peace. This is at least a picturesque salute.

Other salutations are very inconvenient and painful; it requires great practice to enable a man to be polite in an island situated in the Straights of the Sound. Houtman tells us, they saluted him in this odd way:—"They raised his left foot, which they passed gently over the right leg, and from thence over his face."

The inhabitants of the Philippines bend their bodies very low, in placing their hands on their cheeks, and raising at the same times one foot in the air with the knee bent.

An Æthiopian takes the robe of another, and ties it about his own waist, so that he leaves his friend half naked. This custom of undressing on these occasions takes other forms; sometimes men place themselves naked be-

fore the person whom they salute ; it is to show their humility, and that they are unworthy of appearing in his presence. This was practised before Sir Joseph Banks, when he received the visit of two female Otaheitan. Their innocent simplicity no doubt did not appear immodest in the eyes of the *Vir-tuoso*. Sometimes they only undress partially.

The Japanese only take off a slipper ; the people of Arracan, their sandals in the street, and their stockings in the house.

The Grandees of Spain claim the right of appearing covered before the King, to show that they are not so much subjected to him as the rest of the nation.

The Negroes are lovers of ludicrous actions, and make all their ceremonies farcical ; the greater part pull their fingers till they crack. Snelgrave gives an odd representation of the embassy which the King of Dahomy sent to him. The ceremonies of salutation consisted in the most ridiculous contortions. When two negro Monarchs visit, they embrace in snapping three times the middle finger.

Barbarous nations frequently imprint on their salutations the dispositions of their character. When the inhabitants of Carmenta (says Athenæus) would show a peculiar mark of esteem, they breathed a vein, and presented for the beverage of their friend the blood as it issued.

The Franks tore hair from the head, and presented it to the person they saluted. The slave cut his hair and offered it to his master.

The Chinese are singularly affected in their personal civilities ; they even calculate the number of their reverencies. These are their most remarkable postures :—The men move their hands in an affectionate manner, while they are joined together on the breast, and bow the head a little. If they respect a person, they raise their hands joined, and then lower them to the earth, in bending the body. If two persons meet after a long separation they both fall on their knees, and bend the face to the earth ; and this ceremony they re-

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peat two or three times. If a Chinese is asked how he finds himself in health ? he answers, ‘ Very well, thanks to your abundant felicity,’ If they would tell a man that he looks well, they say, ‘ Prosperity is painted on your face ;’ or, ‘ Your air announces your happiness.’ If you render them any service, they say, ‘ My thanks should be immortal.’ If you praise them, they answer, ‘ How shall I dare to persuade myself of what you say of me ?’ If you dine with them, they tell you at parting, ‘ We have not treated you with sufficient distinction.’ The various titles they invent for each other, it would be impossible to translate.

It is to be observed, that all these answers are prescribed by the Chinese Ritual, or Academy of Compliments. There are determined the number of bows ; the expressions to be employed ; and the inclinations which are to be made to the right or left hand : the salutations of the master before the chair, where the stranger is to be seated, for he salutes it most profoundly, and wipes the dust away with the skirts of his robe ; all these gestures and other things, are noticed, even to the silent gestures, by which you are entreated to enter the house. The lower class of people are equally nice in these punctilios ; and ambassadors pass 40 days in practising them before they are enabled to appear at court. A Tribunal of Ceremonies has been erected, and every day very odd decrees are issued, to which the Chinese most religiously submit.

The marks of honour are frequently arbitrary ; to be seated, with us, is a mark of repose and familiarity ; to stand up, that of respect. There are countries, however, in which princes will only be addressed by persons who are seated, and it is considered as a favour to be permitted to stand in their presence. This custom prevails in despotic countries ; a despot cannot suffer, without disgust, the elevated figures of his subjects ; he is pleased to bend their bodies with their genius ; his presence must lay those who behold him prostrate on the earth ; he desires no eagerness, no attention, he would only inspire terror.

NICHOLLS'S RECOLLECTIONS DURING THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.

[Recollections and Reflections, Personal and Political, as connected with Public Affairs, during the Reign of George III. By John Nicholls, Esq. Member of Parliament, &c.]

AUTHOR'S OPPORTUNITIES.

GEORGE II. died suddenly about the close of October, 1760. At that time I was nearly sixteen years old; so that the active part of my life has all been passed during the reign of George III.

My father was physician to George II. This circumstance led me to see in early life, people who were about the Court. I cannot say that the nation much regretted the death of George II. During the last three years of his reign the war against France had been carried on with much success; but this was attributed to the energy of Mr. Secretary Pitt, who was known to be Minister against the wishes of the King.

DUKE OF GRAFTON.

The Duke of Grafton, who had been made first Lord of the Treasury, was certainly a man of very feeble mind; he had about him at that time a secretary of the name of Thomas Bradshaw; and a mistress, formerly known by the name of Nancy Parsons, at that time bearing the name of Mrs. Horton, afterwards Lady Maynard. Those who wished to destroy the Earl of Chatham's Administration saw, that they should very much advance their designs if they could separate the Duke of Grafton from the Earl of Chatham: they had gained over the Duke's secretary, Mr. Bradshaw; but they could not corrupt his mistress. She had the sense to see that the Duke's honour required him to remain firm in his connexion with the Earl of Chatham. She had the sense to see this, and she had the integrity to tell him so. Her influence for some time prevented the Duke of Grafton from deserting the Earl of Chatham. When this was seen, those who wished the destruction of that Administration changed the direction of their batteries; instead of using their efforts to separate the Duke of Grafton from the Earl of Chatham, they employed them to separate him

from his mistress. In this they succeeded, and married him to Miss Wrotesley, the niece of the Duchess of Bedford. To separate him from the Earl of Chatham was then an easy task. Thus fell the Earl of Chatham's administration; and, I believe, the Earl was never after in any public office.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

The zealous supporters of the American war have thrown blame on the War Minister, and the Generals who conducted it. In this I think they have acted unjustly. I believe that Lord George Germaine was as able a War Minister as could have been found; and the Generals employed were men of the first reputation. It always appeared to me that the design of compelling the Americans to submit to be taxed by a British Parliament, was a wild and absurd project. The loose texture (if I may be allowed the expression) of American population, rendered the conquest of the country impracticable. Wherever our army appeared, the people submitted; but whenever our army moved forward, the people who had submitted resumed their arms. We never attempted more than the conquest of the eastern side of America; had we succeeded in that, the war would still have been continued by the inhabitants of the Back Settlements; and if the Americans had ultimately been subdued, what must have been the size of that army which must have been maintained there for the purpose of enforcing submission, and collecting revenue? I believe no man now will maintain either the justice or the policy of the American contest: we are come to this opinion, although only the short space of thirty-six years has elapsed since the contest was relinquished. A century hence, men will wonder how the people of England could have been deluded to engage in it.

After the defeat and capture of General Burgoyne at Saratoga, a friend of

Lord North said to him, "My Lord, you must deceive yourself no longer; you must now see that the whole population of America is hostile to your designs." Lord North replied, "I see that as clearly as you do; and the King shall either consent to allow me to assure the House of Commons, that some means shall be found to put an end to the war, or I will not continue to be his minister." I had this anecdote from the friend with whom this conversation passed. Lord North was no inconsiderable Statesman: he seems never to have been particularly attentive to the promotion of his own personal interests, and I have no doubt that he would have preferred to have pursued those measures which he thought most beneficial to his country; but the place of Prime Minister was pleasant to him, and he persevered in the war for four years longer.

THE KING AND LORD NORTH.

Let me here mention a little anecdote, which I think does honour to Lord North; because it shows that he was sensible to kindness. In the spring of 1782, when Lord North resigned, the King's resentment against him was so strong, that he meant to withhold the pension, usually granted to a Prime Minister, on his retirement from office. The Chancellor, Lord Thurlow, represented to the King, that Lord North was not opulent; that his father was still living; and that his sons had spent a great deal of money. The King answered, "Lord North is no friend of mine."—"That may be, Sir," replied Lord Thurlow, "but the world thinks otherwise; and your Majesty's character requires, that Lord North should have the usual pension." The pension was granted.

On the Coalition coming into office in 1783, Lord North accepted the employment of Secretary of State for the Home Department. Charles Fox had determined that Lord Thurlow should not retain the great seal, and the King was obliged to submit. Lord North, as Secretary of State for the Home Department, received order to write to Lord Thurlow, signifying his dismissal from the post of Chancellor. He

refused to obey these orders, and assigned this reason, "When I retired from office in 1782, Lord Thurlow was the man who prevented my retreat from being inconvenient to me; shall the first act of my return to office be to give Lord Thurlow pain? I will not do it." Lord North's refusal was sufficiently amusing to the King, who had a right to say, "While I keep Secretaries I am not bound to write my own letters." Lord North persevered; and after a delay of several days, Charles Fox, though it was not his department, was obliged to write the letter.

FOX, PITT, AND BURKE.

A question is often asked, which was the abler speaker in the House of Commons, Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox? Their situations were so different, that it is very difficult to answer this question. Mr. Pitt was supported by a well-disciplined majority, and his eloquence was calculated to make his measures plausible. He was a very correct grammarian; but there was one talent in which he surpassed every speaker I ever heard. I mean the talent of building a speech, and introducing the arguments of his adversaries exactly in that place where it best suited him to answer them. Mr. Fox never built a speech; he relied on his ability to seize weak parts of his adversaries arguments and beat them to pieces. He did this with extraordinary skill and success.

The style of a public speaker must necessarily depend on the audience which he addresses, on the ends which he wishes to obtain; perhaps in some degree, on his own personal situation. Considered in this point of view, Lord North was certainly a very good speaker. His pleasantry and good temper were well suited to turn aside the impetuous attacks of his adversaries.

To form a true opinion of Mr. Burke's merit as a speaker, he also must be viewed in the same manner. His importance depended on his standing high in the opinion of that party which had placed him in the House; for this reason, he always introduced such passages as captivated admiration; and though his speeches were often injudicious, and rarely had the effect of bring-

ing others to think and to act with him, except they were previously so disposed by being of the same party; yet he never made a speech in which there were not those brilliant passages which the Roman authors call *Purpurei Pan-ni*. When he brought forward the impeachment against Mr. Hastings, he laid on the table of the House of Commons twenty-two charges. I was under the necessity of examining those charges with attention. I think they were a master-piece in that style of composition which Mr. Burke thought himself authorised to use. They were a happy mixture of assertion, of evidence, of inference, and of invective, so dexterously blended, that it was extremely difficult to unravel them; but admirably suited to influence the opinions of those who read negligently.

Demosthenes is considered as the ablest speaker of Antiquity. He addressed his speeches to an audience highly intelligent, and actuated by an opinion that the people of Athens were entitled to hold the first place among the Greek Republics. The same arguments, addressed to a British House of Commons, would have appeared ridiculous and contemptible.

PERSONAL CHARACTER OF GEORGE III.

I have already mentioned the character which he displayed at the commencement of his reign; that he was sober—temperate—of domestic habits—addicted to no vice—swayed by no passion.

The whole tenour of his life has justified the impression which was first received of him. Those who approached him formed another opinion of his character; in which, however, the event has shown, that they have been totally mistaken. They thought that he was a weak man, and that we should probably have a reign of favouritism. These ideas were entertained even by sagacious men; but they were conceived erroneously. George III. was not a weak man. His objects were little, and injudiciously chosen: but no monarch ever displayed more dexterity in his choice of means to obtain those objects. So far from his life having been a reign of favouritism, he does not appear ever to

have entertained kindness for any minister whom he employed, except for the Earl of Bute: and after he found that this nobleman wanted the courage necessary for his purposes, he seems to have withdrawn all his favour from him, and never more to have wished to replace him in office.

The wish to be his own minister, and to exercise his power personally, was the leading feature in George the Third's character, through his whole reign. It influenced his domestic, as well as his political conduct. There does not appear any interval in which this sentiment was suspended. The miseries occasioned by his reign have all flowed from this source. Like other monarchs, he was desirous of power. But it was not the desire of becoming a military conqueror, or even of extending his dominions. It was little more than the desire of appearing great in the eyes of his pages and *valets de chambre* that it might be said "The King gave away such a bishoprick," or "appointed to such an employment." It was the little object of a little mind.

The reign of George III. has from its commencement exhibited a struggle between the King's personal wishes and the opinions of his ostensible ministers. The two first wishes which he seems to have entertained, were to break the power of the Pelham faction, and to restore peace. These wishes were judicious. But the instrument he employed to effectuate his objects, was unfortunately chosen. The Earl of Bute was not qualified to be a minister. He was removed; and from the time of his removal we may date the establishment of the double cabinet; viz. secret advisers and ostensible ministers.

During the interval of Lord Chatham's absence from the cabinet, the King contrived to have the question of taxing the American colonies again brought forward. By playing man against man, and faction against faction, he at length obtained his wishes, and the American Colonies found themselves reduced to the alternative of unconditional submission, or explicit and avowed resistance: they chose the latter. While the King was thus pursuing this

object of reviving the dispute with America, he seems to have employed that maxim of the politician *Divide et Impera*, with much dexterity. The late Earl of Shelburne told a friend of mine, "that the King possessed one art beyond any man he had ever known; for that, by the familiarity of his intercourse, he obtained your confidence, procured from you your opinion of different public characters, and then availed himself of this knowledge to sow dissension."

The war began in 1775, and was continued for eight years, when the King, much against his wishes, was compelled to relinquish the contest—he was compelled to relinquish it, because he could find no man who would consent to be the ostensible minister for carrying on the war. But he still retained so strong a desire to continue the

contest, that he could not refrain from employing his household troops to affront the Earl of Shelburne, the minister who had made the peace. The Earl of Shelburne would not submit to the affront; he resigned and the King found himself under the necessity of appointing the coalitionists his ministers. These gentlemen came into office strongly impressed with the opinion they had formed of the King's character; viz. that nothing could induce him to relinquish the wish he entertained of being his own minister. I recollect the answer which Mr. Fox made me when I once put this question to him—"Whether it was not possible for him to conciliate the King?" He replied, "No, it is impossible: no man can gain the King." And I believe Mr. Fox's answer was just.—*Mon. Mag.*

PARTICULARS OF THE BANDITTI OF CALABRIA AND THE ROMAN STATES,

In a Letter from a modern Traveller, written in 1820.

WEs should have proceeded through Calabria, in our route from Naples to Sicily, if we had not been deterred by a fear of the *Brigands* of Calabria, who here, as on the road from Rome to Naples, are the real masters of the country.

The existence of these bands of robbers is no problem but to those who are ignorant of the countries and the governments in question, and of the kind of men of whom these bands are composed. Thanks to the vigorous and wise measures adopted at a certain period (during the possession of Italy by the French) this disorder no longer afflicted the unhappy country, and the traveller no longer trembled in the centre of Europe, for the safety of his life or his liberty. But the evil has since returned; and has proceeded to a more enormous and incredible extent than ever.

These bands are chiefly composed of inhabitants of these countries, or disbanded soldiers, who were first driven to this course by want of employment,

and extreme distress, but who now find it a trade, which from day to day grows more and more lucrative—a trade of which the infamy falls less, undoubtedly, upon the men who pursue it than upon the government by whom it is protected, not only by the absence of all measures of suppression of the evil, but by direct capitulations which the two governments have signed with these robbers.

Concealed within the mountains bordering upon the great roads, the intrepidity, the coolness, and above all the tactics of these men, too plainly betray the former profession of their leaders. They have their spies in the towns, in the inns, and on the roads. The moment their prey presents himself, already acquainted with the value of the prize, they pour down upon him, and their number and resolution render resistance useless, and even extremely dangerous. These men, who, in fact, want nothing but your purse, are not generally so ferocious as their appearance would seem to announce. Never, or at least very

rarely, do they proceed to acts of cruelty, except when their own personal safety demands such acts: in a word, they never kill but to avoid being killed. As soon as they see the traveller's carriage approaching, they draw a strong cord across the road in front of him, and this either throws or stops the horses. One of the gang goes to the head of the horses, others cut the traces, and others seize the luggage and carry it off; meantime, two of them open the doors of the carriage, make the travellers descend, and, in the most profound silence, with their pistols at their breasts, keep them in awe, while others search their persons, and sometimes abridge their work by cutting the traveller's clothes by pieces from off his back.

All this is the business of a few minutes: and all this arrives regularly two or three times a month, in spite of pretended guards, placed from distance to distance, to escort the traveller.

Seven different strangers (of whom two were English, three French, and two Germans) were stopped and robbed in this manner, during the last six months of my stay at Naples. One of the two Englishmen, an extremely interesting young man, whom I saw on the evening of his departure from Rome, died a few days after his arrival in Naples, in consequence of the ill-treatment he had received.

At the period when I was travelling from Rome to Naples, several of these brigands, who had been shut up for some time in a castle, were on the point of marching out, and actually did afterwards march out, in virtue of a capitulation signed by them and the government of the church. If the reader think I am dealing in fables, let him refer to the testimony of all the inhabitants of Rome, and to thirty thousand strangers who were witnesses of the fact.

I know that it will be deemed difficult of belief, but it is nevertheless true, that in the midst of Europe, in the centre of Italy, on the roads of Rome, Naples and Calabria, the traveller runs a hundred times more risk, than the Christian passenger who sails along the coast of Barbary.

The banditti of Sicily, at least the

men whom Brydone calls such, are scrupulous and honourable people, and very little to be feared, compared with those of whom I have been speaking. The Sicilian robber attacks or defends you, kills you or hinders your being killed, according to the compact you make or neglect: their hands are true insurance companies; the policy once signed, the chances are thenceforth at their risk. More cruel and more fierce than the African pirate, the banditti of Rome, Naples and Calabria, make not only your liberty but your life dependent on the payment of your ransom. By an audacity, which is shamefully suffered to shew itself with impunity, they treat daily with the relatives or friends of those who have fallen into their hands: a bill of exchange, extorted from the captive, is coolly presented by one of the robbers to his relations, or his banker, and the prisoner's head answers to the banditti for the payment. Twenty examples of this kind, known to all Italy, might be set down here, but I content myself with the following, because of its interest.

On the hills which overlook Fiescatti, a town situated about three leagues from Rome, are the ruins of the famous *Tusculum*. In the midst of these ruins, rises a handsome modern house, named Ruffinella, which belonged to Lucian Buonaparte. Robbers, at noon day, penetrate into the gardens of this dwelling. Lucian is walking there, sees them, and, guessing their design, flies to a pavilion where his family are assembled. His haste to open the door, hinders his attempt; and, to screen himself from his enemies, he throws himself into a neighbouring plantation. The cry which he uttered, drew his principal secretary to the spot where he had been, which he reaches in the same moment as the robbers; he is taken by them for Lucian, and they seize and carry him away to the mountains. This faithful servant knows well that he is taken for his master, and leaves them in their error, to give Lucian and his family time to escape.

The next day all Rome knew the fact. At the end of a few days more, a man delivers a letter to Lucian. The

letter sets an enormous price, as a ransom for him whom the robbers still took for Lucian. The police of Rome knew all this, and remained quiet: the ransom was paid, and the generous friend of Lucian set at liberty; and

still the police of Rome remained neutral and quiet. Lucian never more set foot on this estate; and the most frightful misery at present weighs down the country.

(New Monthly, Jan. 1821.)

ANECDOTES OF THE BASTILE.

COUNT DE B—, a lieutenant-general in the French army, who died about the commencement of the Revolution, had lived on terms of intimacy with the two M. M. de Belle-Isle, of whom he occasionally related interesting private anecdotes. The following particulars are so extremely curious that they deserve to be recorded:—

The Count and the Chevalier de Belle-Isle were grandsons of the famous Intendant Fouquet; and notwithstanding the disgrace of their grandfather, they were pretty well advanced in the military service at the death of Louis XIV. After the saturnalia of the regency, they became involved in the disasters of Le Blanc, the secretary of state for the war department, and the two brothers were arrested and put under close confinement in the Bastile. To aggravate their misfortune, they were imprisoned in separate apartments. The Chevalier was constantly endeavouring to devise some plan by which he might be enabled to enjoy the society of his brother. He had with him a valet de chambre, a young man of spirit and activity, and who, moreover, possessed no small share of cunning: he had been educated as a surgeon, and, at his own solicitation, was permitted to share his master's captivity. By means of intrigue and artful interrogations, he learned that an apartment, then unoccupied, was the only disposable one in the prison, and that it was immediately below that allotted to the Count. He accordingly formed his plan, without saying a word on the subject to the Chevalier.

The Chevalier, though a man of intrepid courage, occasionally exhibited a weakness of mind which is not without example even in persons of the firmest

character: he was unable to bear the sight of a wound, or even to hear one spoken of, without experiencing those disagreeable sensations to which nervous persons are liable, and which often terminate in completely overpowering the organic faculties. This reciprocal mental and physical re-action, in the human frame, is unaccounted for, though its existence cannot be doubted. It resembles those puerile, but unconquerable antipathies we experience at the sight of certain animals, or the odour of particular plants; or rather, perhaps, those fits of vertigo with which persons (who on all other occasions exhibit perfect self-possession) are seized on ascending a height, or when on the brink of a precipice. Be that as it may, no man is a hero to his valet de chambre; and the knowledge of this habit enabled the faithful servant of the Chevalier de Belle-Isle the better to arrange his schemes.

The Governor of the Bastile paid frequent visits to his two prisoners. The conversation of the Chevalier particularly pleased him. The valet was occasionally permitted to join them; for he had a number of stories, anecdotes, and jests, with which he enlivened conversation, and excited the interest and curiosity of his hearers. One day he very adroitly turned the discourse to the battle of Hochstadt, in which he had served in the medical department of the army. He did not fail to dwell on this subject with all the eloquence he was master of. All the wounds he had dressed—all the amputations he had seen performed—all the heart-rending groans he had heard—nothing was spared. At length, to effect his object with the more certainty, he even overcharged the picture. The talisman had

the desired effect. The Chevalier performed his part the better by not being prepared for it; he grew pale, became gradually more and more languid, and at last fainted. The zealous valet flew to his assistance; and by applying the usual remedies, soon recovered his master. The Governor anxiously enquired the cause of the sudden indisposition of the Chevalier. "Sir," said the valet, "grateful for your goodness and attention, my master did not venture to complain to you; but, certainly, the room you have assigned to him is very injurious to his delicate nerves. The accident you have witnessed takes place almost daily; and indeed I cannot answer for the Chevalier's life, if his lodging be not changed." The Governor, an old officer, better acquainted with military affairs than with physiology, did not hesitate a moment. "Why did you not speak before," exclaimed he, "my dear Chevalier? There is a room vacant on the other side of the fort, and you shall be removed to it this very evening."—The Chevalier returned thanks, and the Governor withdrew to give his orders. He well knew that the two brothers would thus be nearer to each other; but he relied on the thickness of the walls, and the vigilance of the sentinels, to prevent all intercourse between them. He was deceived, for misfortune is ingenious. After a minute search, the Chevalier and his valet discovered a chimney-pipe, which led to the Count's chamber, and a communication was soon established between the two brothers.

It was of great importance to the prisoners to be able thus to concert together for their common defence; but that was not all—it was necessary to find the means of annihilating the material evidence which might compromise them. The Chevalier had acquired a knowledge of the charges that were brought against him. There was one very serious accusation, which could be supported only by one individual, namely, a clerk in one of the offices of the war department. This man was easily intimidated, and still more easily gained over by promises: the prisoners, however, had but a very superficial

knowledge of him. The Chevalier de Belle-Isle, therefore arranged his plan from conjecture; and tranquilly awaited the day when he should be confronted with his accusers.

According to the old French system of judicial investigation, the first examinations were always secret. The witness appeared in the presence of the accused, and no person attended the proceedings except the judge and the clerk. The prescribed rules, however, were not very rigorously observed when the accused party happened to be a person of rank. In the present case the deposition was read. It was very strong; but the Chevalier soon knew the man he had to deal with. He composed himself, and listened with profound attention to the evidence. Surprise, grief, and impatience, were by turns painted in his countenance. When the reading was ended, he rushed forward to the witness, and, seizing his hand, he exclaimed, in the most emphatic way, "How, Sir, can it be possible that you are my accuser?—You, for whom I have always felt so much interest!—You, whom I have ever regarded as a friend!—Can you lend an ear to such absurd calumnies?"—He continued to address the witness in a tone of vehemence and warmth, which indicated an affectionate complaint rather than a bitter recrimination, until he observed some happy result of his eloquence. He, moreover, employed an argument on which he relied with still greater confidence. On seizing the witness's hand, he contrived secretly to slip into it a note, which he had prepared for the purpose; and thus placed the witness in the delicate alternative of becoming either his accuser or his accomplice. The movement of the Chevalier de Belle-Isle was so sudden and unexpected, that nobody could think of opposing him; and, besides, it appeared extremely natural, and strictly within the bounds of legal defence. The witness was confounded by the impressive appeal that had been made to him; and found that he was in possession of a secret, which might decide the fate of an accused person, who had thus thrown himself on his generosity.

He was aware of the danger of retracting, while, at the same time, he was flattered by the condescending way in which a man of rank treated him as his friend—in short, he was perplexed by conflicting thoughts and sentiments. The Chevalier observed the embarrassment of his antagonist, and felt the necessity of immediately relieving him. Resuming the evidence article by article, he endeavoured to soften it down, and at the same time to avoid compromising the witness by blank denials. His plan succeeded. The charges became more and more feeble, till, at length, the whole evidence rested on a few unimportant assertions, which, there was reason to hope, might be satisfactorily refuted. The sitting terminated; but such was the terror with which the witness was seized, that he had not courage to unclothe the band in which he held the note. He passed the drawbridge of the Bastille, and wandered through almost every street in Paris, like a criminal, dreading the glance of every one he met. It was not until he reached the Pont-Royal that he ventured, by stealth, to cast his eyes on the note. Within the first envelope were written these words: "If you faithfully and speedily deliver the enclosed note according to its address, your fortune is made." The inner note was directed to a lady, the intimate friend of the Chevalier, requesting her to take charge of, and to suppress, certain letters which might prove of the utmost injury to his cause. The commission was punctually fulfilled, and the witness received the promised reward.

The above were not the only extraordinary circumstances attending the fate of the M. M. de Belle-Isle. When the evidence against them was at an

end, the two brothers were granted somewhat more freedom, and also the permission of living together. By means of secret communications, they had agreed with a friend that, if their sentence should be unfavourable, they were to be warned of it by the firing of a certain number of guns. One day, as they were walking together on one of the ramparts of the prison, they heard the signal, and the fatal number of guns announced their irrevocable condemnation. They descended mournfully, and retired to their gloomy apartment. In a few moments, their friend rushed in to inform them of their acquittal. On enquiring into the cause of the mistake, it was found to have been occasioned by a gun-maker of the Faubourg St. Antoine, who happened that day to be making trial of some of his guns.

After their liberation, the most brilliant fortune attended the two prisoners. The Chevalier was created a Count, and promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general: after distinguishing himself honourably in the service of his country, he was killed at the attack of Col-de-l'Assiette, in the year 1746. His elder brother, who is celebrated for many acts of valour and military skill, particularly for the retreat of Prague, was created a Duke, a Peer and Marechal of France, and died minister of war in 1761. At the commencement of the seven years' war, he had the misfortune to lose his only son, the Count de Gisors, a young officer of the greatest promise. Thus perished the last branches of the family of the Intendant. Like him they possessed all the brilliant qualifications necessary for the success of ambitious projects; and they were memorable examples of the frowns and favours of fortune.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE GENERAL KOSCIUSKO.

This beautifully turned compliment is taken from a Polish journal: a higher eulogy could hardly be pronounced on the hero of the tale: "Kosciusko once wished to send some bottles of good wine to a clergyman at Solothurn; and as he hesitated to send

them by his servant lest he should smuggle a part, he gave the commission to a young man of the name of Zeltner, and desired him to take the horse which he himself usually rode. On his return young Zeltner said that he never would ride his horse again, unless he gave

him his purse at the same time. Kosciusko asking what he meant, he answered, 'As soon as a poor man on the road takes off his hat and asks for charity, the horse immediately stands

still, and won't stir till something is given to the petitioner; and as I had no money about me, I was obliged to make believe give something, in order to satisfy the horse.' "

(Gentleman's Magazine, Jan. 1821.)

OVERLAND NORTHERN EXPEDITION.

WE have been favoured with a Letter from a gentleman connected with the Overland Northern Expedition, from which we select some interesting passages, relative to the severity of Winter. It is dated "*Athabasca Lake,* June 6, 1820.*"

"My last informed you of my being on the point of departure for this place: the journey, a distance of 800 miles, was performed in two months. I need not describe to you, who are such a general reader, the mode of travelling, with dogs and sledges; nor mention the inconveniences produced by the severity of a North American winter; but I will bear my testimony to the painful initiation into the daily practice of walking on snow shoes, the misery of pained ancles and galled feet, which a novice has invariably to contend against, and which patience and perseverance alone will enable him to surmount; they were my companions for 7 or 8 days; afterwards I felt no inconvenience.

"You can easily imagine the pleasure a traveller feels at arriving at his encampment

under such circumstances. This you will probably suppose to be a sheltered place, whereas its preparation simply consists in clearing away the snow on the ground, and placing thereon branches of pine, on which the party spread their blankets, coats, &c. and sleep in comfort, with a large fire at their feet, tho' the thermometer be 40 degrees below Zero, and with nothing but the canopy of heaven to cover them. Here the Voyageur soon forgets his fatigues and cares, and having supped, lolls, stretched at his ease, listening with pleasure to the various narratives of his experienced companions, who usually expatiate at length on the never-failing subject of past adventures.

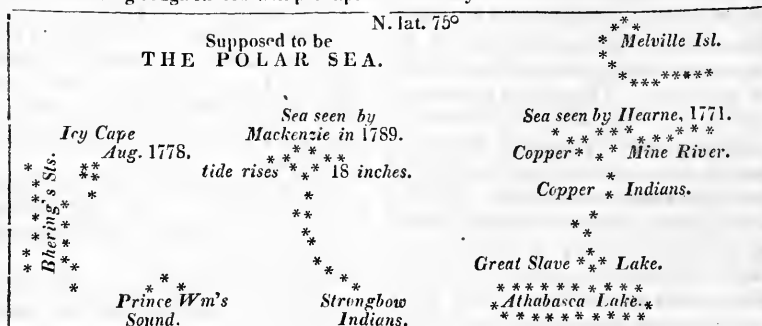
"No men are better adapted for this service than the Canadians; they are active, and quite equal to any fatigue, and tho' fond of eating to an extreme, yet can they bear hunger with patience, and to this melancholy inconvenience the people here are frequently exposed. Instances have been related of their having gone three or four days

* Athabasca Lake is situate in 59° N. lat.; and extends from 100 to 115 W. long. It is surrounded by the dreary wilds of North America, which is solely inhabited by savage tribes of Indians. In these desolate and dreary regions, "universal stillness," as the writer of the annexed letter observes, "reigns over-weening mistress for six successive months."

Athabasca Lake is bounded by the Ochipeway Indians and the Great Slave Lake on the North; by the Peace River, the Caribou Mountains, and the Strongbow Indians on the West; the Great Athabasca River on the South; and by the dismal and solitary wilds of America, on the East. Hudson's Bay is about 1000 miles East of Athabasca Lake, and that great extent of territory is almost uninhabited and unknown.

The mouth of Copper River is 12 deg. N. of Athabasca Lake, at the termination of the Stony Mountains. If our traveller should reach there, he might travel over the ice two or three hundred miles, and arrive at Melville Island, where Capt. Parry wintered. Discoveries have also been effected by land in the parallel of long. 135 deg. W. as high N. as 69 d. where the sea and fluctuations of the tide have been observed; so that we may reasonably infer, that the Polar Sea, described in our last volume, extends as far W. as 165 deg. which has already been navigated by the way of Bhering's Straits. We sincerely hope, that the next expedition will remove all doubts on this interesting subject, and we entertain the most sanguine expectations of a successful result.

The following rough sketch will perhaps more clearly elucidate our observations.



without food; and their supply is always uncertain at posts where animals or fish are scarce, when unfavourable weather prevents the hunters & fishermen from obtaining them.

"I had a great treat on my route in seeing the huge and shapeless buffalo (or bison of Buffon) and witnessing the different methods of obtaining them. The most dextrous way is, when a well mounted rider dashes at a herd, singles out an animal, which he contrives to separate from the rest, and by managing his horse keeps him apart, and whenever he can get sufficiently near for the ball to penetrate the hide, he fires, though going at full speed, and seldom fails of bringing down his mark. The principal dangers on this service are, either that his horse will fall into some of the numerous holes which the badgers make; or that the enraged animal should turn furiously round when wounded, and gail his horse, or succeed in dismounting him. Whenever the hunter perceives this disposition, which the experienced man can tell, he instantly pulls up, and pursues some other means of attack. When the herd are particularly on their guard, horses cannot be used. The rider then dismounts, and crawls towards the herd thro' the snow, taking care to remain motionless when any of them are looking towards him. By this cautious manner of proceeding, the hunter generally succeeds in getting very near them, and singles out one or two of the best. You will easily imagine this service cannot be very agreeable, when mercury will freeze, which is often the case. The Indians have another method, by constructing a pound. The prin-

cipal dexterity in this consists in getting the animals once to enter the roadway; fear then urges them on, and many men are stationed at the head to dispatch them.

"In the countries where these animals chiefly resort (grassy plains) the natives are much more independent than the others; having food and clothing easy to be provided. They are often indifferent to most European articles of commerce. The baneful traffic of spirits and tobacco, with some trinkets, form their only purchases.

"The Nations southward of this have suffered much this year from the prevailing diseases which have raged among them, and carried off many, especially children. They have now generally recovered their strength but not their spirits, which are greatly depressed on the loss of relatives. There was an instance of keen sensibility exhibited here a few days ago by a whole tribe, which would scarcely be expected in such uninformed minds; they declined to pitch their tents this season on a spot where they had long been accustomed to do, for fear the circumstance should revive the moments of grief they had all experienced in the loss of many relations, or the place should remind them of past pleasures in the society of friends whom they were never to see again. This race of men, Chipeywan, are a mild, timid set of persons, excellently described in Hearne and Mackenzie's Voyages.

"The Aurora Borealis is occasionally very fine, and of the most variable kind, both in motion and colours."

ANNALS OF PUBLIC JUSTICE.

(European Magazine.)

COUNT ORLOFF'S DIVORCE.

"SO, so! always the can in the hand!—Tap Coroni!—My master pays for all!"—These exclamations uttered by a shrill voice, interrupted continually the studies and the revels of two clerks in the service of M. Braillardet, the most learned and successful advocate in Paris. They proceeded from a magpie whose cage hung at the bed-chamber-window of an adjoining house occupied by a *scavant* of extraordinary fame, a member of the Academy, and an occasional practitioner of physic. These three pretensions united made the Docteur Grossete no very amicable neighbour to the Advocate Braillardet, who heartily abhorred both philosophy and physic. His two young pupils partook of their instructor's prejudices, especially when the impertinent startling interposed observations not always convenient. They meditated revenge, and had practised sundry

small jeux d'esprit without either removing or amending their tormentor's household-spy, whose mistress was the fair young wife of the philosopher. In the evening of a day devoted to a glorious display of science in the Academy, M. Grossete was suddenly arrested, and conveyed to the bureau of the lieutenant of police, who received him with all the mysterious dignity of a secret examination. The first question was

'Where is your wife?'

'Mons. Sartine,' returned the philosopher—'that is a point I cannot answer—I know nothing—there is nothing certain—Where she was when I came forth is not in the same tense as your query.'

'I am answered,' said the lieutenant of police:—'this equivocation is a proof by inference. Sir, I demand to know who you are?'

'Really, M. Lieutenant, this is no credit to your omniscience. Sir, every

body knows me—I am the *Sieur Grostete*, lecturer of the Academy, professor of moral and natural philosophy, and——’

‘You are,’ interposed the minister, ‘a spy and an alien—your wife is an ex-princess—are you not ashamed to practise in this manner the monstrous dictates of your state-policy?’

‘State-policy,’ answered *Grostete*, nothing daunted, ‘is, as you say, connected with the domestic discipline fixed by every husband in his own house. Every man is an unit in the great sum, a brick in the building; and I have done my part in establishing good government in my own citadel; for I have lodged my *soi-disant* wife in the *Conciergerie*.’

‘We are not now to learn Count *Orloff*’s notions of government,’ retorted *Sartine*, ‘and we shall see how far they may be safely practised in his most Christian Majesty’s dominions. The Princess *Sophia* has appealed to us for protection, and we know also what is due to an exile, a persecuted wife, and a branch of the Imperial family.’

The philosophic husband made a pause, during which his face acquired a curious resemblance to his countryman’s cork model of the *Glaciers*.—‘A branch of the imperial family!—Monsieur, I grant it—We all belong to the sovereign and unsubduable race of Adam—but if being duly and decently sequestered is exile and persecution, then his most Christian Majesty must provide for my wife himself.’

‘He intends it, Monsieur *Grostete*, since you are pleased with that name: and I require you to consider yourself in my custody till we hear farther.’

The physician was lodged in prison without waiting for the interposition of his friends, who had indeed so many doubts of his sanity, that none offered to appear. He prevailed on the *Exempt* who attended him to take a billet to his wife, bitterly deploring the tyranny of the French police, and demanding her instant appearance to rescue

him from an unmerited accusation. The reply was brought in a few hours, not to him, but to the *Lieutenant Sartine*, who used his official privilege in breaking the seal; and having ordered *Grostete* into his presence, caused it to be read aloud to him. It was couched in these terms:*

‘Your highness has thought proper to assume the authority of a husband, without deigning to recollect that I have the privileges of a wife to insist upon your protection and respect.

‘From my cradle, as you well know, I was destined to high fortunes. Presumptive heiress to the throne of Russia, my only crime appears to have been, the hatred of her who sat upon it. Can I not appeal to facts, if your highness’s memory is no less precarious than your faith? To the boat prepared to sink with me—to the poison invented for my beverage—to the firebrands secreted in your houses—Less fortunate than the princes of my family, I am destined to perish obscurely, and among menials.

‘Sir, your own hand is my evidence. You dare not look on the writing enclosed in this without confessing your dark purpose against an aggrieved princess, though still your faithful wife,

‘*SOPHIA, Princess of Mecklenberg.*’

This scroll enclosed contained few, but mysterious, words—

‘I. Shall I marry or shall I kill.—II. I will marry—I will kill.—III. Marry and kill in a new way.—IV. Neither marry nor kill yet.—V. Kill or be killed.’

Our Scavant interrupted the minister’s reading in a transport of ire, ‘Felons and idiots!—have you dared to devastate the plot of my new tragedy?—a plot constructed according to our new academical rules?’

‘That evasion shall not serve you, *M. Orloff*,’ answered *Sartine*: ‘your angust spouse did well to send this written testimony of your guilty medi-

* Soon after the death of *Ivan, Prince of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz*, a young person, supposed to be his sister *Sophia*, was married by the policy of the Empress Catherine to her favourite *Orloff*. She disappeared almost immediately after.

tations—this polograph of a plot. And she is not less entitled to my official help because she is a native of another country, and condemned to surrender her hereditary right in it after the cruel death of her brother.’

‘The woman has drunk of Tiberius Cavallo’s exhilarating gas!’ ejaculated the husband. ‘Her brother was a mason in Basle, and her father’s effigy is among the sundry figures in the cathedral representing the trades of the city. I appeal to any *sçavant*—ay, to the president of our Academy himself—to decide if there is not the figure of a fat baker kneading dough in the fifteenth niche of the cathedral, carved in wood?—The wood itself was bought of her grandfather.’

‘Prince,’ interposed Brailardet, presenting himself before the accused in the pomp of his official robe, ‘it does not become the *ci-devant* favourite of a great princess to use such subterfuges. All Europe knows you married the Lady Sophia to please your sovereign; and she made your very obedience a pretext to dismiss you. Greater men have fallen, and become exiles. From the days of Belisarius, it has been the lot of generals and statesmen to receive ingratitude, but you have done more than any, for you have encumbered yourself with a wife.’

‘Cumbered myself!’ reiterated the Doctor, in a fury—‘I am cumbered with ill neighbours, who hate me because they ruin the living, and I only end them. M. Brailardet, this would not have happened if you did not envy me the honour of putting your clients safe out of your reach.’

‘Your highness altogether mistakes me,’ replied the Advocate, bowing; ‘I meant to say, you have deserved the eternal gratitude of your empress by marrying for her benefit. As to the disguise her policy has obliged you to take, it is no offence to the state or to me. A bad physician rids the state of superfluous members, and the law of ill humours. When a man applies to medicine, his law-suit is nearly ended.’

‘But,’ added the Lieutenant of Police, ‘your highness needs a good ad-

vocate if your wife establishes her charge of attempted assassination. I appeal, M. Brailardet, to your experience in the law—Need I desire more circumstantial evidence? We have all heard how Prince Orloff’s bride was decoyed into a boat only two days after her marriage; and when it split by his contrivance, he swam himself to the shore. He avows that he still keeps the boat, has prepared a stock of poisons, and wears about his person a provision for the act of an incendiary.’

‘Sartine!’ interrupted Grostete, ‘thou hast taken the syrup of scolopendra to make thee wiser, and it has made thee mad. What have I to do with the she-emperor of Russia? or the fifteenth cousin of her grand-aunt Ann? What know I of Sophia of Mecklenberg, or the coxcomb-ruffian Orloff?—Attempt assassination!—I have no boat but one I devised for a cold bath—no poison but the drugs of Professor Menadous; and no fire-brands except those thy demoniacal clerks inserted into the curls of my peruke to explode while I lectured—but I took care to avoid the candles.’

‘A confession! a confession!’ echoed the minister and the lawyer, adding, ‘Wilt thou now deny who thy wife is, and who thou art thyself?’

‘I will neither confess nor deny any thing,’ said the philosophic physician—‘for there is no man certain what he is. But thus much I will say for my wife—that she hath been divorced by the Chevalier De Morges, wedded again to an opera-maker, and again, as she saith, to an operator on wood called a carpenter. If she be a princess, she is not my wife, for I married Sophie Boileduc, a laundress in St. Madelaine’s, and if I am her husband, she hath also three others.’

De Sartine laughed at this description of a woman who had alarmed the court of Russia by her pretensions: Brailardet, however, chose to avail himself of the opportunity to shew his eloquence, and revenge himself on his neighbour.—On the day of trial, half Paris poured itself into the court, and poor Grostete, without much surprise,

saw himself confronted, on his wife's part, by one of the ablest lawyers at the French bar.

'I take leave,' said the pleader for Sophia, 'to state, messieurs, what we are going to examine. Here is a suit instituted by a noble lady against her husband for malice and false imprisonment, not without strong symptoms of conspiracy against her life. He defends himself by asserting, that she is, or has been, the wife of four husbands, and he cites three here to prove it. We have heard the oaths of the Chevalier De Morges, the ballet-master Castanet, and the operative dealer in wood. Messieurs, what is all this to the purpose? First, what is the relation of marriage?—A convention to torment both parties, and therefore more advantageously changed than kept; and if it is a convention to benefit them, it cannot be repeated too often. This is the rule of our most enlightened philosophy; but if you tell me it is unlawful to violate this institution, where is the measure of the punishment?—The Indians allot a fire, the Hottentots a rod, the Abyssinians a needle, and the Hollanders a cask. Which of these is the justest punishment, for it seems no nation has quite agreed with its neighbour?—Besides, may not these four husbands be mistaken?—Has nobody else fair hair, large eyes, and a rich complexion? Messieurs, there is no proof that they have sworn the truth; and even if they think they swore truly, that is no argument of the fact. I, for my part am ready to swear, that my client has dark eyebrows, black eyes, and no complexion at all; and I defy any man present to prove that he thinks as I do, which is a manifestation how opinions may differ. Further, I tell my client's husband, that he has made no charge whatever against his wife. He says, she is an impostor, and deceives the public. That is false, for the public are not deceived when they judge for themselves. He says she is not the Princess of Mechlenberg, because she is the daughter of a baker, the discarded property of a dancing-master, the associate of a dealer

in wooden tools. I will prove from Homer, and Thucydides, not to mention our own immortal Encyclopedia, that princesses have baked in kitchens, danced among slaves, and helped even to hew wood and draw water in better days than these. But these things offend modern nations:—Messieurs, if they are not offended, where is the offence?—If manners are not the question, and morals are out of the question, there is no question at all.'

At this point of his oration an assistant of the court whispered something into Brailardet's ear which suspended his eloquence: but after a minute's pause, he renewed it amidst the loud acclamations of the audience.

'Messieurs, you have yet heard only the pleadings of a minor rhetorician. Let me offer in behalf of my aggrieved and oppressed client, the apology prepared for her by our apostle of reason and philosophy. Hear his own prophetic words, and blame her, if you can, for realizing them.

* "In these days there will appear in France a very extraordinary person from the banks of a lake. He will tell us we are all knaves and villains, yet he will come to live among us. He will say all the people where he was born were virtuous, yet he will not stay among them. He will publish that there is no virtue so great as among savages, yet he knows nothing about them; and advises us to go without clothes, though he accepts laced ones himself when he can get them. This philosopher says romances corrupt morals, and he begins by writing one himself, in which he shews a lady so well taught by a philosopher, that she thanks him even for making himself ridiculous. She shall marry an atheist, and be bold enough to introduce her lover to her husband, who when this wise lover has proved that a man ought always to kill himself when he has lost his mistress, shall convince him it is not worth his while. They shall sail together in a boat by themselves, and the philosopher shall call it philosophy and virtue to think of drowning her and himself.

* Voltaire's Prophecy concerning Rousseau, published in 1761.

The lady shall have a few trees and a rivulet near her villa, and shall call it Elysium: she shall sup and dance among her harvest people, and cut hemp with them till the philosopher longs to cut hemp all the days of his life. She shall sit on her death-bed praising herself for all kinds of virtues: and while she decks herself like a coquet, dies like a saint."

"This is the philosopher we have all praised even to worship, and he worships himself because having shewn us all the vice imaginable, he talks of nothing but virtue. Shall we, the disciples of this man, wonder at the fruits of his doctrine? Is it wonderful that we have found women ready to outrage decency, and call it a matter of mere opinion—and men very well pleased to prove that circumstances justify any thing? I take the matter as it stands according to our own prophet's system. My client is accused of nothing—it is all philosophy and virtue on her part; but she humbly hopes what is so sublime will not be thought less admirable in a baker's daughter. Surely we who

are so well convinced that there is no real distinction among men, no respect due to rank, no value in royalty, will be glad to find that this illustrious pupil of our philosophy is one of the most vulgar; her husband a poor quack, and her other husband (I beg pardon for using that insignificant name) an useful labourer on wood. This enlightened and benevolent woman, having collected all the money and jewels she could beg or borrow among the good people of Paris, has eloped, leaving us to consider whether we chuse to honour her most as Sophia of Mecklenberg, or as the wife of four honest husbands."

This declaration astounded the court, but it was true. The impostor had taken good care to decamp with her plunder; and the chevalier, the baker, the ballet-master, and the quack, were left to congratulate each other on their release. While the honest people of Paris comforted themselves for having been thus egregiously duped, by laughing at the trouble she had given two counsellors and a minister of state.

V.

(Blackwood's Magazine.)

FLORES POETICI, NO. I.

—— The meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that often lie too deep for tears.

WORDSWORTH.

THE aspects of external nature form a never-failing feast to the mind of the poet. In the contemplation of a cultivated valley, he feels a calm and tranquil delight; and every breeze that waves the ripening grain, awakens in his mind a train of delightful associations—the industry of man, and the return, which is to render him joyful. In the waving of a tree he discovers an image of graceful beauty—in the opening blossoms of a flower, a picture of innocent loveliness—in the murmur of the stream he hears the echo of tranquillity—and surveys, in the golden clouds of sunset, a spectacle of grandeur and magnificence. Amid the mountainous solitude, where nought is to be seen but bleak rocks, precipitous

crags, and savage desolation; and nought heard save the murmur of the distant torrent, his associations kindle into sublimity, and his feelings transport him into the melancholy wastes of imagination. The summer heaven, in its serene and cloudless azure, sinks into his soul an emblem of tranquil repose: while the mustering of the autumnal tempest impresses his spirit like a dark foreboding, and spreads over his thoughts the shadows of despondency.

The associations of a poet are wider than those of any other man, and his feelings are deeper. He takes an interest in things that to all other beings are indifferent; and sees a meaning in the silent works of nature, which to all others "are as a book sealed."

The objects on which a true poet delights most to expatiate, are those of innocence and beauty; such as waken feelings, which may be indulged without regret, and which tend to elevate our ideas of the lofty destiny of man. In his communications with the world, in his commerce with society, many things tend to strike him with chagrin, and to fret his temper. His thoughts are not as their thoughts, and the thirst of fame is more congenial to his ideas than the love of riches; but in the prospect of a landscape, he perceives images of beauty and delight offering themselves to his unsated gaze, "without money and without price;" silent beneath the cope of a still heaven, or stirred into a beautiful agitation by its breezes. It is harsh and unfeeling to say that many of the objects on which he lavishes his praise, are worthless and insignificant—that the grace of a youthful figure was made to fall away into the decrepitude of old age—that the leaves were destined to fade, the flowers to wither, and the weeds to be cut down.

On the contrary, it is with feelings of grateful delight that we can behold Shakspeare, after he has fathomed, with a masterly reach, the depths of the human soul, dived into the recesses of our nature, and laid before us the reflected picture of our thoughts, passions, feelings, and affections—open his heart to the genial impulses of simple nature; and, as if his soaring spirit had never accustomed itself to other intercourse, luxuriate amid its innocent beauties, and rifle its sweets with an eloquence like the following,—it is from "The Winter's Tale." Perdita says,

———"Here's flowers for you,
Hot lavender, mints, savoury, marjoram,
The marjgold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises, weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. Y'are welcome.

Camillo. I should leave grazing were I of your flock.

And only live by gazing.

Perdita. But alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you thro' and thro'. Now, my fairest friend,
If would I had some flowers o' th' spring, that might

Become your time o' day. O, Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, you let fall
From Dis's waggon! Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength; a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower de lis being one. O, these I lack
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend
To strew him o'er and o'er."

And Milton, in a poem, which is unquestionably among the mightiest productions of the human mind, and which is unrivalled for the long continued sublimity of its elevation; which divulges the secret mysteries of heaven and hell, and draws aside the veil of eternity, as if he were at times unconscious of his own mighty efforts and achievements, descends to the simplest images of pastoral description, and lavishes the attention he had just bestowed in the delineation of a celestial messenger, on the portraiture of flowers and shrubs. Witness the bower of Eve.

"The roof
Of thickest covert, was inwoven; shade,
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub
Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses and jessamin
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and
wrought
Mosaic; under foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground."

Nor less exquisite is the following passage from *Lycidas*.

"Return, Sicilian muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flow'rets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds and gushing brooks;
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparsely looks—
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers,
Bring the rathe primrose, that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy, freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amarantus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies."

Satirical poetry, we have always considered as the very lowest that can lay any claim to the appellation. It is pleasing and gratifying to think that Prior, one of the most admirable satirists that ever lived, could yet have an eye to the beauties of nature, so acutely alive, as to enable him to pen a description like the following :—

"I know not why the beech delights the glade
With boughs extended, and a rounder shade ;
While towering firs in conic forms arise,
And with a pointed spear divide the skies ;
Nor why again the changing oak should shed
The yearly honour of his stately head
Whilst the distinguish'd yew is ever seen,
Unchanged his branch, and permanent his green.
Wanting the sun, why does the *Caltha* fade ?
Why does the cypress flourish in the shade ?
The fig and date, why love they to remain
In middle station, and on even plain ;
While in the lower marsh the gourd is found ;
And while the hill with olive shade is crown'd ?
Why does one climate, and one soil endure
The blushing poppy with a crimson hue ;
Yet leave the lily pale, and tinge the violet blue ?
Why does the fond carnation love to shoot
A various colour from one parent root ;
While the fantastic tulip strives to break
In twofold beauty, and a parted streak ?
The twining jessamine, and the blushing rose,
With lavish grace their morning scents disclose,
The smelling tub'rose and jonquil declare
The stronger impulse of an evening air ?
Whence has the tree (resolve me) or the flower
A various instinct, or a different power ?
Why should one earth, one clime, one stream, one
breath,

Raise this to strength, and sicken that to death ?
Whence does it happen that the plant which well
We name the sensitive, should move and feel ?
Whence know her leaves to answer her command,
And with quick horror fly the neighbouring hand ?
Along the sunny bank, or watery mead,
Ten thousand stalks their various blossoms spread.
Peaceful and lowly in their native soil,
They neither know to spin, nor care to toil ;
Yet with confess'd magnificence deride
Our vile attire, and impotence of pride.
The cowslip smiles—in brighter yellow dress'd
Than that which veils the nubile virgin's breast.
A fairer red stands blushing in the rose,
Than that which on the bridegroom's vestment flows.
Take but the humblest lily of the field ;
And if our pride will to our reason yield,
It must, by sure comparison, be shewn
That on the regal seat great David's son,
Array'd in all his robes, and types of power,
Shines with less glory, than that simple flower."

This may be contrasted with Cowper's admirable lines on the variety of the tint in the foliage of forest trees, in the first book of the Task.

L ATHENEUM VOL. 9.

—"Attractive is the woodland scene,
Diversified with trees of every growth,
Alike yet various. Here the gray smooth trunks
Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine
Within the twilight of their distant shades ;
There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood
Seems sunk, and shorten'd to its topmost boughs.
No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each its hue peculiar ; paler some,
And of a wannish gray ; the willow such
And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,
And ash far-stretching his umbrageous arm ;
Of deeper green the elm ; and deeper still,
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.
Some glossy-leav'd, and shining in the sun,
The maple, and the beech of oily nuts
Prolifical, and the lime at dewy eve
Diffusing odours ; nor unnoted pass
The sycamore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny, and ere autumn yet
Have changed the woods, in scarlet honours bright."

If this assemblage of trees be fine, still finer, we think, is the assemblage of flowering shrubs, which he has collected and contrasted together ; so distinctly and admirably are they painted, that the diversified hues and odours of each, are as if present to the senses.

Laburnum, rich

In streaming gold ; Syringa ivory pure ;
The scented and the scentless rose ; this red,
And of an humbler growth ; the other tall,
And throwing up into the darkest gloom
Of neighbouring cypress, or more sable yew,
Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf
That the wind severs from the broken wave ;
The lilac, various in array, now white,
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set
With purple spikes pyramidal, as if
Studious of ornament, yet unresolved
Which hue she most approved, she chose them all.
Copious of flowers the woodbine, pale and wan,
But well compensating her sickly looks
With never cloying odours, early and late ;
Hypericum, all bloom, so thick a swarm
Of flowers, like flies cloathing her slender rods,
That scarce a leaf appears ; mezereon too,
Though leafless, well attired, and thick beset
With blushing wreaths, investing every spray ;
Althea with the purple eye ; the broom,
Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloyed,
Her blossoms ; and luxuriant above all,
The jasmine—throwing wide her elegant sweets,
The deep dark green of whose unvarnish'd leaf
Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more,
The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars."

We commenced our extracts with an enumeration of flowers, and shall conclude them by two others of equal value. Earnestly would we rejoice were all the writings of Shelly as exquisite and innocent as the following lines :—

"A sensitive plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it open'd its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the spirit of love felt every where ;
And each flower and shrub on earth's dark breast,
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless sensitive plant.

The snow-drop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mix'd with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers, and the tulip tall,
And Narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness.

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Thro' their pavilions of tender green.

And the hyacinth purple, white and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense.

And the rose, like a nymph to the bath address'd,
Which unveil'd the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare.

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Menad, its moonlight-colour'd cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed thro' clear dew on the tender sky.

And the jessamine faint, and sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower, for scent, that blows ;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden, in perfect prime."

Of all contemporary authors, we do not know any one who has painted the aspects of nature with a more faithful and felicitous pencil than Southey. In this respect, his works abound with passages, whose merit is above all praise. His forests wave, and his waters gleam before us. We almost hear the rustling of the leaves, and the murmuring of the stream. His delineation of objects renders them all but palpable. We perceive their colour, and form, and consistence, so exactly and distinctly, we almost imagine we could touch them. As a man of imagination and genius, he has few equals ; though his flights are, perhaps, less original than the re-casting of other thoughts in the mould of a powerful will. In

Thalaba he leads us from the burning sands of the desert, to the regions of eternal frost ; and after alluding to

"The beautiful fields
Of England, where amid the growing grass
The blue-bell buds, the golden king-cup shines,
In the merry month of May"—

We find him equally at home in the description of the luxurious beauty of an Asiatic garden.

"Where'er his eye could reach,
Fair structures rainbow-hued arose ;
And rich pavilions thro' the opening woods
Gleam'd from their wavy curtains sunny gold ;
And winding through the verdant vale,
Flow'd streams of liquid light ;
And fluted cypresses rear'd high
Their living obelisks.

And broad-leaved plane-trees in long colonnades
O'erarch'd delightful walks,
Where round their trunks the thousand-tendrill'd vine,
Wound up, and hung the boughs with greener wreaths
And clusters not their own.

Wearied with endless beauty did his eyes
Return for rest ? Beside him teems the earth -
With tulips, like the ruddy evening streak ;
And here the lily hangs her head of snow ;

And here, amid her sable cup,
Shines the red eye-spot, like one brightest star,
The solitary twinkler of the night ;
And here the rose expands
Her paradise of leaves.

And oh ! what odours the voluptuous vale
Scatters from jessamine bowers,
From yon rose wilderness,
From cluster'd Henna, and from orange groves,
That with such perfumes fill'd the breeze,
As Peris to their sister bear,

When from the summit of some lofty tree,
She hangs, encaged, the captive of the Dives.
They from their pinions shake
The sweetness of celestial flowers,
And, as her enemies impure,
From that impervious poison far away
Fly groaning with the torment, she the while
Inhales her fragrant food.

Such odours flow'd upon the world,
When at Mahommed's nuptials, word
Went forth in heaven, to roll
The everlasting gate of Paradise
Back on its living hinges, that its gales
Might visit all below ; the general bliss
Thrill'd every bosom ; and the family
Of man, for once, partook one general joy."

We heartily commiserate the man whose heart is not alive to the beauties of external nature ; and in whom the alternation of day and night, and the vicissitude of the seasons, awaken no feeling of delight and admiration. Assuredly to such a one, the key to a mighty volume of exquisite pleasure is a-wanting. Assuredly to him some of the most dignified trains of human association are as "a book sealed."

BIOGRAPHY OF SINGULAR CHARACTERS

RECENTLY DECEASED.

THE SULTANA VALIDE, MOTHER OF THE
PRESENT SULTAN.

OUR readers know that nothing is more difficult than to penetrate the mysteries of the seraglio of the Grand Signor. Some remarkable particulars have, however, lately transpired respecting the Sultana Valide, who died not long since. She was of a French family, born at Martinique. Her parents sent her to France at the age of fourteen, on board a merchantman of Marseilles. After passing the Straits of Gibraltar, the vessel was attacked and captured by a pirate, which took the crew and passengers as slaves to Algiers. The beautiful Creole was purchased by a merchant, who carried his valuable acquisition to Smyrna. Meantime news was received in France of the loss of this interesting young person; a relation who filled one of the highest posts in the department of the marine, and who was in high favour with the prime minister the Duc de Choiseul, discovered, after many enquiries, the place where Aline was held in slavery. The minister then commissioned the French consul to offer a considerable sum to ransom the handsome slave, and to restore her to the arms of a mother, who was inconsolable for her loss. The Armenian, satisfied with the ransom, was ready to accept the sum, and the consul already announced the happy result of his zeal and his negotiation, when Aline, from a caprice which her friends were very far from expecting, rendered all the measures useless which they had taken to procure her liberty. It is well known that the negroes, like all ignorant and superstitious people, have great faith in divination and fortune-telling. An old negress, a sybil respected by the blacks, and, it is said, in no little credit with the whites, had predicted to the charming Creole, that she would one day become one of the

greatest princes in the world. Aline recollecting this flattering prophecy, which her looking-glass farther confirmed, resolved to follow all the chances which destiny seemed to prepare for her. It was in vain that solicitations were employed, that remonstrances were lavished to make her renounce a resolution which could not but appear extravagant: the hope of a crown triumphed over all the considerations that were suggested to her, and Aline remained in slavery, which was to be for her the way to a throne.

The event soon justified her brilliant hopes. A rich and ambitious Turk, struck with her graces determined to purchase her and present her to the Sultan, who very soon noticed the young Odalisque. From the favour of the handkerchief to the honours of the favourite Sultana, the interval was not long; and the birth of a prince whom she gave to the Ottoman empire, in 1784, raised to the highest pitch the power of the Sultana Valide. From that time she enjoyed in the seraglio an ascendancy which she retained till her death, and the influence of which has gloriously extended beyond the tomb, in the person of her son, the reigning Sultan.

Several Frenchmen attached to the embassy of Count Choiseul Gouffier, were acquainted with the origin and the power of Aline; her relations were apprised of her exalted destiny: but the suspicious etiquette of the seraglio always prevented every communication. The grandeur of the Sultana Valide did not change the affection of her family for this interesting branch of it; the memory of Aline has been perpetuated in it; a young person, beautiful as the first Aline, modest as herself, bears this romantic name—without aspiring however to the honours of the seraglio.

HENRY ANDREWS, OF ROYSTON.

THE late *Henry Andrews*, of Royston, the celebrated calculator, was born at Frieston, near Grantham, in Lincolnshire, of poor parents. At the age of 6 years he would frequently stand in his shirt, looking at the moon out of the chamber window, at midnight; and when about 10 years of age, he used to fix a table on Frieston Green, in clear frosty nights, and set a telescope thereon to view the stars. Soon after, he would sit for weeks together by the fire-side, with a table spread full of books, making astronomical calculations. At a suitable age he was sent from home to earn his living, and the first situation he filled was at Sleaford, as servant to a shopkeeper; after this he went to Lincoln, to wait upon a lady, and during this servitude used, at every opportunity, to make weather-glasses and weather-houses. His last situation of this kind was in the service of J. Verinum, esq.; and his master, finding him so intent on study, allowed him two or three hours every day for that purpose. On the 1st of April, 1764, he went to Aswerby Hall, the seat of Sir Christopher Whitecote, to view the great eclipse of the sun, which was visible on that day, where a number of ladies and gentlemen had assembled for that purpose; and as he had previously calculated a type of this eclipse, he presented the same to the company, shewing them the manner of its appearance in a dark room upon a board, and after it was over, they unanimously declared that his calculations came nearer the truth than any given in the Almanacks.

A short time after this period he opened a school at Bassingthorpe, near Grantham, and afterwards engaged as an usher in a clergyman's boarding school, at Stilton. He then settled in Cambridge, where he proposed to reside, in the expectation that he might derive some advantage in prosecuting his studies, from the men of science in the university; but the noise and bustle of the town not being agreeable to him, he left Cambridge, and came to reside at Royston, where he opened a school at the age of 23 years, and at this place continued, as schoolmaster and bookseller, until the day of his death, which happened, after a short illness, on the 26th of January, 1820, at the age of 76 years, having enjoyed an uninterrupted state of good health till his last illness. He had a very extraordinary genius for astronomy, which he cultivated through life; for more than 40 years he was a computer of the NAUTICAL EPHEMERIS,* and compiler of Moore's Almanack, published by the Stationer's Company, for the same period.† He was greatly esteemed for his integrity, talents, and modesty, by every scientific man who was personally acquainted with him, or with whom he had been connected, particularly by the late Astronomer Royal (Dr. Maskelyne,) who valued him much, and who, in relation to the Nautical Ephemeris, was in constant correspondence with him for nearly half a century; and also Dr. Charles Hutton, under whose superintendence he made the astronomical calculations of the Stationers' Almanacks.

* Since he ceased, from increase of age, to be the calculator of this ephemeris, it has fallen into discredit at home and abroad.

† The sale of Moore's Almanack, in his hands, rose to 430,000 copies per annum---yet honest Andrews never got above £25 for his labours! This prodigious circulation arose from the astrological predictions with which the worthy calculator was required to fill it, and with which it is allowed to be filled, though printed for a public company, and revised and sanctioned at Lambeth Palace, by the Archbishop of Canterbury! Andrews himself laughed as much at his own predictions, and their success, as any one of the most enlightened of his readers; but the circulation of the Almanacks depended on their insertion, and he was expected to supply them, or lose his employment. Of course he predicted *secundum artem*, and followed his books and the stars, which indicated events in various ratios of *probability*; and if one in ten came true, it satisfied the superstition, folly, and credulity of the dupes of dreams, omens, signs, and prophecies, who were his readers, and who, in spite of education and philosophy, still constitute a majority of this great nation.

CORNUCOPIA

OF LITERARY CURIOSITIES AND REMARKABLE FACTS.

DISCRETION.

THE late Lord Mansfield, no less eminent for his great acquirements than the acuteness of his understanding, was once asked by a country gentleman, whether he should take upon himself the office of a justice of peace, as he was conscious of his want of legal knowledge? "My good friend," replied this sagacious lawyer, "you have good sense, honesty, and coolness of temper; these qualities will enable you to judge rightly, but withhold your reasons of decision, for they may be disputable."

....

THE EXPLANATION

When the late Doctors P. and S., eminent physicians, were on a shooting party, they missed every shot for some time. The gamekeeper requested leave to follow the last covey now on the wing, adding—"for I will soon *doctor* them." "What do you mean, fellow," quoth Dr. P., "by doctoring them?" "Why kill them, to be sure," replied the impetuous rustic.

....

An old Indian Chief who was in the fatal expedition with the British army under General Braddock, when he besieged Ticonderoga, and formed part of the detachment which General Washington saved, dined with the American Fabius, at Mount Vernon in Virginia; after the repast, the savage hero indicated signs of disappointment, if not disgust. When the venerable General inquired, by the interpreter, the cause of his chagrin, the savage stood erect, and told his illustrious host, that some years ago, when he was in the Indian castle, he, the savage had offered him the embraces of his *Squaw*; and he was wonderfully surprised that the General had not returned this instance of civility, by a similar offer of Mrs. Washington. The General excused himself, by averring that it was not the custom of his country. As Mrs. W. who was present, understood the tenor of the de-

mand, she became much agitated with terror, which the Indian perceiving, he told her with manly dignity, that she had nothing to fear; as, if the General had complied, he should only have walked up to her to signify his right to this sort of hospitable courtesy, and then bowing have resigned her to her white chief.

....

In a translation of Hippocrates, is the following piece of grave advice, which, notwithstanding the great name of the Counsellor, will hardly have many followers.

In a fracture of the thigh "the extension ought to be particularly great, the muscles being so strong that, notwithstanding the effect of the bandages, their contraction is apt to shorten the limb. This is a deformity so deplorable, that when there is reason to apprehend it, I would advise the patient to suffer the other thigh to be broken also, in order to have them both of one length." Ignatius Loyola, who, to preserve the shape of his boot, had a considerable part of his leg bone sawed off, would have been a docile patient of the sage Hippocrates.

....

EPITAPHS.

I have often wished these false records of the deceased were written upon oath. We should then have less falsehood in compositions wherein truth would be so desirable and useful, and our churches that boast of symmetry and good architecture, would not be so often disgraced by these sublime panegyrics. I have heard a friend, who loved punning even on such grave subjects, declare, that the only assertions which epitaphs in general could boast as true, were the initial words "Here lieth."

....

While Queen Ann was dressing, prayers used to be read in the outward room, where hung a naked Venus. One of the ladies in waiting was ordered to bid Dr. Madox, Bishop of Wor-

cester, begin the service. He archly said, "a very pretty altar-piece is there, madam,"

The Queen one day changing her clothes, directed the Bishop to read the service in an adjoining room. The prelate was silent. The Queen sent to know the reason. The Bishop replied, He would not read the word of God, or rather *whistle* it through a key hole."

....

A RARE LEGATEE.

Cardinal Pole and a Venetian gentleman named Alostio Priuli, attracted much notice at Rome for their conformity in manners, reciprocal affection, and

delightful sympathy, which continued for a period of twenty-six years without interruption. The cardinal falling ill, and being told by his physicians that he would not recover, made his will, by which he made Priuli his sole heir; but such was the generosity of the Venetian, that he distributed the whole of it among the English kindred of his friend, saying, "While my friend, the cardinal, lived, we strove who should render the greatest benefits to each other; but by dying, he has got the start of me in kindness, in enabling me to do so much good to his relations in England."

THE MAID'S REMONSTRANCE.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED OPERA, BY T. CAMPBELL.

NEVER wedding, ever wooing,
Still a lovelorn heart pursuing,
Read you not the wrongs you 're doing
In my cheek's pale hue?
All my life with sorrow strewing,
Wed, or cease to woo.

Rivals banished, bosoms plighted,
Still our days are disunited;
Now the lamp of hope is lighted,
Now half-quench'd appears,
Damp'd, and wavering, and benighted,
Midst my sighs and tears.

Charms you call your dearest blessing,
Lips that thrill at your caressing,
Eyes a mutual soul confessing,
Soon you'll make them grow
Dim, and worthless your possessing,
Not with age, but woe!

ABSENCE.

FROM THE SAME.

'Tis not the loss of love's assurance,
It is not doubting what thou art,
But 'tis the too long endurance
Of absence, that afflicts my heart.

The fondest thoughts two hearts can cherish,
When each is lonely doom'd to weep,
Are fruits on desert isles that perish,
Or riches buried in the deep.

What though, untouch'd by jealous madness,
Our bosom's peace may fall to wreck;
'Th' undoubting heart, that breaks with sadness,
Is but more slowly doom'd to break.

Absence! is not the soul torn by it
From more than light, or life, or breath?
'Tis Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet,
The pain without the peace of death.

Paragraphs,

From the English Magazines, &c. Feb. 1821.

NEW ROYAL SOCIETY.

Want of room last month compelled us to omit the following account of the proposed New Royal Society of Literature, instituted by his Majesty, "for the encouragement of indigent merit, and the promotion of general literature. To consist of honorary members, subscribing members, and associates.

"The class of honorary members is intended to comprise some of the most eminent literary men in the three kingdoms, and the most distinguished female writers of the present day. An annual subscription of two guineas will constitute a subscribing member. Subscribers of ten guineas, and upwards, will be entitled to privileges hereafter mentioned, according to the date of their subscription. The class of associates is to consist of twenty men of distinguished learning, authors of some creditable work of literature, and men of good moral character; ten under the patronage of the King, and ten under the patronage of the society. His Majesty has been pleased to express, in the most favourable terms, his approbation of the proposed society, and to honour it with his munificent patronage, by assigning the sum of one hundred guineas each to ten of the associates, payable out of the privy purse; and also an annual premium of one hundred guineas, for the best dissertation on some interesting subject, to be chosen by a council belonging to the society. Ten associates will be placed under the patronage of the society, as soon as the subscriptions (a large portion of which will be annually funded for the purpose) shall be sufficient, and in proportion as they become so. An annual subscriber of ten guineas, continued for five years, or a life subscription of one hundred guineas, will entitle such subscribers to nominate an associate, under the society's patronage, according to the date of their subscriptions. The associates under the patronage of the King, will be elected by respected and competent judges. The associates nominated by subscribers must have the same qualifications, of learning, moral character, and public principle, as those who are elected, and must be approved by the same judges. Every associate, at his admission, will choose some subject, or subjects of literature for discussion, and will engage to devote such discussions to the society's Memoirs of Literature, of which a volume will be published by the society, from time to time; in which Memoirs will likewise be inserted the successive prize dissertations. From the months of February to July, it is purposed that a weekly meeting of the society shall be held; and a monthly meeting during the other six months of the year.

His Majesty has it is said intrusted the formation of the institution to the learned and eminent Burgess, Bishop of St. David's.

We have obtained a copy of the first questions to be proposed: 1st. For the King's premium of 100 guineas: On the age, writings, and genius of Homer; and on the state of religion, society, learning, and the arts, during that period, collected from the writings of

Homer. 2d. For the society's premium of fifty guineas: Dartmoor a poem. 3d. For the society's premium of twenty-five guineas: On the history of the Greek language, on the present language of Greece, and on the differences between ancient and modern Greek.

...

GOR THUR, A NEW VARIETY OF THE WILD ASS.

The Marquis of Hastings, Governor-General in India, has received as a present from the Nabob of Bhawalpur, a wild ass, of the species called *Gor Thur*, by the Indians. This beautiful animal is from 11 to 12 hands high, has long ears, black eyes, and is of a chamoise colour. He is not to be tamed, and in this and many other respects, he resembles the African Zebra. He is represented as a most finised model of beauty, agility and strength.

...

NEWLY DISCOVERED ISLANDS IN THE SOUTH SEA.

M. Graner, a Major in the Swedish service, who set out last year to explore in the South Sea, a new route for merchant vessels from Chili to the East Indies, has discovered in that ocean a group of islands hitherto unknown to mariners. To the largest of them he has given the name of Oscar. It is to be regretted that the Swedish journals, from which this intelligence is extracted, furnish no details relative to the position of these islands.

...

MERMAID.

One of those natural curiosities, which some persons affect to believe does not exist, called a Mermaid, has arrived on board the Borneo, now lying in the Thames, from Bencoolen, in Samatra. It is of a perfect human form from the head to the middle, and the rest consists of a tail of a fish resembling the dolphin.

...

POLAR EXPEDITION.

Most of the specimens of natural history, &c. from Lancaster's Sound, have been landed, and are either in the possession of private individuals, or deposited in public museums. The custom-house officers, four of whom, we believe, watched this transfer with lynx-eyed jealousy, had even assessed the upper bone of a whale's head, which we observed on the deck of the *Hecla*, and which, it was consequently said, would be thrown into the Thames! Yet this singular curiosity was brought from Melville Island, where it was found three quarters of a mile from the shore, and about fifty feet above the level of the sea, nearly embedded in the earth, where, in all probability, it had lain for many centuries. How it came into this situation is a problem not to be solved, except by the supposition, that these islands must formerly have been under the water: it required seven men to move it down to the ship. We al-

so saw the head of the musk-ox a model of compact strength. The bases of the horns are so broad as to cover all the upper portion of the skull above the eyes, and several inches in thickness, with slight grooves to the bend of the horn, when a smooth and fine curve is projected. Of these animals, only three males were shot. When the spring had advanced a little, they appeared in small droves on Melville Island, coming evidently over the ice from the American continent. The carcass of the first killed, and largest, weighed about 700lbs. or 570 without the entrails. They are, therefore, about the size of the cattle of the Scotch Highlands. * In ornithology, the most beautiful specimen is the king-duck, not only the pride of Arctic birds but decidedly the finest of the species, to which it belongs in the universe. We never beheld such exquisite marking as the head displays; and the colours are equally superb and uncommon. The figures seem cut out of the most elegant velvet, which the feathers resemble in form and substance. There is a skinny membrane above the bill, of a delicate lemon-tint, and all around is of hues as brilliant as fancy could conceive in a painted bird. Of the mineral productions, we have above twenty different varieties, from granite and gneiss of the primitive, to sand-stone and iron-stone of the secondary order. Several specimens of slate are among the number: a reddish granite, like that of Egypt, mica, grey limestone, marble, serpentine, quartz, stinkstone, madrepores, and a sort of bituminous slaty coal, which burns with a flame like Cannel-coal when put to the candle. Of this substance there was abundance; but it was not calculated to burn alone, so as to be advantageously used by our gallant countrymen, as the slate predominated over the mineral pitch. The mouse of Barrow's Sound was not the common mouse of Europe, but a distinct species; it was a sort of dun colour in summer, but turns white in winter. It abounds on Melville Island, and is supposed to form, during the hardest period of the year, a principal part of the food of the wolf. The greatest inconveniences experienced from the cold during the late expedition, were those felt in the sleeping-births, which, as usual, adjoined the ship's sides; and these, owing to the ice forming in the space between the bulwark and temporary side (about a foot within the former), were brought to a piercing temperature that struck through adjacent bodies. To remedy this in some degree, several of the officers let down their beds, so as to form something like sofas, towards their cabins; but in the new equipments for the next voyage, a general and much improved plan has been adopted. The births are all to be placed in the centre of the vessels, and the gangways are to pass round the sides. At the period when the sun had its greatest southern declination, there was perceptible from about half-past 11 A. M. to near 1 P. M. (by the by, our poor fellows had little of either *ante* or *post* meridian for several months) a glimmering of light, by which, turning the back to the south, and holding up the volume so as to receive the full benefit of the faint effulgence, aided by

the reflection from the snowy ground, it was possible to read the print of a small prayer-book. The moon was visible through the 24 hours, and shone with a splendour resembling our clearest frosty nights in winter. We have seen most of the specimens of vegetation (amounting to perhaps 30 genera), which, not to fatigue our readers with their botanical names, chiefly consists of mosses, grasses, and some flowers. Among the latter, we recognised the poppy, which grows to the height of seven or eight inches, and blossoms above the whitened surface---thus affording a standard whereby to judge of the general depth of the snow, and shedding a lonely enamel on the uniform desert. Another of the flowers resembles the cowslip, but has a different leaf. The lichens are various and pretty. One of the grasses seeds with a great profusion of cotton-like substance.

The new expedition, consisting of the *Hecla*, and the *Fury* bomb, of nearly the same tonnage, will sail about the end of May: its immediate object is not Lancaster's Sound, but Hudson's Bay, which it is appointed to explore to the North and North-west: to ascertain if any channel leads to Prince Regent's inlet, or other part of the seas traversed last year. The *Hecla* is to be again commanded by Captain Parry; the *Fury*, by Lieutenant Lyon, the African traveller, and companion of Ritchie, who has recently returned from that quarter of the globe, and announced his journey for publication. Mr. Fisher the Surgeon, is appointed to the *Hecla*. This able and meritorious officer is the same who is mentioned with so much distinction, in the account of the *Alceste's* Voyage to China. The *Fury* is fitting for the voyage. The temporary building over her deck is very similar to that put up while wintering in the North. Under such a shed, our brave tars regularly exercised in the most inclement weather, by moving rapidly round the deck. Strange it is to say, that the want of (clear) ice prevented them from the exercise of skating.

LITERARY.

Select Works of the British Poets; with Biographical and Critical Prefaces; by Dr. Aikin, in 10 vols. is published.

Austen Park, a tale, by J. Edmeston. Picturesque Piety: or Scripture Truths, illustrated by 48 engravings, by the Rev. Isaac Taylor, of Ongar.

A New Series of Curiosities of Literature are announced, by J. D'ISRAELI, in 3 vols.

No less than THREE Weekly Literary Journals are now published in London.

1. The Literary Chronicle.
2. The Literary Gazette, and
3. The Independent.

And no less than TEN Quarterly Works now appear regularly.

1. The Edinburgh Review.
2. The Edinburgh Physical Journal.
3. The Quarterly Review.
4. Brande's Journal.
5. Brewster's Journal.
6. The Classical Journal.
7. The British Review.
8. The Annals of Oriental Literature.
9. The London Journal of Science.
10. The Quarterly Musical Review.

* The engraving in Shaw's Zoology is not like the animal; the print of the female has more resemblance to the male.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 3.]

BOSTON, MAY 1, 1821.

[VOL. IX.

(From the English Magazines.)

LETTERS FROM THE HAVANNAH.

Letter IV.

BOTH religion and the laws afford a degree of protection to the poor negroes, as if desirous of mitigating their hard fate. You cannot be unapprised of the numberless holidays in the Spanish calendar ; including Sundays, they take up one-fourth part of the year.—All these are breathing times and days of repose for the negroes, who then are not visited by the merciless Majorat, nor have they to dread the gashes of his ever menacing whip. In the morning, he lays his griefs and resentment at the foot of the cross ; there he implores consolation and strength to support the toils of existence.

To see the young negresses at their toilette has its share of interest for the observing eye. There is a degree of candour and natural grace that cannot fail to inspire regard ; no art in their coquetry, and this too, is an additional ornament.

In the evenings, they have their songs and dances, for every negro is a minstrel, troubadour, and dancer, as occasion requires. Their dancing is all pantomime, and the different passions are portrayed on their countenances with astonishing accuracy. These jesticulations and movements they inherit from their parents, without being able to develop any particular plot replete with incidents. One thing surprises me, their frank, open, gay demeanor, under such circumstance.

In their code of legislation for the Blacks, the Spaniards have one provision which every friend of humanity must applaud. When a slave is too severely treated, he may demand another master. This is politic ; it presents a kind of refuge to the over-harrassed negro, so as not to sink in despair, or to meditate revolt and vengeance.

But it is not always in their power to profit by this salutary expedient ; the magistrate may reside at too great a distance, and they incur the risk of being taken up as fugitives. An instance of this I was an eye-witness of. A black was running away to lodge his complaints with an Alcayde, but had scarcely overpassed the limits of the plantation, when he was stopped, in a narrow path, by his master. The unfortunate man was soon laid in irons, and lay chained for about six weeks, during which time, he had every morning to bear thirty lashes of the whip.—You ask, who was this monster, that could thus resent his slave's seeking the protection of the law ? It was the identical philosopher I have been noticing a little before.*

The negroes have another resource much more effectual, the wives of the planters. No sooner do they make their appearance, than the Majorat throws down his whip, and even the husband loses his authority. This is a

* See Ath. vol. vii. p. 410.

valuable remnant of the antient Spanish gallantry. To the lacerated negro, they appear like angels from Heaven. I need not say that they are almost idolized—and this veneration is, in my opinion the best safeguard to the colony against an insurrection.

If you ask the Majorats, whether gentleness would not answer all the ends of violence, they tell you it would produce first contempt, and then massacres, and I have found them all of this mind. I cannot assent to such a terrific dogma, but rather conceive, that their consciences, beset with terrors, are in dread of reprisals.

After all, nothing is so wretched as the life of a planter. If neither the cries nor the songs of the negroes, are within hearing, he turns pale; this silence is the signal of a revolt. Then his people must go the rounds; every secret place must be visited, and though nothing can be discovered, there still appears cause for alarm. Every night this uneasiness recurs, and with a fatigued body, the master can have but a slight sleep, and not the happiest dreams.

All the habitations stand in the midst of a vast plain, where the eye can range over every thing within the space of a league. Here is no wood to yield shelter: all around you are in a burning furnace. I thought at first, it must be some voluptuous treat to the colonists, to be thus drenched in heat—but I quickly found myself mistaken, and it is the dread of being surprised by the negroes, that creates this apparent aversion for wood and shade.

I shall be told, then, that the negroes are cruel! Ah! no, my friend: these

unfortunates only ask to be on good terms with their masters; they are as tractable as children, and possess a fund of patience to tire out their executioners: their greatest vengeance lies in effecting their escape. I have made enquiries among all the classes of whites, and find the examples very rare of their proceeding to violent extremities. It sometimes happens, however, and Providence may suffer punishment to overtake the wicked, in proof of its attention to the atrocities perpetrated upon earth.

Seven or eight years ago, the negroes rose in insurrection. About five thousand of them rendezvoused in the neighbourhood of the Havannah. From the disorders which then reigned in the colony, the free-blacks conceived high expectations, but the plan was not maturely digested, and on the appearance of the inhabitants and planters, the assemblage was dispersed. A few gibbets, on different points, still remain to attest the defeat and punishment of the negroes.

The island of Cuba has no mountains like St. Domingo, and this necessity of always fighting in a plain, gives a great advantage to the Spanish colonists. They may make a longer resistance than did the French, but I am inclined to believe, that the definitive result will be alike in both islands.

I shall not enlarge on the slave trade; enough has been said on that subject. You know, that at least one-half perishes in the passage, and one quarter in the eighth first days of arrival. Thus, out of six hundred negroes exported from the coast of Africa, seldom are more than two hundred preserved!

BIOGRAPHY OF SINGULAR CHARACTERS

Recently deceased.

ADAM MOND.

ADAM Mond (the subject of this memoir) was a native of the county of Antrim in Ireland. His mother was left a widow when he was very young, with a number of children besides, and a very small property in the neighbour-

hood of Ballycastle. A horse and a pair of female sheep constituted their live stock, and as much pasturage as served them for grazing, with a little arable ground, was their entire landed estate. The mother being destitute of that energy of mind which her circumstances required, her family gradually

became insubordinate, and regardless of her authority. The consequences were soon visible, and severely felt. The little farm was ill laboured, the cattle neglected, and every thing managed so badly, that by the time Mond came near to man's estate, they were ejected from their house and farm by a sheriff's order for non-payment of rent.

The time in which this disaster happened, was very unfortunate for young Mond, as there was then in the north of Ireland a lawless banditti, who, to express the soundness of their principles, and inspire their adherents with confidence, termed themselves *Hearts of Steel*. Their professed object was not only to redress wrongs, remove grievances, and administer justice, but also to renovate the government of the country. Mond, finding himself now destitute of those means whereby he formerly indulged his slothful inclinations and lazy habits, and being still strongly possessed of those associations which attach man to his natal spot, instead of reflecting on the justice and legality of the decree, had recourse to the *Hearts of Steel*. His case being peculiarly adapted for a display of their self-constituted authority and nightly depredations, they espoused it with all that enthusiasm which is common to those who are led by their bewildered imagination to form themselves into secret associations for illicit purposes. A paper was accordingly written and signed by their chief in behalf of the whole body, warning the person who succeeded Mond in the occupation of the farm to resign it immediately in his favour, or *captain Firebrand* would pay him an unexpected visit, and consign him, his family, and effects, to the flames.

The person thus addressed was not intimidated, and, instead of obeying the unlawful mandate of this midnight cabal, he had recourse immediately to a neighbouring magistrate, swore against Mond, had him apprehended, and conveyed to the county gaol, for serving him with such an unlawful paper. At the ensuing assizes he was tried, convicted, and in fact sentenced to death, and delivered into the hands of the sheriff to be executed on a certain day. The un-

expected sentence of the law, the fear of death, and the love of life, now operated so sensibly on his mind, that he resigned himself up to despair and extreme grief. Every degree of fortitude forsook him, and he wept without intermission. The gentleman who was his landlord, knowing that he had acted through ignorance and the impetuosity of youth, made immediate and personal application to the executive government, and obtained for him a full pardon; but before it arrived, he had actually wept out his eyes. He now returned to his own neighbourhood completely blind, which no doubt was the leading cause of his afterwards becoming one of the most wretched misers that ever lived.

The peculiar circumstances leading to and flowing from Mond's trial and sentence, rendered him an object of charity. Losing his sight which he had so long enjoyed, made him extremely awkward, until he became acquainted with and inured to his new situation. He had therefore no other resource left but to live upon the bounty of others. Incapable of any manual labour, he was led from house to house to seek a supply of bread, generally abiding with some of his more liberal neighbours, so long as a disposition remained to entertain him. Getting acquainted, however, with the art, and no doubt with the profits of begging, he became in a short time a complete proficient, and made active application to all who came in his way. Perhaps in this respect, he has been outdone by few. His industry, perseverance, and ingenuity, became proverbial. Although he had no heart-felt affection for religion, he has often attended the church, the Presbyterian meeting-house, and the Catholic chapel, in the same day, which were all at a considerable distance from each other, that he might receive from the liberality of their congregations.

The gentleman who obtained his liberation, after some time taking compassion on him, gave him a little house, rent free, and employed him as a bailiff. In this department he acted occasionally for more than forty years. Every interval, however, was filled up in following

his favourite pursuit. When he travelled at any considerable distance from home, the compassionate ear was distressed in listening to his lamentable tale, concerning some disaster which had happened to his house or property. When he begged in the immediate neighbourhood, he was always in need of, and in the way of getting, some article of dress. Part of the price of a pair of shoes, a shirt, &c. he had always in possession, and was now making application for the remainder, that he might be somewhat comfortable.

The promised hour of comfort and indulgence, however, he never suffered to arrive; for that sun never rose for more than forty years after his blindness that ever saw him in possession of shoe, shirt, or stocking. His whole wardrobe he continually carried on his back, which consisted generally of an old tattered coat and waistcoat, a woollen cap which served him at least twenty years, and a pair of small clothes, which he was very careful to keep whole for a reason to be explained in the sequel. The reader may be ready to imagine he is in possession of the reason at once, when he is informed, that for more than twenty years Mond appeared to be severely afflicted with a well-known disease in the abdomen; but in this he is mistaken, as well as Mond's most intimate observers were for the above period.

Although apparent disease, added to his blindness, excited the compassion of the beholders, there was no primary intention of deception in this respect. There is no doubt, however, that he congratulated himself on the adoption of a lucky project, which served the double purpose of securing and increasing his unsuspected treasure at the same time. His art in hiding and retaining what he once got in possession was fully equal to his industry in acquiring. At one time he was like to raise suspicions by keeping a drain shop without license, but he soon gave this up, exclaiming ever after that it broke him, and that he never was master of a penny since. In short, his asseverations concerning his distress, and his continual applications, completely blinded all who knew him,

while his house and person presented one of the most wretched pictures of abject poverty ever displayed to the human eye.

In this miserable state the winter of 1817 overtook him, the inclemency of which was severely felt in Ireland. In his despicable hovel he had neither clothing, food, nor fire. Still he would not accept the friendly invitation of a neighbour, who offered him a good fire and lodging, free of any expense, during the cold. This offer he declined on pretence of not being troublesome, but the real cause arose from a fear of losing his money, or having it discovered. Finding the cold extreme, he resided by day in his own hut, receiving whatever food was sent to him, and retired at night to a corn kiln in the neighbourhood, where he slept snugly at the fire left by the last occupier. Had he accepted the benevolent proposal now mentioned, perhaps he might have concealed what was dearer to him than life itself, and dragged on his miserable existence a few years longer; whereas by his niggardly caution his purposes were defeated in the following singular manner, and his misery so increased as to render life a burden.

Whatever occupies the mind intensely, and captivates the affections by day, is likely to become the subject of our dreams at night. It was so with Mond. Money was his favourite object, whether awake or asleep. Hence, in the presence of a person who was occupying the kiln, Mond, while asleep, made mention of the spot where he had concealed a part of his treasure. The curious individual resolved upon a trial, and so repaired quietly to the sacred place. Here there was no disappointment. Ten pounds sterling in silver were found-concealed; and the conscience of the person being as fast asleep as Mond was at the time, it was deemed a virtue to pocket it, since its wretched owner was not disposed to use it. When Mond awoke in the morning, he speedily directed his steps to pay his morning devotions to his only deity. But how great was his grief and disappointment when he found the beloved of his soul was gone! He could by no means

contain himself. He vociferated a most hideous yell, that alarmed his neighbours to a considerable distance. On their arrival, so poignant was his grief, that he could not conceal the cause. He informed them of his loss. The report soon circulated, and strong suspicions were now entertained that he was still in possession of more.

To ascertain this fact, was now the prevailing desire of those who had long known him. A few of his neighbours therefore one day entered his hut suddenly, and found him busily employed in counting money on the cover of a chest which had served him for the different purposes of table, chair, and treasure desk. Perceiving he was caught, he threw himself immediately over his money, and although he knew his visitors were his best friends, he could not be constrained to rise but by violence. They now reckoned it over for him, and found the amount only £12 in silver.

On their leaving the house, imagining from the bustle, that they were about to look for more, he bawled out vehemently not to meddle with some old bottles which stood in a wallcove, as they belonged to one of his neighbours. A contrary effect was produced. They returned, and examined the bottles, finding silver in each of them. This induced a general search; when, to their great astonishment, they found better than £100 all in silver, concealed in different parts of the house. Mond now became the subject of conversation in all places where he was known, and though the sum in itself is comparatively small, yet considering the means used by him to gather it, and the impression relative to his poverty, which had been left on the minds of the people, it did not fail to astonish all on their coming to a knowledge of it.

Application was now made to the gentleman already mentioned, as he had previously interested himself in behalf of Mond. He advised the applicants not to return the money again to Mond, but to put it to interest, and have him comfortably clothed out of the principal. About twenty-six shillings were

laid out for this purpose, certainly contrary to Mond's inclination; for on hearing the decision given, which robbed him of the pleasure of counting his coin, and involved the loss of so much (for so he deemed it) it threw him into one of the most dreadful paroxysms of grief that language can describe. He continued three days and three nights without either food or sleep. No argument whatever could prevail with him. Those who were most attentive to him, and interested themselves most in his behalf, he deemed his greatest enemies. His grief was only equalled at the time he laboured under sentence of death, and there is little doubt, that had he possessed another pair of eyes, he would now have wept them out at the irretrievable loss which he conceived he had sustained. On the fourth day, however, his grief was assuaged. He summoned up a little courage, and appeared to feel a temporary repose. It was indeed but temporary, for on the arrival of his new clothes it was renewed in the most pungent and sensible manner.

Being requested to strip, that he might be washed and dressed, he complied only in part, for he peremptorily refused a change of small-clothes. His tattered coat and waistcoat on examination were found to contain more of the sacred treasure; but it was imagined that he refused a change in the other parts of his dress from motives of delicacy. It may here be observed, that a few days previous to the discovery of his wealth, his neighbours had subscribed and bought him a flannel shirt or frock, for the making of which he paid the tailor with one shilling instead of eighteen-pence, asserting, with horrid imprecations, that he was not master of a single penny more. On removing this article, how was every feeling shocked on beholding a hard cord (suspended round the neck, and supposed to be attached to his truss-band) which had sunk into his flesh in a most miserable manner! His attendants now attempted to remove the cord, but he declared in the most solemn and violent language, that he would die before it should be disturbed.

Prompted however by their humanity, they paid no attention to his denunciation, and forcibly took it away; when, to their utter astonishment, instead of its being attached to a truss-belt, they found a pewter pint measure (no doubt the one he had used in his dram-shop) fastened to the end of it, hammered closely together at the mouth, and so weighty, that it sufficiently indicated that it was not barren in contents. This singular depository contained no less than one hundred and seven guineas in gold. For better than twenty years he had carried it in this manner with the utmost patience and composure. It was the prominent appearance of this, which caused all who saw him to imagine he was diseased.

When we consider that his affection for money was so strong, that he endured for a long series of time without any apparent uneasiness the laceration of his flesh, which must have produced considerable pain continually, we need not wonder that the removal of his idol proved the cap-stone of his woes. Grief now preyed upon his vitals like a vulture, wasted his strength, and sunk him shortly into a kind of stupor, from which he never recovered. He lived only seven months after this event, died unexpectedly, and went into a world of spirits, grieved on no other account but because he could not carry a portion of this ore along with him.

(New Monthly, Jan. 1821.)

CHARLES THEODORE KÖRNER.

KÖRNER had, for some time, formed the resolution of becoming a soldier, to fight for the deliverance of Germany: when, therefore, the Prussian proclamation was issued, nothing could induce him to abandon his purpose. He left Vienna on the 15th of March, 1813, strongly recommended to several distinguished individuals in the Prussian army. At the time of his arrival at Breslau, Major Von Lützow was there, raising the free-corps, called after his name. At his invitation, many youths and men of cultivated minds flocked to his head-quarters, and Körner added himself to their number on the 19th of March, in the above year. A few days after his enrolment, Lützow's free corps was solemnly consecrated, in a village church, not far from Zobten. The following passage, on the subject, occurs in Körner's letters:

"After a hymn had been sung (a choral song which Körner had himself composed), the minister of the place, Peters by name, delivered an energetic and comprehensive discourse---no eye remained unmoistened. After this, he tendered to us the oath, that we would spare neither our blood nor possessions in fighting for the cause of humanity, of our country, and of our religion, and that he would go forward cheerfully to meet victory, or death---We swore! He then sunk upon his knees, and prayed God to bestow a blessing upon his own warriors. By heaven,

it was a moment in which every breast burned with the desire of a death so hallowed---every heart throbbed with the devotion of a hero. The war-oath, dictated with gravity, and repeated by all over the swords of the officers, and the hymn, "Our God is a strong hold," &c. made an end of this noble solemnity."

In his leisure hours he employed himself principally in the composition of warlike songs. He expected much from their musical effect; and several of his pieces received their metrical form in adaptation to certain simple and energetic melodies, with which he had been particularly taken.

While at Plauen, Major Von Lützow had received what he considered official intelligence of an armistice. Not expecting to encounter any impediments, he chose the shortest road to join the infantry of his corps, having received from the hostile commanders the most positive assurances of the safety of his attempt; and he marched without molestation along the highway as far as Kitzen, a village in the vicinity of Leipsic. Here he was surprised to find himself surrounded by a numerous band of the enemy, who manifested hostile intentions. Körner was sent forward to demand an explanation. Instead, however, of vouchsafing an answer, one of the leaders of the opposite party

struck at him ; and the attack was made on all sides in the twilight, upon three squadrons of Lützow's cavalry, before they had time to draw a sabre.

The first stroke, which Körner could not ward off, as he had, in the discharge of his duty, approached the hostile leader without drawing his weapon, wounded him severely in the head ; a second which he received was but slight. He fell backward, but immediately recovered himself, and his horse conveyed him safely into the nearest wood. Here he was endeavouring to bind up his wounds, with the assistance of one of his comrades, when he descried a troop of the pursuing enemy riding up towards him. His presence of mind did not desert him, but he shouted into the depth of the wood, with a strong voice, "Fourth squadron advance !" The enemy stopped short—drew back—and left him time to bury himself deeper in the thicket.

The pain of his wound was violent,—his strength began to fail, and all hope of escape was nearly extinguished. He heard from time to time the enemy still in pursuit, who were exploring the wood at no great distance from him. He afterwards fell asleep,—and, upon awaking next morning, found two peasants standing beside him, who proffered their assistance. For this timely succour, he was indebted to certain of his comrades, who, while making their escape through the wood on the preceding night, had discovered the two countrymen by a watch-fire. These men, being interrogated by Lützow's horsemen as to their principles, were considered deserving of confidence, and were requested to assist in the removal of a wounded officer, who had plunged into the depths of the forest, and would certainly requite their services. They succeeded in discovering Körner ; he was already reduced to utter weakness from loss of blood. His deliverers procured him strengthening cordials, and secretly conveyed him to the village of Great Zschocker through bye-paths, although it was occupied by a detachment of the enemy. A country surgeon of considerable ability bound up

his wounds, and several of the inhabitants of the village who were well affected towards the German cause, rendered every assistance in their power : nor was their a single traitor found among them, although the artillery of the enemy, who were in pursuit of Körner, and knew that he had with him a valuable money-chest, belonging to Lützow's free corps, were not sparing of either threats or promises. From Great Zschocker he wrote to a friend at Leipsic, who, with the most ready zeal, undertook to arrange every thing that could ensure his safety.

Leipsic was at that time under the French yoke, and it was prohibited under a menace of severe punishment to harbour any of Lützow's cavalry. But Körner's friends were not to be intimidated by any danger. One of them was the owner of a garden, from which there was a communication with Great Zschocker, partly by water, and partly by a foot-path, which was very little known, and led immediately to the back-gate of the garden. This circumstance was taken advantage of, and Körner was thus introduced, secretly and in disguise, into the suburbs of Leipsic. He was thus also enabled to save the chest of money, which had been committed to his care, and which was re-conveyed to the corps after the battle of Leipsic. Safe from discovery, he here received the necessary surgical assistance, and, after a confinement of five days, became sufficiently recovered to quit the town, and relieve himself from the painful anxiety which he endured, on account of those friends who had ventured to do so much in his behalf.

Being completely cured, and equipped once more, he rejoined his brothers-in-arms. Lützow's free-corps, with the Russo-German and Hanseatic legions, and some English auxiliaries, under General Von Wallmoden, were at this time stationed on the right bank of the Elbe, above Hamburg. Davoust, who was quartered in that city with a considerable force, which had also received additional reinforcements from the Danes, was threatening all North

Germany. On the 17th of August hostilities were renewed; and Lützow's corps, which was employed on the outposts, was almost daily in action. It was in the bivouack-hut at Büchen, on the Steckenitz, that he began, on that day, to compose the war song "Men and Boys;" which commences with the words "The nation rises, and the storm breaks forth."

Major Von Lützow appointed the 28th of August for an attack which he intended to make on the rear of the enemy. In the evening, he reached a place where some provisions had been cooked for the use of the French. With these the troops refreshed themselves, and then continued their march to a forest, not far from Rosenberg; there they secreted themselves, while waiting for a messenger, who was to bring information respecting some short paths leading to a camp of the enemy, pitched at the distance of about one German mile, which was badly defended, and upon which they meditated an attack. In the mean time, some Cossacks, who were stationed upon an eminence for the purpose of spying, saw, about seven o'clock in the morning, a transport of ammunition and provisions approaching, convoyed by two companies of infantry: these they resolved to intercept, and succeeded. Major Von Lützow ordered the Cossacks, who consisted of a hundred mounted men, to make the attack in front; chose one half squadron to fall upon the enemy in flank, and kept the other half inactive, who were to cover his rear. He himself led on the party who were to attack the flanks, Körner, as adjutant, riding beside him. An hour before this, while they halted in the forest, Körner composed his "Sword-song," the last poem he ever wrote.* In the glimmering dawn of the morning of the 26th of August, he noted it down in his pocket-book, and was reading it out to a friend, when the signal for the onset was given.

The engagement took place on the road which leads from Gadebusch to Schwerin, near a wood, which lies about half a mile to the west of Rosen-

berg. The enemy were more numerous than had been expected; but fled, after a short resistance, over a narrow plain into a neighbouring thicket, as the Cossacks had not been sufficiently expeditious to prevent them. Among those who were most brisk in the pursuit was Körner; and there he met that glorious death, which he had often anticipated in his poems with so much animation.

The sharp-shooters, who had formed an ambush in the under-wood, poured from thence a heavy shower of balls upon the cavalry who were in pursuit. One of these, after first passing through his horse's neck, hit Körner in the belly, traversed his liver and spine, and deprived him at once of speech and consciousness. His features remained unaltered, and exhibited no traces of any painful sensation. Nothing was omitted which could possibly have tended to restore him; but all was in vain. His friends carefully raised him from the ground. One of those, who, while a continual fire was directed to this particular point, had hastened to his assistance, was Friesen; justly accounted one of the most brave, high-minded, and accomplished youths, that had taken part in this warfare. He followed Körner to the grave about half a year after. The combat, which, after this universal loss, was carried on in the most infuriate manner, was soon over. Lützow's cavalry bore down upon the enemy, who were among the brush-wood; and those who could not effect their escape, were shot, cut down, or taken prisoners. The victims of this day's conflict merited a suitable interment: these were, in addition to Körner, Count Hardenberg, a promising and very prepossessing young man, and one of Lützow's yagers. The mortal remains of the three fallen heroes were laid upon waggons, and conducted along together with the prisoners, with that which is denominated the "transport-column."

Körner was interred under an oak, near a mile-stone, situate upon the way which leads from Lübelow to Dreikrug, not far from the village of Wöbbe-

* See *Ath.* Vol. ii. p. 156, 198. Vol. iii. p. 399.

lin, which is about a German mile distant from Ludwigslust. He was consigned to the earth by his brothers-in-arms, with the honours of war. Among the friends who joined to spread the turf upon his grave was Von Bärenhorst, a noble youth, of the most varied accomplishments: a few days after, he was allotted a dangerous post at the battle on the Göhrde. With the words, "Körner, I follow thee!" he rushed upon the enemy, and fell, pierced by many balls.

The ground contiguous to the oak, together with a circular space which surrounds it, was presented to Körner's

father by a German Prince, his Serene Highness the reigning Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The grave is encompassed by a wall, is planted, and distinguished by a monument of cast-iron. There also repose the mortal remains of the sister of the deceased, Emma Sophia Louisa: a silent grief for the loss of her beloved brother consumed her vital powers, and allowed her only life sufficient for finishing a portrait of him, and making a drawing of his grave.

KÖRNER was born at Dresden on the 23rd of September, 1791.

PEARCE THE TRAVELLER.

Alexandria, (Egypt) August 1820.

Nathaniel Pearce, so deservedly distinguished for his travels* and long residence in Abyssinia, for the last year and a half since his return from Abyssinia, had resided at Cairo, and embarked to return to England in a vessel which was unfortunately detained by the north-westerly winds. He went on shore, and was shortly afterwards seized with a bilious fever, which, notwithstanding the best medical aid the place could afford, brought him to his end. He died on the morning of the 12th of August. About twelve days previous to his decease he made a will, and has left all his

papers, which are very valuable, to the entire disposal of Mr. Salt, with permission to publish them, remarking in his will that it was for *him* that the facts were chiefly collected. Thus has another victim been added to the melancholy list of those who have fallen in the cause of African research. Mr. Pearce was born at East Acton, in Great Britain; and had attained the age of forty. His natural talents were great, and in the strangely diversified career of his life he had acquired an extraordinary fund of general information. In writing, he describes what he had seen with precision, and leads his reader to fancy the scene before his eyes.

* See our last vol. p. 57, 113.

JOSEPH ARMITAGE, ESQ.

Jan. 3, 1821. Died, at his house near Wakefield, Yorkshire, Joseph Armitage, esq. He was of great eccentricity, and as well known in the world of fashion some years ago as any man of his time. Latterly he had shut himself up from all society; and although possessed of £5000 sterl. a year, his mind was completely obscured with the idea that he was fast approaching to poverty, and must go to the parish workhouse. Several times lately he wrote to a friend in London saying, "Hasten down and sell me up, that I may rest assured of food and raiment for the rest of my

life."—His whimsical and very extraordinary parsimony on some occasions, and his unbounded generosity on others, will not soon be forgotten; and if it was necessary to find a similar personage to fill the chasm made by the death of this extraordinary man, it would be a matter of no small difficulty. A few years ago he was engaged in a very serious quarrel; and it being demanded of him "to name time, place, and his friend," he coolly wrote in answer, "St. James's grave-yard, Piccadilly—12 o'clock at night—and the sexton of the parish."

(Monthly Magazine, Feb. 1821.)

HENRI I. (CHRISTOPHE) EMPEROR OF HAYTI.

A MORE singular character than this mulatto emperor has not appeared in the political world for many centuries. Born a slave on the English island of St. Christopher's about the year 1766; he was, on the capture of that island by the French carried to Cape François, and there sold as a slave. His master destined him for his cook, and he was brought up accordingly, and is said to have excelled so much in his art as to have been head cook at one of the most celebrated taverns at the Cape. The revolution of France, extending to St. Domingo, Christophe, like his brother blacks, attained his liberty; and, being of an active disposition and enterprising spirit, he became a leader, and discovered some military talent, when acting under the celebrated Touissant. The principles of morality were no guides to him, he had a command under general Le Clerc, and betrayed him. He acted under Dessalines, and on his death seized the supreme power, and styled himself Henry king of Hayti. Had he shewn the same moderation as Pétion and Boyer, he might have ruled with honour, and died like the former, universally lamented. But his ferocious disposition caused him to be dreaded, and in the end to perish by his own hand. Like Buonaparte, every thing must be military with him; he had been well instructed in tactics by the European officers under whom he had served, and the military post he has established, shew his great judgment. On the plains of the Cape he built a delightful retreat, which he called *Sans Souci*, and

a town round it, fortified by bulwarks and redoubts, which shew he was conscious of the instability of his power.

Yet if any thing could compensate in a king for cruelty, Christophe may be regarded as a sovereign who attended to the welfare of his subjects. He placed schools on the system of Mr. Lancaster in every town, where male children were taught the French and English languages, and arithmetic. He administered justice by some excellent regulations, and established an appeal to his state council. But the great amount of his army shew his military *penchant*. He kept on foot twenty regiments of infantry, two of cavalry, a large body of guards most splendidly accoutred, and a regiment of women, called the Amazons, of which his queen was colonel. His court was gay, or rather tawdry. Although possessed of so much power, and so many of the blessings of life, he was conscious that his cruelty had gained him the hatred of many of his subjects, and he began to prepare to encounter the danger. He kept his army full, and amassed great treasure; but his repeated acts of tyranny caused a conspiracy to be formed against him. On the 6th of October the insurrection took place, and he then found that a tyrant cannot depend even on his own army: they deserted him; he retired to Sans Souci, where, to avoid falling into the hands of his enemies, he did justice on himself. When Buonaparte assumed the title of emperor, he did the same, and seems to have attempted to imitate him in many other respects.

NALDI THE BUFFOON.

Dec. 15, 1820. At Paris, M. Naldi, buffo-performer at the Opera. He met an untimely death by the bursting of a self-acting cooking apparatus. This celebrated buffo-performer, having been invited to dine with M. Garcia, immediately on his arrival with his wife and daughter, proceeded to examine the ac-

celerated process of cooking by the self-acting boiler (*la marmite autoclave*.) By an imprudent and fatal inadvertency, M. Naldi, with the tongs, stopped the valve, and the compression increased the heat to such a degree, that an explosion ensued; the lid of the boiler came in contact with his forehead, completely

severed the scull and stretched him dead at the feet of his daughter. M. Garcia, who was near his hapless friend, was not seriously wounded; the steam scorched all the upper part of his face, and injured

the eyes, but not in any dangerous degree. Surgical aid arrived immediately after the explosion; but to M. Naldi all efforts were unavailing; he was no more.

(Gentleman's Magazine.)

BEEES.

Sir,

PERMIT me to lay before your readers a few desultory observations made during the last seven years on the Management of Bees. Being a rustic myself, and dwelling in the midst of rural scenery, I have formed a strong attachment to country pursuits; but the management of Bees always gave me superior pleasure.

In the middle of a large garden, surrounded by hawthorn hedges, I established my colony of workmen. I enclosed the space designed for the apiary, and protected the hives from winds and storms by a reed fence. I provided every swarm with a clean straw hive, covered with a good coat of thatch, impervious to the wind or rain; the hives were placed side by side, like the houses in a village, at a respectful distance from each other, and from the platform of each hive the industrious labourers might launch into the air, explore the neighbouring flowers, and lay all the treasures of the country at my feet. The wanderers were not driven by distress to range so far, for I filled my garden with the sweetest flowers of spring, that they might revel in sweets at home; but I believe they are prone to long journeys. In front of the hives were cultivated the most useful herbs to improve the flavour of the honey, and among the beds were placed earthen pans, filled with water and pebbles, for the Bees to alight on. With such advantages my colony made me the most grateful returns; my cellar was filled with tubs of metheglin, and my store-room embellished with jars of the most delicious honey.

"O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint, Agricolas!"

My hives generally swarmed early, and the early swarms in their turn produced early swarms; but I never permitted

any hive to send out a second swarm the same season: it was against my laws and regulations, which were never broken. I allotted more room to the hives for accommodation, and with this they were generally content. When the busy scene of summer was over, and the Bees a little relaxed from their labours, and enjoying a portion of their food, when the evenings about Michaelmas grew short, and the air cold, I carefully weighed every hive, minutely inspected their domestic concerns, and decided their fate. A hive that did not weigh 18lbs. I have always condemned, as incapable of supporting itself during winter; and invariably selected the weightiest hives for my future stock, and out of the swarms if possible—as Bees will desert an old hive after a certain time, and I think a hive should not continue to exist more than three years. I feel great reluctance in destroying any of my hives, and a real sorrow when the fatal match is applied, but true policy points out the necessity of destroying those hives that cannot encounter the rigours of winter, or they must be daily supplied with honey or molasses.

To extract the honey in its utmost purity, I use an earthen pan standing upon a pedestal, and supplied with a drain pipe; and after shaving the combs with a sharp knife, they are placed in the pan to draw off through the pipe into jars of different degrees of excellence; the combs are afterwards washed to extract every remaining particle of sweetness for metheglin; and Mr. Urban is welcome to quaff a goblet of this sparkling beverage of our ancestors, whenever he visits my cottage.

The last seven years produced 112 hives, the total weight of which was 2286lbs. averaged at 20lbs. per hive.

(European Magazine.)

QUEEN MARY'S CROSS.

HISTORIANS allow such latitude to their imaginations, that we are more certain of truth from those of ancient date than from the modern writer who selects his materials, as Voltaire merrily said to Diderot, to suit his system. But in speaking of Queen Mary, we find the most candid simplicity shewn by Holinshed. "For," says he, "when leaving her own country, she was nourished as a banished person; and after fortune began to flatter her in that she was honoured with a worthy marriage, it was in truth rather a shadow of joy to this queen than any comfort at all. But beneficial nature had endowed her with a beautiful face, a well-composed body, and excellent wit, a mild nature, and a good behaviour, which she had artificially furthered by courtly education and affable demeanor. Whereby at first sight she won unto her the hearts of most, and confirmed the love of her faithful subjects."

Henry Stewart, the cousin and husband of Queen Mary, has left, in his example, a lesson worth the study of later princes. For with an admirable person, an excellent grace in all courtly exercises, and a rare portion of the age's best learning, his failure in those moral duties, which men have agreed to call trivial in themselves, was the blight and wreck of his prosperity. But his greatest crime was that he lived in times when every vice offence bore its comment among three parties, each mortally adverse to the other, but equally eager to debase the Stewart family. He was the blossom of a decaying tree, and perished not so much by his own canker as because the stem he grew on gave him no support. Whether his jealousy of an Italian mediator was natural, or excited by one of those treacherous parties, is under the veil of time long past, but his tragical end was of more benefit to the friends of Mary than to her enemies. The charge of murdering her husband appeared so atrocious and improbable, that more credible ones were passed over and

forgotten.—Henry Stewart is said to have been strangled with a napkin after lingering in a long illness; and his body was found at some distance from the house he had inhabited after it had been blown up. In this transaction there was such needless and outrageous exposure of guilt, that Mary's advocates were very well able to rest their defence not so much on the improbability of her connivance at her husband's death as on the wanton absurdity of the deed itself. They alleged the craft and ambition of her illegitimate brother, the furious and busy zeal of the new party in the church, and the gracious heedlessness of a generous woman educated in an easy court, as the true causes of the libels stirred up against her. It was too easy to find evil motives for those who misjudged her conduct, and they wisely left the conduct itself undenied. But the talents and the graces of Mary were not enough to guide her through the labyrinth of such entangled politics. She threw herself into the hands of the Lord Bothwell, a nobleman whose character seems to have combined all the levities of her first husband with the fierceness and fraud of her reputed brother. Her most partial historian tells us of the festivities and mock homage with which this politician contrived to feed her fancy and her vanity while he held her in his toils.—Proud, open, and generous by nature, Mary would have been able to resist threats and bribes from the party called her enemies, but she was not on her guard against the flatteries of pretended friends. During her residence at the Lord Bothwell's castle, her ears were incessantly beguiled by solacing declarations of attachment to her cause and person: and her eyes by the pageant-spectacles arranged to waste her time and degrade her character. She did not see her shackles till they were rivetted, and Bothwell insisted on a recompense for his zeal not less than the authority of a husband. Mary found herself compelled to yield it, and

to make this desperate man, from whom she had gained nothing but a short period of false comfort, the master of herself and her destiny. This was the triumph of the faction who had employed him; and thus by decoying her into a shameful alliance with one of her husband's suspected murderers, they at once prepared and justified her total ruin.

When Mary had degraded herself by this alliance, the nobility openly cast off their allegiance. But to procure from her the surrender of her crown, which was their secret aim, it was needful to divide her from Bothwell, who would not have parted willingly with the prize he hoped to share. Therefore one of their number was deputed to make overtures of submission, provided she renounced her second husband; and Mary, rendered timid and feeble by error, fell into this third snare, and committed herself on their own terms into the hands of the confederate nobles. Edinburgh had declared for them; and thither, with a semblance of respect and gratitude, they conducted a princess who had been in less than two years twice a wife, if Bothwell could be called her husband after lawlessly divorcing the mother of his only son.

The Queen's procession through Edinburgh to Holyrood was thronged as usual with gazers and followers; nor was the strong influence of her enemies sufficient to suppress or control the acclamations she always excited. On this occasion she rode on one of her favourite palfreys decked richly with silver fringe, and her veil of embroidered gauze hung over her face enough to tantalize without disappointing curiosity. A woman of ordinary talents would have attempted to interest the populace by retirement, mourning weeds, and a face full of sadness: but this princess, acting on principles of shrewd policy, took care to present herself among her enemies with an aspect even gay and more alluring than usual. She had in her train the best accounted nobles of her court, and her tirewoman had neglected nothing

to adorn her person. Crowds of men, women, and children, poured from every wynd in the city, and hung in clusters on the housetops, to see what resembled more the pageant of a triumphant sovereign than a suspected and degraded widow's. The affability and the confiding carelessness of her demeanour, if it did not convince her enemies of her innocence, had at least the charm of an implied reliance on their mercy. A few of Knox's more austere adherents slunk away from the crowd, and those who condemned the parade remained to wonder at it, till they were forced to join the clamour of applause. She rested on her way to the Earl of Morton's house in Edinburgh; and while she leaned from his balcony to throw largess among her subjects, a troop of women came to kiss the hem of her mantle as it hung over, and to lay petitions at her feet. The Lord Athol, or as others say Kirkaldy of Grange, took up one, offered by the meanest of the groupe; and when the noise of the rebecks ceased, the queen bade him continue the music of her people by reading their addresses to her. He obeyed, and opening the first he had taken up, found it in the form of this letter.

“Fayer and good queene,

“This cometh fra' one who wisheth you all helth and joie inasmuch as youre joie much comforts all grived and doubted wives. For if your majestie can be thus glesome and praised by loyalle foulk, there is no distressed or misused woman who may not claim to be thocht guileless, and bear an open face in all places. Therefore I praie your good Majestie to make known how moche and how long womynkinde may suffer and how far they may synne withouten blame. This I rather aske than praie, for if our queene taketh from us the marke and stamp of what is fitting, it beseemeth her to give us a new order for our guidance, lest there be none that know what is holie or unholie.—Your most fayer and royalle self hath had a nobyll husband of whom his enemies saie onlie that he shewed the synnes of a free and bounti-

ful nature; which if in hymme they needed such deadlie rebuke, need it also in a wyfe and a queene: Your Majestie hath taken awaie from patient and meek wyves the glorie of meekness and the recompense of a praised name; inasmuche as it now seemeth better to be brave in aspect and liberall in courtesie, than to have an unsoiled name and quiet homestead. Therefore it befitteth your Majestie to provide means and lodgment for free-hearted wyves, lest not havinge riche apparelle and rare beautie they may fall into contempt: and that braverie he scoffed at in ugliness and a stuff kirtle which hath praise in beauty and broidery.

"Let your royalle self compell those men who stand at your righte-hand to judge of their wyves and sisters as it hath pleased them to judge their mistress: and if peradventure there be one of them who hath a nephew riven of his birthright and his Mother's good name, let him not tread on both because it is his will to believe a lonelie and weak woman hath had (it may be) such misgivings as are but comlie accidents in your good majestie.

"Nor let this be cast awaie because it cometh fra' one who hath neither husband nor good name, for by those accidents I am made worthie to compare with your Majestie. Moreover in an ill repute there is no shame, sith your good self beareth it so lightlie; and if the truth be in it, there it still evil, as hath been proven by the Manie that see none in your Majestie, and by your own high grace and favour to him who hath caused these mischances to his poor wyfe and your liege-servante

"ANN BOTHWELL."

Kirkaldy of Grange, to do him justice, was confounded and amazed at the unexpected contents of this letter. He cast an indirect glance at the Earl of Morton, who stood, favoured by his low stature, unobserved behind the queen. His sinister eye gleamed at once with his natural delight in sarcasm, and with the hope of building his own triumph as a libertine on the Queen's abasement. But Mary read the eyes of both her courtiers; and taking her son James, then little more than a year

old, into her arms, she beckoned the bringer of this bold letter towards the balcony. Instead of skulking among the crowd, the person who had delivered it stood still firmly in her place, with her garments muffled round her, but her head uncovered, except by a widow's curch. Mary fixed her large blue eyes on the stranger; and putting a cross of jewels into her infant's hand, said, with that sweet smile which painters and historians have loved to imagine, "Petitioner, the queen has nothing left to give, but her son promises by this cross to amend all things."—The unknown woman looked up, and at the same instant the little prince dropped the cross from his hands into her bosom; on which she bowed her head lowly, and answered, "My benison on ye! The cross is a comforter, and the red rose and the thistle may knit together round it."

Mary was no stranger to Earl Bothwell's divorce from the Lady Ann, for whom the legendary ballad* which bears her name has excited more interest than even the historical facts relating to her. She looked earnestly at this strange and meanly dressed woman; and was surprised to see beauty not inferior to her own. The gloomy Earl of Morton smiled at the blush of shame and remorse which reddened Mary's brow, and withdrew her from the gaze of the crowd—the last that ever beheld her in Edinburgh as their queen.

Something more than twenty years

* "Balow, my babe, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to see thee weep;
If thou'll be silent, I'll be glad,
Thy moaning makes my heart fu'sad—
Balow, my babe!—thy mither's joy!
Thy father breeds me sair annoy.

2.

When he began to seek my love,
And with his sacred words to move,
His feigning fause and flatt'ring cheer
To me that time did nocht appear.
But now I see that cruel be
Cares neither for my babe nor me.

3.

Balow, my sweet one! spare thy tears
To weep when thou hast wit and ears:
Thy griefs are gathering to a sum—
God grant thee patience when they come!
Born to proclaim a mother's shame,
A father's fall, a traitor's name."

passed between this period and the time of Mary's fatal trial. Her long absence and imprisonment had mollified her common enemies; the regent Earl of Morton had perished by assassination; Buchanan was no more, and the flame excited by their zeal against her was sinking under the usual influence of time and changing interests. But of all the partizans that maintained her innocence, none were more strenuous than the uncle and brother of Lady Ann Bothwell, the divorced wife of the ruined and expatriated Earl. Of their sister's fate they chose to know nothing: it was believed that she had withdrawn into one of the few convents still left in existence, and her infant son had been heard of no more. Forsaken and disinherited, this unhappy boy would have had few chances of notice from the family of his proscribed father, and his mother's seized the opportunity afforded by her divorce, to usurp the lands which should have been his birthright. His mother gave him the Queen's cross, and advised him to assume a name less hated.

Near one of these ruined convents, in the night of an unruly October-day, three men assembled at the sound of a whistle blown by a young shepherd, whose flock were browsing on the dark brown heather which then clothed the valley of Dundrennan. 'The moon is up again in the west,' said the youth, as he fanned into a flame the red faggot under a nook of the cloister—'the moon is up, and the queen has escaped!' 'Escaped!' answered the Lord Maxwell, sheathing his dirk in the earth on which he sat—'then let the dry sod keep it bright, for there will be use for it—Mary escaped from Elizabeth's clutch!—what now becomes of the baronies of Bothwell?'

'To whom,' said Herries of Caerlaverock, 'could she have given them better than to the brother of his father?—There is small need, Maxwell, to be doubting who will have the forest when the doe is in our hands.—Have ye made the bed ready, Fahm, and all gear fitting for a lady?'

'Fresh heather and new hay,' re-

turned the lad, to whom the name of Fahm was given not unaptly. For the most grim and deformed imp created by Scottish superstition is called thus, and the companions of this young man had accustomed him to bear it in derision, because his distorted shape and wild countenance accorded fully with their notion of night-goblins. Presently another and softer whistle was blown among the cloisters, and the two Scotch nobles ran out to receive their comrades. The foremost made a sign expressive of their full success; and lifting a woman from the horse that bore her, they placed her on the ground, and vanished among the shadows of the valley.

'You are welcome, our lady and mistress,' said Caerlaverock, 'to this place, which gave you shelter on a worse journey. The wild fox and the roe have lived here where the altar-stone stood, but we will swear faith on our swords.'

The queen seemed faint with her long and toilsome journey, and sat down on the bed of heather prepared for her in the cloister. By the red light of the torch which her adherents ventured to place near it, they saw her hair had grown grey and her face wan with suffering. The clear keen blue eye remained, but the lovely roundness of the cheek and chin, the smooth alabaster forehead, and the lips so enchanting in their promise, were all faded into ghastliness.

'Be of good cheer, madam,' rejoined Herries:—'this is not Dundrennan as it was when you reposed here on your way to England—this is a ruin such as poor Scotland is, but it has gallant hearts in it, and the queen's presence makes it holy again.'

The queen put her hood aside, and raised herself on an arm still full of beauty. 'Methinks,' she said, looking composedly round her, 'my court is small, and there might have been more to welcome me. But I am not so rich in friends as to cast away even the ungracious, else I might say the Lord Maxwell seemeth as if he had not wished my safe coming.'

'No, madam,' said Lord Maxwell, sternly, 'I have not wished it. For

this is the second trial that hath befallen you, and it pleases brave men better to see courage than cunning. And I had rather that my queen had met her judges with a quiet and firm spirit, than dwelt with thieves and brawlers to buy their help.'

'That is,' replied Mary, 'my Lord Maxwell is ill pleased that I have taken aid from poor and unlettered men when great ones had none to spare me.'

'Service is not always friendship,' answered the Scotch knight; 'and safety is not among knaves. There were noble and true men in Scotland who would have helped their mistress if she had trusted them and helped herself. But she put her secrets into the hands of serving-men, and took counsel among ruffians. They who have helped her back to Scotland, have need of her as a corner-stone for their own fortunes, and then they will hew it into pieces.'

'And what fortunes has Lord Maxwell built,' returned Mary, 'that he needs no help from me?'

'My name is Adam Hepburn, and my father's name was Bothwell.'

The queen seemed pained by this answer. Yet though her lips trembled and grew dark, her eyes had a sunny brightness in them—'Thou art Bothwell's son,' she exclaimed—'yet thou comest here to serve Mary Stewart?'

'Why should I not serve Mary Stewart?' said the young man, haughtily. 'It was not by her crime that my mother was divorced and cast aside. It was my father's frailty that made him a buyer of false witnesses and a teacher of perjury to set himself free. My mother was stained and degraded by plotters, yet she was innocent—therefore I will believe Mary Stewart may be guiltless. My mother's good name was sold for a price, and her most innocent deeds wrested and shaped into harlotry—why may I not think my queen wrongfully accused?—I avenge my mother by defending all that are persecuted.'

'Adam Hepburn!' said the queen, raising her voice to a shrill scream, 'tell me truly if it was thy means brought me hither?'

'Mary Stewart,' answered Bothwell's son—to think thee an unhappy woman, and a queen worthy our country is not the same. Thy familiar courtesy has made men fools; and the folly which a homely matron ought not to nourish, a queen should both fear and scorn. Men will not dally for smiles alone when a woman's hand holds the key of an exchequer: and I will not be one of those who would give thee a crown to play with, though I am here to defend the last stake thou hast left thyself.'

As the young knight spoke, the grisly shepherd-boy, who had witnessed the queen's arrival, suddenly threw the torch from its place. In an instant the ruined cloister was filled with armed men, to whom his treachery had given this signal. Herries sprang from the hearth where he had kept watch, and joined his dirk to the Lord Maxwell's, but their desperate courage was vain. Mary was conveyed back to Fotheringay-castle, and her brief escape known only to the few who soon after witnessed her death upon a scaffold. Some wandering foragers, perhaps the band whose base aid Mary had fatally trusted, found and buried the body of her second husband's unfortunate son, covered with mortal wounds, and distinguished only by the cross of jewels which she had given to Lady Ann Bothwell in that day when the graces of her beauty almost atoned for her errors. And those errors were more than fully atoned by her long miseries and warning example.

Fahm, the treacherous agent of these ruffians, received the cross as his share of their booty, and secured also a paper found under the buff coat worn by one of the slain. The seal and part of the envelope were crushed and steeped in blood, but he decyphered this remnant of the contents, and thought himself richly repaid by what seemed a letter from Mary to her brother's son.

'I thank you for shewing me in my day of trouble the strength and truth of your affection. Your father also had his days of trouble, which shewed him who were his real friends. In those times he found shelter, comfort, and help from his sister. But it fits men to forget when they dare not be grateful.'

‘Your father’s sister returns to this country to ask justice, not alms. What she demands would not impoverish her opponent—but that opponent is gracious and splendid—she is only a defenceless woman, grown old in years and affliction—widowed in the truest sense of that word; and she returns after long absence to a place where those who loved her are dead, and those who knew her best are feeble and poor.

‘She thanks her kindred for leaving her alone in the struggle. They have helped her to shew what courage will do for integrity, and time for justice. For all this she thanks them; and while she forgets their unkindness, she will also forget that she designed them to partake her prosperity.’—The rest was illegible, and the torn envelope seemed a copy of Lady Ann Bothwell’s letter to the queen.

Fahm determined to preserve this relic as a step to his future fortunes. By extracting a diamond from the cross, he found means to reach England, and to subsist in secret till the accession of Queen Mary’s son, James I. called forth all her friends. By decent attire and sufficient courage he procured access to Secretary Cecil, as he journeyed to pay his court to the new sovereign. Though

Cecil had been the prime-minister of Mary’s enemy, it was well-known that he had reason to expect favour from her son. Fahm humbly represented himself as a servant of the Stewart-family, and shewed the cross, the letter, and its bloody envelope, as tokens of its truth. The Secretary looked shrewdly at the paper, and replied, ‘How knowest thou that this letter is Queen Mary’s?—Might it not have been as fittingly written by the Lady Ann Bothwell to her brother who shut his door on her?’—‘Ay, sir,’ said the bold rogue—‘but your excellency knows it would be for the queen’s credit to shew this abroad, and say nothing of Lady Ann’s letter to her grace, which was a nipping one, and did her much harm. They be both good brands to light a fire with among the folk: but a queen’s wrongs are more than a gentlewoman’s,—and the queen’s letter is wittier than Lady Ann’s.’—‘Thou liest,’ answered the Secretary of State—‘*I wrote them both myself.*’

Fahm was seized the next day as a thief, and history informs us he was the only man hanged by James I. without a trial;—a retribution rash in an English King, but well worthy a place in the Annals of Justice. V.

(Monthly Magazine.)

“DEAR IS THE BROW WHERE TRESSES ARE WAVING.”

BY GEORGE RATHBONE.

DEAR is the brow where tresses are waving,
 Silky and soft of the chesnut hue,
 Dear is the smile, like magic enslaving,
 But dearer the heart that is open and true.
 Dear are the sallies of wit that flashes
 So keen from those orbs of the brightest blue,
 And the feeling that lurks in the jetty lashes,
 But dearer the heart that is open and true.

Dear are those tints when the warm blood gushes,
 Suffuses the cheek with a crimson hue,
 Till the love-fraught eye is lit with blushes,
 But dearer the heart that is open and true.
 Dearer to me than the warrior’s laurel,
 Or the pomp of a palace, enjoy’d by a few,
 Is a kiss from those whitened lips of coral,
 And a throb from the heart that is open and true.

Liverpool, Jan. 1, 1821.

KNIGHT TOGGENBURG.

BY SCHILLER.

O Knight! a sister's love for thee
My bosom has confess'd ;
Then ask no other love from me,
Nor wound a faithful breast.
If cold to thee that love appears,
Go, Knight! unmurmuring go—
And dry those sad and silent tears—
I know not why they flow."

He heard—embrac'd her, but his tongue
No agony betray'd ;
Then wildly broke away, and sprung
On his war-horse array'd ;
And straight to his Switzer-vassals he
Issues his high command,
To wear the Cross of Calvary
And speed to the Holy Land.

There many a deed of glory bright
Proclaim'd his fame around ;
And wherever there raged the bloodiest fight,
There, there was the hero found.
His name alone could appal the heart
Of the fiercest infidel—
But his spirit still groan'd with the secret smart,
That nothing on earth could heal.

He bore that pang through a long, long year :
He could hear that pang no more ;
Nor glory's crowns, nor victory's cheer
That inner pang could cure.
A ship he sees on Joppa's strand
With all its sails display'd ;
And he speeds away to his father-land,
By favouring winds convey'd

And swift he flew to the castle-gate
That guards his angel dear :
When O! what terrible accents grate
On his horror-stricken ear.
She wears the Veil so pure and blest,
And is the Bride of Heaven :
And yesterday was the marriage-feast
In the holy convent given."

And he left, and left alas! for ever,
His father's castle then—
Abandon'd his bright arms—and never
He mounted his steed again.
And the warrior's praise was heard no more,
Unknown was the stranger's fame ;
For the coarse, cold garment of hair he wore
Conceal'd his noble frame.

At the end of the dusky Linden aisle
Where the holy convent stood,
His own hands rais'd a humble pile,
A hut of straw and wood.
And there he watch'd from the morning's break
To the evening's hour of peace—
And silent Hope oft flush'd his cheek,
As he sat in loneliness.

For hours and hours he speechless sate,
His eye on the convent above ;
Until he heard the window grate
Of his Heaven-devoted love—
Until he saw her shadow bright
In the dark and lonely cell :
In his eye, it fill'd the vale with light,
Soft—pure—ineffable.

Then satisfied he sunk to rest :
His spirit own'd no pain,
But liv'd upon the hope so blest
To see that shade again.
And thus for many a day and year
The tranquil Pilgrim sate,
(Nor heav'd a sigh, nor shed a tear)
To hear the window grate—

Until he saw her shadow bright
Soft—beaming from above,
Filling the gladden'd vale with light,
And purity and love.
And so he sate, and so he fell
A corpse all stiff and chill :
His dim eye fix'd upon the cell
Of his loved angel still.

THE BREAD FRUIT TREE.

(Monthly Magazine.)

New and interesting Particulars relative to the RIMA or BREAD FRUIT TREE (Artocarpus Incisa.) By M. LEESON.

IN its botanical relations, the bread fruit tree is a species of the *Artocarpus* genus of Forster. In the sexual system of Linnæus, it is of the *Monœcia Monandria* tribe, and must not be confounded with a dwarf palm tree, a native of Africa,—which equally bears the name of bread fruit tree. It affords an agreeable sustenance to some tribes north of the Cape. The

genus at large comprehends the following species :—1. The bread fruit tree, or jaquier, that forms the object of this notice.—2. The Jaca, or Jaquier of the Indies.—3. The Heterophyllous Jaquier.—4. The shaggy or hairy Jaquier, (*hirsuta*) of Rheede ; and, 5. The Jaquier of the Philippines. The flowers are monoïc, or male and female on the same tree. The inhabitants of

Amboyna call it Kullusutan; those of Java and Mádura have named it Soc-cumbidji kaler, and the natives of Otaheite designate it by the word Ooroo. The stock or trunk, which contains a milky juice, rises to a height of more than forty feet. The wood is soft, yellowish, and light. The trunk is upright, the bark greyish, and in cracks or crevices; its cinex, or top part, ample and round, branches numerous and wide-spreading; the lower ones reach out horizontally. The leaves are pointed, petiolated, very large, and deeply tinged, on each side, with a beautiful green. Each leaf about 18 inches long, and from eight to ten broad. The flowers are succeeded by a savoury fruit, the size of a Cantaloup melon, with a rough surface or coating, and a thick skin; the kernel or food is at first white, but yellowish in its advance to maturity. The fruit grows either adhering to the trunk, or on the large branches, seldom on the smaller ones.

As for the country of the Rima, it has been long known in the Moluccas, in the Marian Isles, and in Celebes; but it seems to have been little appreciated in those climates. It is only since the discovery of the Eastern Islands, in the South Sea, that this tree, or rather a variety of it, has risen to celebrity. The bread fruit tree grows abundantly in those islands, and constitutes a principal resource of the people that inhabit them. It has been transplanted by the Europeans into some of their West India possessions, and it appears to thrive as well as on its natal soil.

The fruit is not the only part of this vegetable which is useful. With the *liber*, or second bark, the Otaheitean composes the *pagnon*, or cloth, that envelops his body; with the trunk he forms his habitation, as also the funeral morai that is to contain his remains. Some parts of it are used in the construction of his pirogue, or war canoe. The leaves serve for table linen and utensils; over them, he lays his broiled pork and other food, prepared by the branches set on fire. Lastly, from a thick juice, which oozes from the bark when cut into, he makes a sort of glue,

that helps certain substances to take very brilliant colours.

Captain Wallis has explained the manner in which the natives of Otaheite and Owarree dress the bread fruit for eating. First, they broil it, placing it in a hole in the earth, containing stones that have been well heated.—Over these, the fruit of the Rima is laid, and the orifice of the cavity is covered with another stone, to prevent the heat from escaping too rapidly. This operation of cooking does not take up much time; there is, generally, as a culinary adjunct to it, a sour fruit, not good in itself, but giving an agreeable flavour to the proper relish of the bread fruit.

This fruit can only be gathered fresh through eight months of the year; and it requires a certain economical process to keep it in the months of September, October, November, and December.—Each islander prepares a particular instrument of wood, worked with the valve of some mollusca shells, and all the fruit that he can gather, he transforms into a tartish paste, called there, mahie. The paste undergoes a kind of fermentation, which makes it fit to keep a long time, or till the next gathering. Another precaution consists in the cultivation of the tree, on their hills, where the fruit will hold out when the trees of the plains are exhausted. Such as have been improvident must content themselves with cocoas, which are but rare, or with any sour and disagreeable fruits that they can find.

In its wild state this fruit, covered with a thick pulp, contains oblong grains, somewhat pointed at the two ends, of the size of a common olive. By culture a thick pulp is produced, very white, mealy before ripe, gelatinous and yellowish at maturity; the taste like that of wheat bread, mixed with the artichoke.

Like some other fruits, this has passed from the table of the servants to that of the master; though, at first, intended for the negro slaves, it is occasionally boiled, and preferred to the decoctions of maize, or manioc. It also leaves a sediment well adapted to the making of very palatable pastry.

It would be a practicable measure to dry the bread fruit bread, cutting it into thin slices, at a slow fire, so as to extract the mucous sugar that it contains. It might then, with the help of hot water, become serviceable to seamen.

Some ancient travellers report that, in their times, the bread fruit tree was a source of subsistence to nations inhabiting the south of Asia. Eucomiums have been lavished on it by Dampier, Anson, Wallis, Carteret, Cook, Solander, and others, and more especially within the last 50 years.

Captain Cook's account of it is as follows: "The bread fruit grows on a tree about the size of a small oak; its leaves, of an oval figure, are frequently a foot and a half in length; they are deeply indented, like those of the fig-tree, which they resemble in the consistence, colour, and white milky juice which they emit, when broken into. The fruit is nearly the size and shape of a child's head; the surface is composed of a sort of net-work, covered with a light skin, and there is a core, the size of the handle of a small knife.

"The eatable substance is between the skin and the core; it is as white as snow, and has a consistence somewhat firmer than new bread. Before eating, it is divided into three or four parts, and broiled. The taste, though insipid, gives a relish like that of a crumb of wheat bread, mixed with Jerusalem artichoke."

From the voyage, &c. of Durand, to Senegal, there seems to be another species of this plant in Western Africa: the following are his words: "In the countries about Sierra Leone, there is a bread fruit tree which, at a distance, might be taken for an old apple tree. It grows abundantly in low and sandy districts. The fruit is about the size of a common apple; when fresh, the food is very nourishing, and tastes like gingerbread, but when too old it becomes insipid."

The French as well as the English, have made voyages to fetch away the plant. Captain Bligh was twice dispatched, by the latter, on this mission. Though deserted by the greater part of his crew, he landed in the Bay of Cou-

pang, after traversing seas of an immense extent, with a few faithful companions, in a slight canoe. There Nelson, the botanist, died, who had the care of the bread fruit plants, and soon after, Riedlé, the head gardener in an expedition to the Austral regions, was interred in a corner of the same land.

The voyager Sonnerat, who was a commissary in the French marine, brought away some plants of the Jacquier from the Isle of Lucon, to the Isle of France. The Intendant Poivre carefully superintended their culture, and the plantations prospered. Another variety was introduced by M. Labillardière, into the Isle of France, and it bore fruit, for the first time, in 1800. Transported thence into the West Indies, it was speedily naturalized; but the soil of Cayenne has been uncommonly favourable to its growth and multiplication. The tree thrives also, with due culture, in Jamaica.

If its diffusion were once become general, it is highly probable that the ripe fruit might afford a paste that would be an excellent anti-scorbutic, and prove a substitute for the kront used by seamen. The seeds of the plant may be parched or boiled, like chestnuts.

The seamen will find the succulent food of the Rima to eat more delicious, if he drink with it the emulsive beverage contained in the ligneous coating of the cocoa. But some attentions are requisite in the use; the properties of the fruit are naturally laxative, and if is eaten too ripe, the rima may occasion dysenteries, a malady that frequently proves fatal in hot countries.

In the islands of the Pacific, each individual plants about a dozen of these trees for posterity, and this number suffices to prevent a sensible decrease in their growth.

Like the sugar cane and banana tree, which, from culture, have lost the faculty of re-production in their seeds, the bread fruit tree may easily be multiplied by sprigs or slips taken from the root. In Europe it will only grow in hot-houses; but hopes are indulged that it may be naturalized in Italy, Sicily, and even in the south of France.

(European Magazine.)

EGAN'S "LIFE IN LONDON."*

IN these days, when every man who can read calls himself a man of letters, and all who can write set up for authors; when almost every branch of literature has been stripped, and little remains but to begin at the beginning again; no small share of praise is due to the ingenious and daring author, who strikes into a new path, and presents to the public view an object which has never been seen before, or has been forgotten.

This is the great merit of the author of the book before us. It is unnecessary to say one word on Mr Egan's previous literary achievements. *Boxiana* and the *Sporting Anecdotes* will form the monument of his talents "ære perennius" while taste and science exist in the world. No man who knows the use of his fists but will confess with grateful delight how much he has been indebted to the first of these works, in which Mr. Egan has proved his legitimate claims to the laurels of the celebrated Captain Godfrey, with whom he enjoys the reputation of being the only eminent authors who have written works of fancy without fiction, though they have sometimes indulged in fibbing when relating matters of fact.

Mr. Egan's present work is not confined to the *ring*; he has taken a subject as inexhaustible as human nature, and as extensive as the world's epitome; London! He has represented in the person of his hero, a gentleman by birth and education, of a manly generous temper, liberal ideas, good constitution, and large fortune, determined to *see life*. This purpose he pursues with all the ardour of youth, and with that determination to do well whatever he chooses to do, which characterises a man of genius. He is quite successful; and after having gone through all the gradations, suffered all their consequences, and paid in hard experience the only

coin current upon such occasions, he "relates his adventures for the benefit of *fire-side heroes*, and sprightly maidens, who may feel a wish to *see life*, without receiving a *scratch*." Jerry Hawthorn is a *raw*, whose education the Corinthian has undertaken to finish, and who seems to have been introduced for the purpose of setting off by his inexperience, the elegant accomplishments of our hero. In the author's words, "the grand object of this work is an attempt to pourtray what is termed *seeing life*, in all its various bearings upon society, from the high-mettled Corinthian of St. James', swaddled in luxury, to the needy *flue-faker*(1) of Wapping, *born without a shirt*, and not a bit of *scrان*(2) in his cup, to allay his piteous cravings. Life in London is the spot in view, and provided the chase is turned to a good account, *seeing life* will be found to have its advantages, and upon this calculation, whether an evening is spent over a bottle of Champagne at Long's, or in taking a *third of a daffy*(3) at Tom Belcher's, if the *mind* does not decide it barren, then the purposes are gained. Equally so in *waltzing* with the *angelics* at my lady Fubb's assembly, at Almacks, or *sporting a toe* at Mrs. Snook's *hop* at St. Kits', among the pretty straw damsels and dashing *chippers*, if a knowledge of *life*, an acquaintance with *character*, and the importance of *comparison*, are the ultimate results.—'

"A peep at Bow-street office—a stroll through Westminster Abbey—a lounge at the Royal Academy—an hour passed with the eccentrics—a strut through the lobbies of the Theatres—a trot on Sundays in Rotten-row, have all turned to account. Even if out of wind, and compelled to make a *stand still* over the Elgin marbles, at the British Museum, it will be found, that the time has not been misapplied. Washing the *ivory*(4) with a prime

* Life in London, or the Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorn, Esq. and his elegant friend Corinthian Tom, in their Rambles and Sprees through the Metropolis, &c. By Pierce Egan, Author of *Sporting Anecdotes*.

(1) Chimney Sweeper.

(2) Food.

(3) Third of a quartern of gin.

(4) Teeth.

screw(5) under the spikes(6) in St. George's-fields, or in tossing off on the sly some tupe(7) with a pal, undergoing a three months preparation(8) to come out as a new member of society, is a scene that develops a great deal of the human heart."

The task is a difficult one, and but few men can execute it. The moralist may reason upon the virtues and vices, passions, habits, and circumstances by which in the abstract man is acted upon; but he cannot detect the poisonous drug which lurks at the bottom of pleasure's chalice, nor chase the hidden serpent from the bed of roses, which lies invitingly in the path. Seneca would make but an indifferent *second in a turn-up*; —and what constable of the night would take Plato's word for a gentleman's appearing before a magistrate in the morning? It is the experienced dupe who makes the sage adviser; he whose bark has been damaged by it, can best point out the insidious rock. Of the utility of such a work there can be no doubt, while London abounds as it does with imposture and temptation. As far as it has proceeded, (the three first numbers only having been published,) it is executed with considerable taste and truth, and deserves to fill a respectable rank among works of *practical philosophy*. It is one of the most amusing books lately published; for our own parts, but perhaps we are partial, we prefer it to many of the sketches of mankind which have appeared since the days of the Spectator. "Le Franc Parleur" does not speak half so *plainly* as our hero, "L'Hermitte de la Chaussée d'Antin" leads too retired a life, and the Hermit in London too dandyish and vapid a one to compare with him. Geoffrey Crayon presents mere sketches while Corinthian Tom gives finished portraits; with all the delicacy and precision of Gerard Douw he unites the

boldness of Rubens, and the intimate knowledge of Teniers.

Mr. Egan, perhaps anticipating the objections which the unlearned might entertain against the *modern Greek*, which he has so beautifully and so necessarily introduced in his book, has the following apologetic note:—

"I am aware that some of my readers of a higher class of society may feel, or seem to think, that I have introduced a little too much of the *slang*, but I am anxious to render myself perfectly intelligent to all parties. Half the world are *up* to it; and it is my intention to make the other half *down* to it. Life in London demands this sort of demonstration. A kind of cant phraseology is current from one end of the metropolis to the other. Indeed, even in the time of Lord Chesterfield he complained of it. In some females of the highest rank it is as strongly marked, as in *dingey drabble-tailed Sall*, who is compelled to dispose of a few sprats to turn an honest penny. The duchess at the Opera, informs the countess of a *row* which occurred on the last evening with as much *sang froid* as *Carrotty Poll* mentions to a *Coster Monger*, the *lark* she was engaged in at a *gin-spinner's*, and in being turned out of the *penny* got her *ogles* took measure of for a *suit of mourning*."

"Therefore some allowance is to be made for an author who is compelled to write under a subdued tone of expression, in order to keep his promise with the public, that 'the modest it is trusted will not have occasion to turn aside with disgust, nor the moralist to shut the book offended.'—" In fact, in many instances the language of real life is so very strong, coarse, and even disgusting, that in consequence of keeping the above object in view, the points of many a rich scene are in danger of being frittered away; nay, of being almost reduced to tameness and insipidity."

We have but one word to say to Mr. Egan in the way of caution. He sometimes, in an excess of that liberality of sentiment which is so remarkable in him, forgets to pay proper attention to the rules of grammar. Let this be mended.

(5) Turnkey.

(6) Belonging to the King's Bench, formerly called Ellenborough's, now Abbott's teeth.

(7) Gin; but spirituous liquors not being admitted into any prison, they are disguised under various appellations.

(8) White washing; but this old phrase is now nearly obsolete.

(New Monthly Magazine.)

LIVING POETS—WORDSWORTH.

Blessings be on him and immortal praise,
 Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,
 The *Poet* who on earth hath made us heirs
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!—

FALSE doctrines of taste can endure only for a little season, but the productions of genius are “for all time.” Its discoveries cannot be lost—its images will not perish—its most delicate influences cannot be dissipated by the changes of times and of seasons. It may be a curious and interesting question, whether a poet laboriously builds up his fame with purpose and judgment, or, as has most falsely been said of Shakspeare, “grows immortal in his own despite;” but it cannot affect his highest claims to the gratitude and admiration of the world. If Milton preferred *Paradise Regained* to *Paradise Lost*, does that strange mistake detract from our revering love? What would be our feeling towards critics, who should venture to allude to it as a proof that his works were unworthy of perusal, and decline an examination of those works themselves on the ground that his perverse taste sufficiently proved his want of genius? Yet this is the mode by which popular Reviewers have attempted to depreciate Wordsworth—they have argued from his theories to his poetry, instead of examining the poetry itself—as if their reasoning was better than the fact in question, or as if one eternal image set up in the stateliest region of poesy, had not value to outweigh all the truths of criticism, or to atone for all its errors!

Take, for example, the following picture of masses of vapour receding among the steep and summits of the mountains, after a storm, beneath an azure sky; the earlier part of which seems almost like another glimpse of Milton’s heaven; and the conclusion of which impresses us solemnly with the most awful visions of Hebrew prophecy:

———“A step,

A single step, which freed me from the skirts
 Of the blind vapour, opened to view
 Glory beyond all glory ever seen

By waking sense or by the dreaming soul—
 The appearance instantaneously disclosed,
 Was of a mighty city—boldly say
 A wilderness of building, sinking far
 And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth
 Far sinking into splendour—without end!
 Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
 With alabaster domes and silver spires;
 And blazing terrace upon terrace high
 Uplifted: here serene pavilions bright
 In avenues disposed; there towers begirt
 With battlements that on their restless fronts
 Bore stars, illumination of all gems!
 O ’twas an unimaginable sight;
 Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald
 turf,

Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,
 Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
 Molten together, and composing thus,
 Each lost in each, that marvellous array
 Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
 Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
 In fleecy folds voluminous enwrapped.
 Right in the midst, where interspace appeared,
 Of open court, an object like a throne
 Beneath a shining canopy of state
 Stood fix’d; and fix’d resemblances were seen
 To implements of ordinary use,
 But vast in size, in substance glorified;
 Such as by Hebrew prophets were beheld
 In vision—forms uncouth of mightiest power,
 For admiration and mysterious awe!”

Excursion, B. II.

Contrast with this the delicate grace of the following picture, which represents the white doe of Rylstone—that most beautiful of mysteries—on her Sabbath visit to the grave of her sainted lady:—

“Soft—the dusky trees between
 And down the path through the open green
 Where is no living thing to be seen;
 And through yon gateway where is found,
 Beneath the arch with Ivy bound,
 Free entrance to the church-yard ground;
 And right across the verdant sod
 Towards the very house of God;
 —Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
 Comes gliding in serene and slow,
 Soft and silent as a dream,
 A solitary Doe!
 White is she as lily in June;
 And beauteous as the silver moon,
 When out of sight the clouds are driven
 And she is left alone in heaven;
 Or like a ship some gentle day
 In sunshine sailing far away,

A glittering ship, that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain.

* * *
What harmonious pensive changes
Wait upon her as she ranges
Round and through this pile of state,
Overthrown and desolate !
Now a step or two her way
Is through space of open day,
Where the enamour'd sunny light
Brightens her that was so bright ;
Now doth a delicate shadow fall,
Falls upon her like a breath,
From some lofty arch or wall,
As she passes underneath :
Now some gloomy nook partakes
Of the glory which she makes,—
High-ribbed vault of stone, or cell
With perfect cunning framed, as well
Of stone and ivy, and the spread
Of the elder's bushy head ;
Some jealous and forbidding cell,
That doth the living stars repel,
And where no flower hath leave to dwell.

* * *
—Her's are eyes serenely bright,
And on she moves—with pace how light,
Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste
The dewy turf, with flower bestrown ;
And in this way, she fares, till at last
Beside the ridge of a grassy grave
In quietness she lays her down ;
Gently as a weary wave
Sinks, when the summer breeze hath died,
Against an anchor'd vessel's side ;
Even so, without distress, doth she
Lie down in peace, and lovingly."

White Doe of Rylstone, Canto I.

What, as mere description, can be more masterly than the following picture of the mountain solitude, where a dog was found, after three months' watching by his master's body—though the touches which send the feeling of deep loneliness into the soul, and the bold imagination which represents the huge recess as visited by elemental presences, are produced by higher than descriptive powers?—

"It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps till June December's snow ;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn below !
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway, or cultivated land ;
From trace of human foot or hand.

There, sometimes does a leaping fish
Send through the Tarn a lonely cheer ;
The crags repeat the raven's croak
In symphony austere ;
Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud ;
And mists that spread the flying shroud,
And sun-beams ; and the sounding blast,
That, if it could, would hurry past,
But that enormous barrier binds it fast."

No poet has done such justice to the depth and fulness of maternal love. What, for instance, can be more tear-moving than these exclamations of a mother, who for seven years has heard no tidings of an only child, abandoning the false stay of a pride which ever does unholly violence to the sufferer?—

"Neglect me ! no, I suffer'd long
From that ill thought ; and, being blind,
Said, "Pride shall help me in my wrong ;
Kind mother have I been, as kind
As ever breathed," and that is true ;
I've wet my path with tears like dew,
Weeping for him when no one knew.
My son, if thou be humbled, poor,
Hopeless of honour, or of gain,
Oh ! do not dread thy mother's door ;
Think not of me with grief or pain
I now can see with better eyes :
And worldly grandeur I despise,
And fortune with her gifts and lies."

How grand and fearful are the following conjectures of her agonies :—

"Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan,
Maim'd, mangled by inhuman men ;
Or thou upon a desert thrown
Inheritest the lion's den ;
Or hast been summon'd to the deep,
Thou, thou and all thy mates, to keep
An incommunicable sleep."

Of the same class is the poem on the death of a noble youth, who fell in attempting to bound over a chasm of the Wharf, and left his mother childless.—What a volume of thought is there in the little stanzas which follow :—

"If for a lover the lady wept,
A solace she might borrow
From death, and from the passion of death,—
Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

She weeps not for the wedding-day,
Which was to be to-morrow :
Her hope was a farther-looking hope,
And her's is a mother's sorrow !

Here we are made to feel not only the vastness of maternal affection, but its difference from that of lovers. The last, being a passion, has a tendency to grasp and cling to objects which may sustain it, and thus fixes even on these things which have swallowed its hopes, and draws them into its likeness. Death itself thus becomes a passion to one whom it has bereaved ; or the waters which flowed over the object of once happy love, become a solace to the mourner, who nurses holy visions

by their side. But an instinct which has none of that tendency to go beyond itself, when its only object is lost, has no earthly relief, but is left utterly desolate. The hope of a lover looks chiefly to a single point of time as its goal;—that of a mother is spread equally over existence, and when cut down, at once the blossoming expectations of a whole life are withering for ever.

Can any thing be more true or intense than the following description of remorse, rejecting the phantoms of superstitious horror as powerless, and representing lovely and uncomplaining forms of those whose memories the sufferer had dishonoured by his errors, casting their silent looks perpetually upon him:

—“Feebly must they have felt
Who, in old time, attired with snakes and whips
The vengeful Furies. *Beautiful* regards
Were turn'd on me—the face of her I loved;
The wife and mother pitifully fixing
Tender reproaches, insupportable.”

We will give but one short passage more to shew the depth of Wordsworth's insight into our nature—but it is a passage which we think unequalled in its kind in the compass of poetry. Never surely was such a glimpse of beatific vision opened amidst mortal affliction; such an elevation given to seeming weakness; such consolation ascribed to bereaved love by the very heightening of its own intensities. The poet contends, that those whom we regard as dying broken-hearted for the loss of friends, do not really perish through despair; but have such vivid prospects of heaven, and such a present sense that those who have been taken from them are waiting for them there, that they wear themselves away in longings after the reality, and so hasten to enjoy it:—

—“Full oft the innocent sufferer sees
Too clearly; feels too vividly; and longs
To realize the vision with intense
And overconstant yearning—there—there lies
The excess by which the balance is destroy'd.
Too, too contracted are these walls of flesh,
This vital warmth too cold, these visual orbs,
Though inconceivably endow'd, too dim
For any passion of the soul that leads
To ecstasy; and, all the crooked paths
Of time and change disdaining, takes its course
Along the line of limitless desires.”

But the imaginative faculty is that with which Wordsworth is most eminently gifted. Of this transfusing and reconciling faculty—whether its office be to “cloath upon,” or to spiritualize—Mr. Wordsworth is, in the highest degree, master. Of this abundant proofs will be found in the latter portion of this article; at present we will only give a few examples. The first of these is one of the grandest instances of noble daring, completely successful, which poetry exhibits. After a magnificent picture of a single yew-tree, and a fine allusion to its readiness to furnish spears for old battles, the poet proceeds:

—“But worthier still of note
Are those fraternal four of Borrowdale,
Join'd in one solemn and capacious grove;
Huge trunks!—and each particular trunk a growth
Of interwisted fibres serpentine,
Upcoiling, and inveterately convolved,—
Not uninformed by fantasy and looks
That threaten the profane;—a pillar'd shade
Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue,
By sheddings from the *pinning* umbrage tinged
Perennially—beneath whose sable roof
Of boughs, as if for *festal purpose* deck'd
By *unrejoicing berries*, ghostly shapes
May meet at noon-tide—*Fear and trembling Hope,*
Silence and Foresight—Death the Skeleton
And *Time the Shadow*—there to celebrate,
As in a natural temple scatter'd o'er
With altars undisturb'd of mossy stone,
United worship; or in mute repose
To lie, and listen to the mountain flood
Murmuring from Glamarara's inmost caves,”

Let the reader, when that first glow of intuitive admiration which this passage cannot fail to inspire is past, look back on the exquisite gradations by which it naturally proceeds from mere description to the sublime personification of the most awful abstractions, and the union of their fearful shapes in strange worship, or in listening to the deepest of nature's voices. The first lines—interspersed indeed with epithets drawn from the operations of mind, and therefore giving them an imaginative tinge—are, for the most part, a mere picture of the august brotherhood of trees, though their very sound is in more august accordance with their theme than most of the examples usually produced of “echoes to the sense.” Having completely set before us the image of the scene, the poet begins

that enchantment by which it is to be converted into a fitting temple for the noontide spectres of Death and Time, by the general intimation that it is "not uninformed by fantasy and looks that threaten the profane"—then by the mere epithet *pillared* gives us the more particular feeling of a fane—then, by reference to the actual circumstances of the grassless floor of red-brown hue, preserves to us the peculiar features of the scene which thus he has hallowed—and at last gives to the roof and its berries a strange air of unrejoicing festivity—until we are prepared for the introduction of the phantasms, and feel that the scene could be fitted to no less tremendous a conclave. The place, without losing one of its individual features, is decked for the reception of these noon-tide shades, and we are prepared to muse on them with unshrinking eyes. How by a less adventurous but not less delightful process, does the poet impart to an evening scene on the Thames at Richmond, the serenity of his own heart, and tinge it with softest and saddest hues of the fancy and the affections! The verses have all the richness of Collins, to whom they allude, and breath a more profound and universal sentiment than is found in his sky-tintured poetry.

"How richly glows the water's breast
Before us tinged with evening hues,
While, facing thus the crimson west,
The boat her silent course pursues!
And see how dark the backward stream!
A little moment past so smiling!
And still perchance, with faithless gleam,
Some other loiterer beguiling,
Such views the youthful bird allure;
But, heedless of the following gloom,
He deems their colours shall endure
Till peace go with him to the tomb.
And let him nurse his fond deceit,
And what if he must die in sorrow!
Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,
Though grief and pain may come to-morrow?
Glide gently, thus forever glide,
O Thames! that other birds may see
As lovely visions by thy side
As now, fair river! come to me.
O glide, fair stream! for ever so,
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
Till all our minds for ever flow,
As thy deep waters now are flowing.

Vain thought!—Yet be as now thou art,
That in thy waters may be seen
The image of a poet's heart,
How bright, how solemn, how serene!

The following delicious sonnet, inspired by the same scene, is one of the latest effusions of its author. We do not here quote it on account of its sweet and intense recollection of one of the divinest of poets—nor of the fine unbroken ligament by which the harmony listened to by the later bard is connected with that which the earlier drank in, by the lineage of the songsters who keep up the old rapture—but of that imaginative power, by which a sacredness is imparted to the place and to the birds, as though they performed unresting worship in the most glorious of Cathedrals.

"Fame tells of groves from England far away—"
Groves that inspire the nightingale to trill
And modulate, with subtle reach of skill
Elsewhere unmatched, her ever-varying lay;
Such bold report I venture to gainsay;
For I have heard the choir of Richmond-hill
Chaunting with indefatigable bill;
While I bethought me of a distant day;
When, haply under shade of that same wood,
And scarcely conscious of the dashing oars
Plied steadily between those willowy shores,
The sweet-soul'd Poet of the seasons stood—
Listening, and listening long, in rapturous mood,
Ye heavenly birds! to your progenitors.

The following "Thought of a Briton on the subjugation of Switzerland," has an elemental grandeur imbued with the intensest sentiment, which places it among the highest efforts of the imaginative faculty.

"Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice;
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly striven,
Thou from thine Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft;
Then cleave, O cleave, to that which still is left;
For, high-soul'd maid, what sorrow would it be,
That mountain-floods should thunder as before,
And ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful voice be heard by thee!"

* Wallachia is the country alluded to.

ORIGIN OF CHIVALRY.

EUROPE being reduced to a state of anarchy and confusion on the decline of the House of Charlemain, every proprietor of a Manor or Lordship became a petty sovereign; the mansion-house was fortified by a moat, defended by a guard, and called a *Castle*. The governor had a body of 7 or 800 men at his command, and with these he used frequently to make excursions, which commonly ended in a battle with some lord of some petty state of the same kind, whose castle was then pillaged, and the women and treasures borne off by the conqueror. During this state of universal hostility, there was no friendly communication between the provinces, nor any high road from one part of the kingdom to another; the wealthy traders, who then travelled from place to place with their merchandize and their families, were in perpetual danger; the lord of almost every castle extorted something from them on the road; and at last, some one, more rapacious than the rest, seized the whole cargo, and bore off the women for his own use.

Thus castles became the ware-houses of all kinds of rich merchandize, and the persons of the distressed females, whose fathers or lovers had been plundered or slain, and who being, therefore, seldom disposed to take the thief or murderer into favour, were in continual danger of a rape.

But as some are always distinguished by virtue in the most general defection, it happened that many Lords insensibly associated to repress these sallies of violence and rapine, to secure property and protect the ladies. Among these were many Lords of great fiefs, and the association was at length strengthened by a solemn vow, and received the sanction of a religious ceremony. By this ceremony they assumed a new character, and became Knights. As the first Knights were men of the highest rank, and the largest possessions, such having most to lose, and

least temptation to steal, the fraternity was regarded with a kind of reverence, even by those against whom it was formed. Admission into the order was deemed the highest honour. Many extraordinary qualifications were required in a candidate, and many new ceremonies were added at his creation. After having fasted from sun-rise, confessed himself, and received the sacrament, he was dressed in a white tunic, and placed by himself at a side table, where he was neither to speak, to smile, nor to eat, while the Knights and Ladies who were to perform the principal parts of the ceremony, were eating, drinking and making merry at the great table. At night his armour was conveyed to the church, where the ceremony was performed; and here having watched it till the morning, he advanced with his sword hanging about his neck, and received the benedictions of the priest. He then kneeled down before the Lady who was to put on his armour, who being assisted by persons of the first rank, buckled on his spurs, and put an helmet on his head, and accoutred him with a coat of mail, a cuirass, basilets, cuisses, and gauntlets.

Being thus armed *cap-a-pie*, the Knight who dubbed him struck him three times over the shoulder with the flat side of his sword, in the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George. He was then obliged to watch all night in all his armour, with his sword girded, and his lance in his hand. From this time the Knight devoted himself to the redress of those wrongs which "Patient merit of th' unworthy takes," to secure merchants from the rapacious cruelty of banditti, and women from ravishers, to whose power they were, by the particular confusion of the times, continually exposed.

From this view of the origin of Chivalry, it will be easy to account for the castle, the moat, and the bridge which are found in romances; and as to the Dwarf he was a constant appen-

dage to the rank and fortune of those times, and no castle therefore could be without him. The Dwarf and the Buffoon were then introduced to kill time, as the card table is at present. It will also be easy to account for the multitude of captive Ladies, whom the Knights upon seizing the castle set at liberty; and for the prodigious quantities of useless gold and silver vessels, and rich stuffs, and other merchandize, with which many apartments in these castles are said to have been filled.

The principal Lords who entered into the confraternity of Knights, used to send their sons to each other, to be educated, far from their parents, in the mystery of Chivalry. These youths, before they arrived at the age of one-and-twenty, were called Bachelors, or *Bas-Chevaliers*, inferior Knights, and at that age were qualified to receive the order.

These Knights, who first appeared about the 11th century, flourished most in the time of the Crusades. The feudal Lords, who led their vassals under their banner, were called Knights Bannerets. The right of marching troops under their own colours was not the

consequence of their Knighthood, but their power.

The great privilege of Knighthood was neither civil nor military, with respect to the state, but consisted wholly in the part assigned them in those sanguinary sports, called Tournaments; for neither a Bachelor nor Esquire was permitted to tilt with a Knight.

Various orders of knighthood were at length instituted by sovereign Princes: the Garter, by Edward III. of England; the Golden Fleece by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy; and St. Michael, by Louis XI. of France. From this time ancient Chivalry declined to an empty name; when sovereign Princes were established, regular Bannerets were no more, though it was still thought an honour to be dubbed by a great Prince or victorious Hero; and all who possessed arms without Knighthood, assumed the title of Esquire.

There is scarce a Prince in Europe that has not thought fit to institute an order of knighthood; the simple title of Knight, which the Kings of England confer on private subjects, is a derivation from ancient Chivalry, although very remote from its source. W. R.

LOUIS BUONAPARTE'S MARRIAGE.

So many absurd stories have been circulated respecting the ill-starred marriage of Louis Buonaparte, that it may be curious to extract his own account of it from "Historical Documents, &c. by Louis Buonaparte, Ex-king of Holland," just published.

"SOME time after the return of his brother from the brilliant campaign of Marengo, the proposition, that he should marry Hortensia de Beauharnais was renewed. This he refused, not from any unfavourable opinion entertained by him of the character or morals of the young lady, who was the subject of general praise, but because he was afraid their characters were not suited to each other."

"Immediately after his return, in October 1801, his sister-in-law again spoke to him of his marriage. She gave him daily invitations; but Louis laughed at this project, of which the execution seemed to him impossible. However, one evening when there was a ball at Malmaison, his sister-in-law took him

apart, his brother joined them, and after a long conference, they obtained from him his consent. The day for the ceremony was fixed, and on the 4th of January, 1802, the contract, the civil marriage, and the religious ceremony took place..... Louis became a husband Never was there a more gloomy ceremony—never had husband and wife a stronger presentiment of all the horrors of a forced and ill-suited marriage. This was the commencement of his misfortunes; of his physical and moral sufferings; he was then 22 years of age. His constitution had been early formed, but his mind and character were not yet entirely so. He possessed that *naïveté*, that excessive sincerity, which belongs essentially to infancy, the result of a

private education, and of the grave and reflecting disposition of a man, forced to accustom himself to live within himself. This troublesome situation changed his character; it also affected his health, progressively, but without his perceiving it, as it were: from thenceforward he was a stranger to repose. No calamities can be more real or more insupportable, than domestic troubles, because, from whatever part they proceed, they directly reach the heart. Those of Louis stamped on his mind and his whole existence a sort of profound melancholy, a dejection, an aridity, so to speak, which nothing ever could, or ever will, remedy."

"Before the ceremony, during the benediction, and ever afterwards, they both equally and constantly felt, that they were not suited for each other, and yet they allowed themselves to be drawn into a marriage, which their relations, and the mother of Hortensia more especially, conceived to be essentially politic and necessary. From the 4th of Janu-

ary, 1802, down to the month of September, 1807, when they finally parted from each other, they remained together in all not more than four months, and that at three separate periods, with long intervals between; but they had three children whom they loved with equal affection. The eldest, named Napoleon Charles, died in Holland, on the 5th of May, 1807; Napoleon Louis, the second, was baptized at St. Cloud, by his Holiness, Pope Pius VII., during the residence of the sovereign pontiff in France. This is the son whom Louis endeavoured to put in his place when he abdicated in 1810. The third received the name of Charles Louis Napoleon.—This constraint must appear singular, and would, in fact, be incredible in ordinary times; but in those in which they lived, in their position, and with their characters, as this work will exhibit them, the circumstance will appear less strange."

WONDERS OF INDIA.

This account is extracted from a Letter, dated March 1, 1820, written by an officer who accompanied Gen. Sir Charles Colville, in his tour and inspection of the Deccan, which is a province of the Hither Peninsula of India, bounded by Cambaya on the North, Golconda and Berar on the East, Visapour on the South, and by the Indian Ocean on the West.—*Edit.*

EXTRAORDINARY HINDU CAVES.

THE Hindu Caves, at Ellore, are eighteen miles from Arungabad,† and consists of more than twenty excavations in a rocky mountain, which forms a semi-circle of about 2000 yards. The largest of the Caves, is called Khylass, or Paradise. It is cut through the solid rock, and no other material is used. The chisel seems to have been the only tool employed. A most beautiful stone temple is formed, adorned, both inside and outside, with figures in basso relievo, and separate figures of the most exact symmetry, representing all the Hindu gods, their conquest of Ceylon, &c. There is a space between the scraped rock and temple with galleries, and a virandah under the former, in which there are 50 gigantic figures, with symbols of their history, &c. form-

ing the whole Hindu mythology. The dimensions of this Cave are 240 feet in length, 140 in breadth, and the scarp 90 feet in height. The temple has a moveable appearance from elephants, tigers, &c. being cut underneath the floor, which appear to support the whole building; the heads and part of their bodies only being exposed on the outside. Many of the other Caves are equally extraordinary. There are flying figures, women, and all the fanciful tales of the Hindus, admirably depicted in stone. There is a miser, about ten feet in height, with his mother, wife, and children, clinging to his legs, whilst a thief is taking off his treasure. It is a groupe that might be placed near the Laocoon, and our sculptors might take lessons by a visit to these wonderful Caves.—There are no natives now in existence equal to any thing of the kind. Some thousands must have been em-

† The chief inland town of the province of the Deccan.—*Edit.*

ployed. Their origin is involved in obscurity ; the general report is, that they were made about 1000 years ago, when the Boodh, or the Brahmin Religion was in the greatest splendour, and that they were used for schools, religious rites, &c. and the residence of the priests. There is a profusion and mi-

nuteness, elegance and lightness in the figures beyond description. The whole of the orders are displayed on the pillars, which are cut out as if to support the rooms inside. They are thought by some superior in magnificence, though in another way, to the pyramids of Egypt.

(European Magazine.)

FISH.

FISH are supposed not to possess the senses in the same degree of perfection as other animals. Their sense of feeling appears not to be acute. Whether they can smell at all is doubtful ; and that they do not possess the sense of taste, or have it in an imperfect degree is probable, because the palate of most fish is hard and bony, and consequently they are incapable of relishing different substances, and they swallow their food without mastication. Whether fish possess the sense of hearing is a disputed point. I am rather inclined to think they do not.—Monroe, Hunter, and Cuvier, have claimed the merit of discovering the organs of hearing in some fishes, but observation seems to oppose their theories with respect to fishes in general. Mr. Gowan, who kept some gold fishes in a vase, informs us, that whatever noise he made he could not disturb them. He hallooed as loud as he could, putting a piece of paper between his mouth and the water, to prevent the vibrations from affecting the surface, and the fishes still seemed insensible ; but when the paper was removed, and the sound had its full play upon the water, the fishes seemed instantly to feel the change, and shrank to the bottom. From this we may learn, that fishes are as deaf as they are mute, and that when they seem to hear the call of a whistle or bell at the edge of a pond, it is rather the vibration that affects the water, by which they are excited, than any sounds that they hear. The sight is the most perfect of their senses, and this seems to supply their want of others. They leap out of the water to catch the small-

est flies in a summer evening, when it is so dark that we cannot discern them. The angler need not employ half his ingenuity either with respect to tackle, or of baits, or of caution in fishing, if he had not their quick eyes to contend with. Yet it is probable fish can see objects only at a short distance, as the crystalline humour of their eyes is quite round, like that of persons who are near-sighted. You must have observed this humour ; it is like a pea ; it is hard when boiled, but in the natural state, it is transparent and soft as a jelly.

Many fish live only on the vegetable productions of the water, but in general they devour their own species, other animals, or insects, or the spawn of other fishes. Crabs and other shell fish are often found in the maw of a cod, and rats and even ducks have been found in the stomach of a pike. The long apparent abstinence that some fish have been known to undergo, or rather the small quantity of the peculiar nature of the food they had to support them, have induced some persons to believe, that they can derive nourishment from water only ; no kind of food is found in the stomach of a salmon, and no bait will tempt a herring or a char. But they may all derive considerable support from the myriads of minute insects, which we know to abound in fresh and salt water, and which taken in continually, and digested almost as soon as taken, would discover little or nothing in their stomachs.

Although the duration of the life of fish is not accurately ascertained, yet some are known to reach a great age. Gesner asserts that a pike was taken at

Hailbrun in Swabia, in 1497, with a brass ring affixed to it, proving it to be 267 years old; and a carp has been known to live above a hundred years. If the scale of fish be examined through a microscope, it would be found to consist of a number of circles, one circle within another, in some measure resembling those that appear upon the transverse section of a tree. You must reckon one circle for every year of a fish's life. By this method Buffon computed a carp, the scales of which he examined, to be a hundred years old.

You must not let the astonishing fecundity of fishes escape your observation. M. Petit, of Paris, found that the roe of a carp 18 inches long, weighed 8 oz. 2 drams, which makes 4752 grains, and that it requires 72 eggs of this roe to make up the weight of one grain, which gives a produce of 342,144 eggs contained in this one fish. The tench is more prolific than the carp, and many other fish are remarkable for their fecundity.

Statement of the comparative fecundity of Fish.

Perch	- - - - -	28,323	Spawns.
Pike	- - - - -	49,304	
Roach	- - - - -	81,586	
Tench	- - - - -	383,252	

Your astonishment will be increased, when you extend your observations to

sea fish. Take the following climax of increase as calculated by Lewenhoeck, a very accurate naturalist. The mackerel produces above 500,000, the flounder more than 1,000,000, and the cod more than 9,000,000 eggs.

The design of the great Creator in such an amazing increase is certainly to furnish food for many of the feathered, as well as the finny tribes; and yet to allow enough of each species to remain for its preservation, and for the annual renewal of the same beneficent purposes. That mankind have their full share of the abundance produced by this vast propagation, the following facts may prove: A vessel catches upon the great bank of Newfoundland from 30 to 40,000 cod-fish in one voyage. Sometimes 80 barrels of herrings, each containing from 5 to 800 fish, are taken by the boats of a single vessel near the Western Islands of Scotland. But this number will appear small, if compared with the following account of pilchards caught upon the coasts of Cornwall. Mr. Pennant says, Dr. Borlase assured him that on the 5th of October, 1767, there was at one time inclosed in St. Ives Bay 7000 hogsheads of pilchards, each hogshead containing 35,000 fish, in all 245 millions!

ADIEU TO THE RHONE. BY ARTHUR BROOKE.

ADIEU, adieu, thou glorious stream !
 Whose arrowy tide of azure glows
 Beneath the sun's ascending beam,
 While in its pride it foams and flows.
 Oh ! thus for ever may thy wave
 In life, and joy, and brightness shine,
 And be thy spirit blest, which gave
 Some portion of its health to mine.
 Too soon, alas ! my joys are gone,
 Whilst thine can never know decay.
 Still rolls thy strength, increasing on,
 While mine must fail in one brief day.
 In freedom with the boundless sea,
 To mix, will be thy happy doom,
 When this corrupted frame shall be
 Consuming in a sunless tomb.

Adieu ! adieu ! I ne'er may gaze,
 Swift Rhone, upon thy wave again ;
 Yet, in the dream of after days
 'Twill flash across my mindful brain.
 The lake that forms thy peaceful bed,—
 The far-seen Alps,—thy fertile shore,
 Whose banks I ne'er again may tread,
 My visions may recall once more.
 Farewell ! farewell ! I linger yet,
 Unwilling from these banks to fly,
 E'en Albion's cliffs will now be met,
 By me, with no rejoicing eye.
 Who would not bear an exile here,
 Unshackled, o'er such scenes to roam,
 When not a thought or hope's that dear,
 Remains to tempt the wanderer home.

MARRIAGE. A SIMILE.

Have you not seen how down the stream
 The heaviest barge is drawn with ease,
 Provided that the doer team
 Will draw just as the drivers please.
 Smooth is the path, the burden light :
 But should one Horse pull t'other way,

The rest in anger and affright
 Would plunge and kick, as well they may.
 In marriage it is just the same,
 Pulling one way is all the art,
 The state itself we should not blame
 If John and Mary tug apart.

CURIOUS STATISTICAL VIEW.

IN Great Britain, the number of men, capable of rising in arms, en masse, from 15 to 60 years of age, is 2,744,847, or about four in every seventeen males.

The total number of inhabited houses in England, in 1801, was 1,474,740. In 1690, they were 1,319,215. In 1759, the surveyors of the house and window duties returned 986,412; and in 1781, 1,005,810.

In 1801, the proportion of persons to a house in England were five and two thirds; in Wales five; in England and Wales, five and three-fifths; in Scotland, five and two-fifths; and in G. Britain, five and five-ninths.

The total of the male population of Great Britain, in 1801 was 5,450,292, and of females 5,492,354 which is in the proportion of 100 females to 99 males.

There are in Great Britain, six millions of males, and in Ireland, three millions; of whom, in the year 1812, 807,000 were in arms, that is in the proportion of 1 to 11.

In Great Britain there die every year about 832,700; every month, about 25,592; every week, 6,398; every day, 914; and every hour, about 40.

The proportions of the deaths of women to that of men is fifty to fifty-four.

There are about 90,000 marriages yearly; and of sixty-three marriages, three only are observed to be without offspring.

Married women live longer than those who are not married.

In country places there are on an average four children born of each marriage. In cities and large towns the proportion is seven to every two marriages.

The married women are, to all the female inhabitants of a country, as one to three, and the married men to all the males, as 3 to 5.

The number of widows is to that of widowers as three to one; but that of widows who re-marry to that of widowers as four to five.

The number of old persons who die during the cold weather, is, to those who die during the warm season, as seven to four.

More people live to a great age in elevated situations, than in those which are lower.

Half of all that are born, die before they attain seventeen years.

The number of twins is to that of single births, as one to sixty-five.

According to the observations of Boerhaave, the healthiest children are born in January, February, and March.

The greatest number of births is in February and March.

The proportion of males born, to that of females, is as twenty-six to twenty-five.

From calculations, founded on the bills of mortality, only one out of 3125 reaches one hundred years.

In the sea-ports of Great Britain there are 132 females to 100 males; and, in the manufacturing towns, 113 females to 100 males.

According to the population returns in 1811, the number of males in proportion to that of females, within the walls of the city of London, is as 100 to 138.

In the city of Westminster, the proportion is 100 males to 117 females. In 1801, the proportion was as 100 to 115.

In the borough of Southwark, the number of males to the females is as 100 to 144. In

1801, the proportion of this part of the metropolis was at 100 to 111.

Taking the whole population of the metropolis, according to the last enumeration, at 1,099,104, the proportion of males to females is as 100 to 128.

The small-pox in the natural way, usually carries off eight out of every hundred. By inoculation, one dies out of three hundred; but, according to Dr. Willan, one in two hundred & fifty dies of inoculated small-pox.

During the first thirty years of the eighteenth century, the number of deaths in London, from small-pox was seventy-four out of every thousand.

In the last 30 years of the same century the deaths from the same cause were about one-tenth of the whole mortality, or 95 out of every thousand. Inoculation for the small-pox has therefore, actually multiplied the disease, which it was intended to ameliorate, in the proportion of five to four.

It is estimated that, of the number of persons who are blind, one in four lose their sight by the small-pox.

Out of more than 40,000 cases, which had fallen under the observation of an eminent physician, he never met with one in which a person with red or light flaxen hair had the small-pox to confluence.

The clergy of the church of England, including their families, form about one eightieth part of the population of England.

In the county of Somerset, the number of males to that of females, is in the proportion of 87 to 100; and in the four western counties of England, Cornwall, Devon, Somerset, and Dorset, the number of males is to that of females, as 88 to 100.

It appears from tables, from 1772 to 1787, that nearly one in eight of all the cases of insanity, are imputable to religious fanaticism.

According to Dr. Simmons, 6000 insane patients have been admitted into St. Luke's Hospital in the course of the last thirty years half of whom have recovered. Out of 6000 patients, 78 were aged 79 years and upwards, only one in five of whom were cured.

According to the population returns of 1811, taking the integral number of twenty; there were in England, seven employed in Agriculture; nine in trade, manufactures, and handicrafts; and four who lived either on rentals of lands or houses, or on the interest arising from accumulation of money. In Wales the farmers are to the manufacturers as two to one, or the 3 above-mentioned classes in the proportion of eight, four, and two.

A nation, without being exhausted, can annually afford to employ the one hundredth part of its population in the profession of arms. The quota which England could afford, according to this proportion, in addition to its military and naval establishment previous to the peace of 1814, without exhaustion, would be 170,000, of which 70,000 would suffice for the navy, and 100,000 for the army.

In the last session of Parliament an Act was passed, for taking an account of the Population of Great Britain, and of ascertaining the increase or diminution of different places since the last census.

CORNUCOPIA

OF LITERARY CURIOSITIES AND REMARKABLE FACTS.

CORONATION ANECDOTES.

QUEEN Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I. appeared as a spectator at the coronation of the King her husband; as her bigotry would not permit her to be present at our church ceremonies on that occasion, she insisted upon having the solemnities performed by the bishops of her own religion.

At the coronation of King William and Queen Mary, the Champion of England, dressed in armour of complete and glittering steel, his horse richly caparisoned, and himself and beaver finely capped with plumes of feathers, entered Westminster Hall while the King and Queen were at dinner; and at giving the usual challenge to any one that disputed their Majesty's right to the Crown of England (when he has the honour to drink the sovereign's health out of a golden cup, always his fee,) after he had flung down the gauntlet on the pavement, an old woman, who entered the hall on crutches (which she left behind her,) took it up, and made off with great celerity, leaving her own glove with a challenge in it, to meet her the next day at an appointed hour in Hyde-park. This occasioned some mirth at the lower end of the hall; and it was remarkable that every one was too well engaged to pursue her. A person in the same dress appeared next day at the place appointed, though it was generally supposed to be a good swordsman in that disguise. However, the Champion of England politely declined any contest of that nature with the fair sex, and never made his appearance.

LONGINUS.

How different is this ancient critic from modern artists in the same line! The Greek critic pointed out beauties with a noble spirit and taste. Modern critics seem like flies that fix on the sore parts of an author. Pope has described a real critic in his praises of Longinus:

Q ATHENEUM VOL. 9.

"Thee, bold Longinus, all the Nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire."

Art. of Crit

ACTION (ORATORICAL.)

The praises of gesticulation, so often mentioned by ancient writers, may, perhaps, be fully justified and illustrated by dumb animals, whose language consists of various attitudes and motions, which convey their ideas very significantly. The utility of "action" is farther explained, when we consider that the deaf and dumb receive all their instruction by means of "action," which may be properly called a language of which the eye is the interpreter.

ROUND ASSERTIONS.

These random declarations are much used by persons of little intellect and caution; but more prudent persons weigh the particulars of a story before they bring it forward. We seldom see in an attorney's bills lumping sums; but when large ones are inserted, they are generally qualified, and made probable by adding at the end of the articles shillings and pence, and even farthings.

VEGETABLE AND ANIMAL KINGDOMS.

How obvious, in many instances, is the analogy between animal and vegetable beings. We may observe that trees which bear evident marks of disease and decay, are yet found to bear abundance of fruit; and sickly and infirm women are often seen surrounded with a numerous progeny. Bishop Watson, in his ingenious *Chemical Essays*, has brought forward many examples of these analogies.

PLAYS.

How much false criticism on plays and players has been produced by an error which prevails among many writers and readers, that a dramatic composition is an exact representation of real actions. But poetry, like painting, claims its privileges, and discovers its inabilities: and a sober critic will no more expect life to be exactly represented in a play, than to see nature scrupulously copied in a landscape.

A QUAKER'S DRESS.

I take it for granted, on the clearest principles of human nature, that men who assume a peculiarity of habit, do not thereby mean to disfigure their persons, or to degrade their situations. I cannot, therefore, ascribe the plainness of a Quaker's dress to humility, but rather to a love of distinction. There are gay and grave coxcombs; and of the two, I should look on the former as most agreeable.

ANCIENT SENTIMENTALISTS.

We are told, in Warton's learned and entertaining History of our Ancient Poetry and Manners, that whilst the most splendid theories on the pure and Platonic passion of love were taught by the Troubadours, and greedily perused by the "gentle and simple," the greatest indecencies were practised in these castles of faithful knights, and by the Troubadours themselves.

MILTON.

There is much truth in what Dr. Johnson, in his Lives of the Poets, has said of this great genius, namely, that the perusal of the *Paradise Lost* is an effort of the mind from which we willingly recede. Admiration is, indeed, a painful sensation; and the eye, soon fatigued with the stupendous mountain, relaxes by surveying the humble and luxuriant valley.

FALSETTO.

Some women affect tones of excessive softness mixed with a good deal of what is called a whine. These often prove great scolds and tyrants to their husbands and children. Some naturalists tell us that the hyæna and the crocodile absolutely shed tears when they whine over the dying carcasses that they are then preying upon. Perhaps shedding tears may be an addition, and the noise they make may resemble the falsetto abovementioned.

VENETIAN HONOUR.

When the republic of Venice was in the height of its splendour, one of the many spies whom the jealous system of that government kept in constant occupation, ran to the state inquisitor, with information that a nobleman by the name of Foscari had connexions with

the French ambassador, and went privately to his house every night at a certain hour. The state inquisitor could not believe that a man for whom he had an intimate personal friendship, and on whose honour he had the strongest reliance, could be guilty of such treason to the republic. He set another spy to watch Foscari's motions, who brought back the same intelligence as the first, adding the description of Foscari's disguise. Still unwilling to proceed without the most undeniable proof against his friend, the inquisitor put on a mask, and went himself to reconnoitre. His eyes confirmed the report of his informants; and a regard to his duty rising paramount to all private feelings, he sent publicly for Foscari the next morning.

Nothing but a resolute denial of the crime could be extorted from the firm-minded citizen, who, sensible at the same time of the weight of proof against him, prepared for that punishment which he knew to be inevitable, and submitted to the fate which his friend was obliged to inflict, no less than imprisonment in a dungeon for life.

The people, with whom Foscari was a great favourite, lamented his fate, but their lamentations were vain. The magistrate who condemned him never recovered the shock; but Foscari was heard of no more, till an old lady died forty years after in Paris; who, in her last confession, revealed that when she resided at Venice, as companion to the French ambassador's lady, she was visited by a nobleman of Venice, whose name she never knew. Thus was Foscari lost, dying a martyr to love and tenderness for female reputation.

INFLUENCE OF CIVILIZATION.

Nations and individuals in the same degree in which they are uninstructed and unpolished, are without shame and delicacy in their actions and demeanour. The blush of self-reprobaton is unknown in a barbarous age. On iron just extricated from the ore, no visible alteration is perceived by any additional soil;—it is on polished steel that every spot is discovered that diminishes its lustre.

THE BRITISH POSSESSIONS IN INDIA.

The India Company was established solely with a view to trade; and as the voyage to India was long, and supposed to be attended with great danger, an exclusive privilege of trading beyond the Cape of Good Hope was granted to the Company.

About 1756, the English Factory in Bengal was plundered by Sujah Dowlah, the Nabob of that province; and the Europeans found in it treated with great cruelty. The British troops which had placed Mohammed Ali on the Throne of Arcot, were transported to Bengal; Sujah Dowlah was defeated, and the Sovereignty of a large district seized by the India Company. Much wealth was acquired for the Civil and Military servants, as well as for the India Company, by this Conquest; and from that hour, the desire of extending the India Company's acquisitions in that country, has never been relinquished.

It is said, that the India Company possesses Sovereignty over 80,000,000 of people in India, and Revenue to the amount of £17,000,000 sterling a year. Ceylon, the Isle of France, and the Cape of Good Hope, have been obtained as appendages necessary to the safety of their Indian Empire. Every acquisition renders it more necessary for us to extend our conquests; we are now told by every man returned from India, "you must have the whole, or you must relinquish all that you possess."

And where are the boundaries of that whole? To whatever extent your acquisitions are carried, you will still have neighbors the object of your fears. Many are now apprehensive that you have already approached so near to the frontiers of Russia, that on any difference with that power, her forces may be employed to invade India; but as there are three states, viz. the Seiks, Zemaun Shah, and Persia, between your possessions and the Russian frontiers, I own I have never felt any apprehensions of an attack from Russia. But your empire is too large to be under the control of one Government; you will be ruined by the expense of repressing insurrections which will be

constantly renewed. Aureng Zebe ruined the Mogul Empire by the acquisition of the Deccan; from the time that he had made that acquisition, the Empire was too large for Government; you may fear the same fate, and the loss of your Indian Empire may be preceded by struggles destructive of your happiness.

VIRGIL AND OVID.

I fear that to prefer the latter as a poet to the former, will be considered by many as a treason against the "majesty" of Virgil; yet I cannot but think that Ovid is a more interesting poet than Virgil, to the generality of readers. Ovid's story of Phaeton, his Contest of Ajax and Ulysses for the Arms of Achilles, would attract more readers than the epic poem of the Mantuan. The correctness of style, the dignity of expression, are all on the side of Virgil; but amusive invention recommends Ovid to the majority of readers of mere poetry.

VARIOUS KINDS OF READERS.

The Slow.

Some read so slowly, that they divide every word from that which follows, and become not only tedious but unintelligible. The finest composition is destroyed by this disjointing mode of enunciation; and I never hear such orators but I am reminded of the antique Roman inscriptions, where every word on the stone is separated by a nail's head.

Bawlers.

These are persons of strong lungs and weak intellects, and are more fitted to be town-criers than orators; and loudness, and not articulation, seems the glory of such self-appointed heralds. It may truly be said of such modern Stentors, that they are so loud that they cannot be heard: and to them may be applied, in a direct sense, the proverb, that "we cannot see the wood for trees." The ear of a deaf man is more easily penetrated by distinctness than loudness.

The Emphatic.

These readers seem afraid that the audience may not understand the author, and so they lay a stress on every

word with almost equal force ; and, to use a vulgar expression, “*hammer things into your head.*” Such men may be said to read always in *italics*.

The Rapid.

These gentlemen seem to wish to finish their job as soon as they can, and would excel, were a premium offered for expedition, in the performance of their task. These orators sometimes, unfortunately, are church orators ; and if they are employed in more than one place of worship, they are seen to gallop over the town with the same expedition they use in the liturgy.

The Dramatic.

These persons seem to consider reading as acting ; and if any dialogue lies in their way, their imitation of the characters becomes truly ridiculous, or, at least, it requires the utmost judgment not to appear so, for unnatural tones, must, of course, be used, and the reader's voice be put often into a masquerade.

The Careless.

These men read every thing as if they contemned the writer and his subject, “and sleep themselves to make their hearers sleep.” A newspaper, a sermon, a senator's speech, are all one to them ; and the frequent yawn of the reader is as frequently communicated to the audience. Swift's flapper here would be of great use.

Whisperers.

These men betray great weakness of nerves, tenuity of voice, and great modesty of shyness, and appear to be unwilling that the audience should partake of their communications. Such persons should be confined to sick rooms as envoys extraordinary between the nurse and the physician.

Monotonists.

This species of orators, more common than the rest, and often partaking of the faults of all, confound all distinctions of composition. The pathetic, the declamatory, the apostrophe, the narrative, &c. are all amalgamated into one mass. Such unvaried monotony reminds me of the churchwarden who *beautified* a church by one regular and universal white-wash. The various colours displayed in the figures and

fields of the ancient coats of arms, that adorned the walls and gratified the ancient gentry of the neighbourhood, were all hidden in one broad and monotonous pall of snow.

INVENTION.

M. Pascal has very wittily, and perhaps also very truly, accounted for the generality of the world being set against inventors and projectors. “Few men,” says that profound mathematician and acute reasoner, “are blessed with the gift of invention ; so that when a man of genius breaks out in that department with unusual light, all the owlish blockheads, in great numbers, pursue him with envious hootings.”

ÆSOP AND M. BUFFON.

When smiling Æsop endeavours to enlighten our understandings without outraging our pride, and makes dumb creatures interpreters of his counsels, we think the boldness of the fiction can scarcely be countenanced by its utility and ingenuity. When the great M. Buffon goes still farther, and gives to beasts the passions and opinions of men, and calls this natural *history*, we applaud the writers, and admire his fictions as the science of a philosopher. I cannot help preferring the fables of *little Æsop*.

CHEMISTRY.

When this science is carried no farther than decomposition, it claims no other merit but mere analysis, and resembles the play of those children who amuse themselves with pulling their toys in pieces.

The synthetical process is the point in which philosophy and real utility concur to recommend this fashionable study.

DR. ROBERT SOUTH.

This eminent wit and pulpit orator seems not always to have considered propriety of diction in discourses in church, or due respect to his audience. In a sermon preached at court, the orator, displaying the superiority of intellectual pleasures over the sensual gratifications, says, “How vastly disproportionate are the pleasures of eating and drinking, and the thinking man ! Indeed as different as the *silence* of Archimedes in his study of a problem, and the *stillness* of a sow at her wash.”

Paragraphs,

From the English Magazines, &c. Feb. 1821.

GOUT.

Many remedies have been proposed and tried for the gout; but a native of Belgium now asserts that he has discovered, in Roman history, the only real cure for that most painful disorder. This new benefactor of humanity observes, that Hannibal, when crossing the Alps, made use of vinegar to melt the rocks; and that the gout being an accumulation of calcareous substances, vinegar applied to the part affected, must also dissolve them. The only question therefore is, whether the anecdote of the vinegar be not a mere fable; and if all gouty patients are not cured now, *Livy* is alone to blame.

Anecdotes of George III.

The following instances of his late Majesty's feelings, and the warmth of his friendship, are extracted from the Notes to the Sermon of the Rev. David Skurray.

"When his late Majesty visited Longleat in the autumn of 1789, an immense concourse of people assembled from all quarters in the Park, in the hope of catching a sight of the King. The noble Host, somewhat alarmed, enquired of his steward what was best to be done on the occasion, who replied that in order to gratify the whole assemblage, he would advise that his Majesty would condescend to exhibit himself from the flat roof of the mansion, with which the King instantly complied. An attendant took the liberty of enquiring of his Majesty who was used to large assemblies, of how many souls he might imagine the mob below consisted. On which his Majesty courteously remonstrated, '*Mob*, Sir, implies a crowd that is disorderly; the people below are peaceable; *multitude*, if you please, but not *mob*.'"

"His Majesty had been desirous of a Wiltshire Shepherd, and application was made by Mr. Kent, to the late Mr. Davis of Horningsham for that purpose, who procured a man from Brixton Deverill, of the name of William Daphney. The King and General Goldsworthy had frequent conversations with the Shepherd, with whose simple manners, acuteness, and dialect, they were frequently entertained. It happened, however, in the course of time, that some sheep were missing from the royal flocks, and the spoiliations were traced to poor Daphney. His Majesty having been consulted about prosecuting him, replied that he had been himself the innocent occasion of poor Daphney's crime. That if he had suffered him to remain on the Wiltshire hills, he had continued harmless as his sheep. That he had been seduced to his ruin by a gang of unprincipled villains that then infested the neighbourhood, who would corrupt an angel. That he should be discharged, but not prosecuted. The poor fellow, overpowered by royal consideration and clemency, exclaimed, 'I will never cease to serve such a master. I can no longer do it with my crook, but I can with a musket.' Upon which he entered into the army, and his destitute wife was transferred by their Majesties into a calling of decent subsistence."

MECHANISM

has reached great perfection at Manchester. At some of the cotton mills, yarn has been spun so fine as to require 350 hanks to weigh one pound avoirdupois. The perimeter of the common reel being one yard and a half, 80 threads or revolutions would measure 120 yards, and one hank seven times as much, or 840 yards; which, multiplied by 350, gives 29,400 yards, or 167 miles and a fraction.

BARON SCHARF.

On the 28th November arrived at the hospital at Strasburg a sort of palanquin accompanied by gens-d'armes, in which lay a man about forty years of age. It appears from his papers that he is Baron Scharf, formerly Lieutenant-Colonel in the service of Russia. He states, that in the late war against the Turks he had the misfortune to have been taken prisoner, and thrown, with 30 of his companions, into a small dungeon; that shortly after a body of executioners, attended by soldiers, entered and mutilated all the prisoners in the most cruel manner. Only himself and two of his comrades survived their wounds. All the rest bled to death. Baron Scharf remained fourteen years in this dungeon. He was at length put on board a French ship which landed him last autumn at Marseilles.---From thence he was carried from brigade to brigade, accompanied by gens d'armes, in a carriage constructed purposely for him. This unfortunate man lies constantly on his back, and is not able to take any other position. His limbs are entirely wasted. He speaks the German, French, and Turkish languages finely. From Strasburg he is going to Carlsruhe, where he proposes to pass the winter, and in Spring will continue his journey to Russia.

CICERO'S TRACT "ON A REPUBLIC," RECOVERED.

It is an old adage "Fortune has her favourites;" it is so in love, in war, in trade, as well as in the lottery; and it is so in literature, as all the true *literati* will acknowledge. It is so, too, in respect to literary discoveries; and yet, it seldom happens that the sluggish, or the unworthy, are favoured by fortunate renovations. These profound propositions are intended as prolegomena to the information, that the indefatigable Signior Angelo Maio has added an unfading sprig to his literary laurels, by discovering the long-lost treatise of Cicero *De Republica*, in the library of the Vatican. To enable our readers to estimate the good fortune of this gentleman, we must tell them, that, so early as his day, Petrarch complains of having been unable to find it in the library of the Popes, at Avignon; that Cardinal Bessarion expended no less than a thousand golden crowns in fruitless researches after it; and that Cardinal Polo did not hesitate to sacrifice double that sum, two thousand crowns, but in vain. At length, however, it has been brought to light, after ages of obscurity; and will afford an opportunity of comparing the sentiments of Cicero and of Plato, with those of the moderns, our Ba-

cons, our Lockes, &c. on that most difficult science---the science of good government.

FIRST BOOK PRINTED IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

In 1818, a printing press was set up in Hobart's-town, Van Diemen's Land, New Holland. The first book from this press is the history of a fugitive exile, named Michael How, who, at the head of twenty-eight other runaways, disturbed the tranquillity of the colony for six years. The work derives importance from the singularity of the circumstances, and from the story.

The late grand Musical Festival at Birmingham, after paying the expenses, which amounted to 4,481*l.* 3*d.* left a net profit of 5,007*l.* 10*s.* 11*d.* for the funds of the General Hospital.

NOSE MAKING.

A man in the neighbourhood of *Carnarvon* some time ago had his nose bitten off in an affray. His opponent was brought to justice for this brutal offence, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment; but, what is very curious, the complainant appeared in court with a handsome new nose, made out of the integuments of the forehead; this operation was performed by a surgeon at *Carnarvon*.

ANECDOTE.

Impudence of a Venetian Conjuror.

A CONJUROR of Venice, who boasted that he was able to perform the greatest of miracles, that of bringing the dead to life, had the audacity to exercise this power on a corpse which was passing at the moment when he was haranguing the populace. He repeatedly summoned the deceased in the most urgent manner, to arise and walk home; but as all he said still produced no effect, he at length turned to his auditory, and with the most impudent impudence exclaimed---“Never did I see so obstinate a corpse!”

STEAM-BOATS IN FRANCE.

Instead of the unwieldy, heavy-going diligences of past time, stages upon a construction and in appearance, similar to the English, are introduced, well conducted, almost free from liability to accident, and driven at the rate of seven miles an hour. But the greatest novelty, connected with French travelling, is the establishment of steam-boats on the Seine and the Gironde. Between Rouen and Havre these conveyances have been tried but with a limited success. The south of France might, however, have long remained ignorant of this advantage, had it not been for the enterprise and industry of an American gentleman, who, scarcely two years ago, tried the experiment with a boat of small dimensions. The wonder of the natives of Bourdeaux at the success of this individual, was quickly followed by an association among the principal merchants, who, in conjunction with Mr. Church, had other boats constructed, of a larger size; and there is now a regular communication, by means of these packets, from Royan at the mouth of the Gironde, to Langon, on the Garonne, a distance of upwards of a hundred miles. The accommodations are excellent in every respect, a good *restaurant* being part of each establishment. Mr. Church, determined on the extension of his undertaking, had completed, last summer, a beautiful boat, worked by an engine of 30 horses' power, in

which he meant to have fixed a regular passage between Leghorn, Genoa, and Nice.

ANTIEN JOKES ON PHYSICIANS.

ONE asking a Lacedemonian, ‘What had made him live so long?’ He answered, ‘the ignorance of physick.’

The Emperor Adrian continually exclaimed, as he was dying, ‘that the crowd of Physicians had killed him.’

An ill wrestler turned physician: ‘Courage,’ says Diogenes to him, ‘thou hast done well, for now thou wilt throw those who have formerly thrown thee.’ But physicians have this advantage, according to Nicocles, ‘That the sun gives light to their success, and the earth covers their miscarriages.’

Plato said, ‘that physicians were the only men that might be without control, since our health depends upon the vanity and falsity of their promises.’

Æsop pleasantly represents the tyrannical authority physicians usurp over poor creatures, weakened and dejected by sickness and fear; he says, ‘that a sick person being asked by his physician what operation he found of the medicines he had given him?’ ‘I have sweat very much,’ says the sick man; ‘that is good,’ says the physician; another time having asked him, ‘How he felt himself after his physic?’ ‘I have been very cold, and have had a great shivering upon me,’ said he; ‘that is good,’ replied the physician: After a third dose, he asked him again, ‘How he did?’ ‘Why, I find myself swelled and puffed up, as if I had the dropsy.’--- ‘Better still,’ said the physician; one of his servants coming presently after to inquire, ‘how he felt himself?’ ‘Truly, friend,’ said he, ‘with being too well, I am about to die.’

There was a law in Egypt, by which the physician, for the three first days, was to take charge of his patient at the patient's own peril and fortune; but those three days being passed, it was to be at his own.

A physician boasting to Nicocles ‘that his art was of great authority;’ ‘It is so, indeed,’ said Nicocles, ‘that can, with impunity, kill so many people.’

Æsop tells a story, ‘that one who had bought a Morisco slave, believing that his black complexion was accidental in him, and occasioned by the ill usage of his former master, caused him to enter into a course of physick, and with great care, to be often bathed and drenched: it happened, that the Moor was nothing amended in his tawny complexion, but he wholly lost his former health.’

TWO PLEASANT STORIES.

The Baron of Caupene in Chalonge and another, had between them the advowson of a benefice of great extent at the foot of the mountains called Lahontan. It was with the inhabitants of this angle, as it is said of those of the vale of Angrougne. ‘They lived a peculiar sort of life, had peculiar fashions, clothes, and manners,’ and were ruled and governed by certain particular laws and usages, received from father to son, to which they submitted, without other constraint than the reverence due to custom. This little estate had continued from all antiquity in so happy a condition, that no neighbouring Judge was ever put to the trouble of inquiring into their quarrels, no advocate ever retained to give them counsel, nor stranger ever called in to compose their differences.

nor was ever any of them seen so reduced as to go begging. They avoided all alliances and traffick with the rest of mankind, that they might not corrupt the purity of their own government; till, as they say, 'one of them, in the memory of their fathers, having a mind spurred on with a noble ambition, contrived, in order to bring his name into credit and reputation, to make one of his sons something more than ordinary, and having put him to learn to write, made him, at last, a brave scrivener for the village: this fellow being grown up, began to disdain their ancient customs, and to buzz into the people's ears the pomp of the other parts of the nation: the first prank he played was, to advise a friend of his, whom somebody had offended by sawing off the horns of one of his she-gnats, to make his complaint of it to the King's Judges thereabout, and so he went on in this practice till he spoiled all.'

In the progress of this corruption there happened another of more consequence, by means of a physician who fell in love with one of their daughters, had a mind to marry her, and to live amongst them.---'This man, first of all, began to teach them the names of fevers, rheums, and impostumes, the seat of the heart, liver, and intestines,---a science, till then, utterly unknown to them, and instead of gaelick, in which they were wont to cure all manner of diseases, how painful or extreme soever, he taught them, though it were but for a cough, or any little cold, to taste strange mixtures; and began to make a trade, not only of their healths, but of their lives.---They swear that, till then, they never perceived the evening air to be offensive to the head, nor that to drink when they were hot was hurtful, nor that the winds of autumn were more unwholesome than those of the spring; that since this use of physick they find themselves oppressed with a legion of unusual diseases, and that they perceive a general decay in their wonted vigour, and their lives are cut shorter by the half.'

ELECTRICITY AND GALVANISM.

Sir Richard Phillips has published a new Theory of Electricity and Galvanism. He maintains that there exists no such thing as an Electric Fluid, nor any such peculiar fluid whatever; but that all the phenomena are consequences of the decomposition or separation of the gaseous constituents of Electrics which lie between conducting surfaces, and of their re-union, or disposition to re-unite. In a thunder storm, for example, the clouds are not charged, nor is there any peculiar fluid concerned; but the air is decomposed, and then the clouds serve merely as a coating to a plate of air of which the earth is the other coating. The splendid phenomena arise from the restoration of the air to its natural state. Galvanism, says Sir Richard Phillips, is merely *accelerated* electricity; and the palpable decompositions which take place in the galvanic trough are evidences that air is similarly acted upon in Electricity.

TRAGEDY OF CATILINE.

The Rev. GEORGE CROLY, author of "The Angel of the World," &c. will shortly bring forward a Tragedy on the subject of Catiline's attempt to overturn the Commonwealth. The circumstances of the history, various, bold, and fluctuating as they were,

are obviously adapted for dramatic effect of the highest degree. Ben Jonson, Voltaire, and Crebillon, have plays upon the fate of Catiline, but by no means of such excellence as to preclude other efforts to do justice to this magnificent criminal and his time.

POLAR BEAR.

As some caravans of wild beasts, which had been exhibiting at Buckingham fair the preceding day, were proceeding from thence, a large polar bear contrived to make his escape. He was immediately pursued, and, after a considerable chase, was overtaken and ultimately killed. The animal took refuge from his pursuers beneath a bridge at Baron Wood near Stowe, having passed through the village of Water Stratford, to the great consternation of the inhabitants. He was at length secured with ropes, but was strangled in the act of dragging him from his hiding-place.

NEW ARTICLE OF COMMERCE.

Among several curiosities which have lately been presented to the Museum of the Liverpool Royal Institution, are two specimens of New Zealanders' heads brought into this country, and presented to the institution by Captain Anstess. It appears that there is a custom among the people of the country, perhaps "better honoured in the breach than the observance," of drying, pickling or preserving the heads of their chiefs or friends who have fallen in battle, as a mark of honour or attachment. The mode in which this process is effected, is by extracting the medullary substance and leaving the entire skin, which is fastened by a slight hook or ring within the skull. It has the perfect appearance of the human countenance, and not near so disgusting as might be at first supposed. The head, like many others, is hollow, the countenance fixed, and the teeth exhibited as in a laugh. It is also quite dry, and not the least offensive in the smell or touch. The skin has rather a dark and dingy cast, and very finely tattooed in the style and fashion of the last New Zealand mode. The teeth seem very perfect but small, as if they had been much worn and used. They must undoubtedly have been brave warriors in their day, as the frequent dinges and fractures in the skulls denote. The forehead of the younger chief is high and ample, graced with clusters of luxurious jet black hair. That of the other is a paternal grey, more thin and slight and the features less bold and expressive. The hair is quite natural in both, and if we may be allowed to judge from the elegance and pains taken in tattooing, they must have been gentlemen of no common rank. Owing to the exertions made by our missionaries to destroy the practice, we understand the price of heads has been considerably raised. These cost 12 guineas.

ANECDOTE.

The artist of a country sign tortured himself in vain to form a representation of St. George and the Dragon: he then tried to make a Nag's Head of it, but succeeded only in producing an uncouth unintelligible daub. Being poet as well as painter, however, he was happier in the motto which he affixed:

What this sign means no man can tell:
But it means that here's good ale to sell.

LITERARY REPORT.

NEW WORKS PUBLISHED IN FEBRUARY.

Universal Science; or, the Cabinet of Nature and Art. By Alexander Jamieson.

[This is one of the many useful manuals continually issuing from the press in the present day; and presents a great deal of scientific matter, in a cheap form. It may be recommended, as an amusing substitute for conversation, to those who may be frequently exposed to the vicissitudes of stage-coach society, or the chance of finding themselves alone at an inn; and when we tell our readers, that it contains above one thousand philosophical facts and experiments, they will probably agree with us, that it is likely to prove full as agreeable a companion, and a somewhat more instructive one, than the casual acquaintance of an hour are likely to prove.]

Austen Park; a Tale, by J. Edmeston.

The Only Child; a Tale.

The Midnight Wanderer; a Romance.

Odes and other Poems. By Henry Neele.

What is Life? and other Poems. By Thomas Bailey.

The Farmer's and Grazier's Guide; containing a Collection of valuable Recipes for the most common and fatal disorders to which Horses, Horned Cattle, and Sheep, are subject. By L. Towne.

A Description of the changeable Magnetic Properties possessed by all Iron Bodies, and the different effects produced by the same on Ship's Compasses, from the position of the Ship's Head being altered, with engravings. By P. Lecount, Midshipman in Royal Navy.

Memoirs of the Life of Nicholas Poussin. By Maria Graham.

A Christian Biographical Dictionary; containing an Account of the Lives and Writings of many of the most eminent Christians in every Nation, from the Commencement of the Christian Era to the present period. By John Wilks, jun.

The Life of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan. By Thomas Moore, Esq. author of "Lalla Rookh."

A Catechism of Chemistry, adapted for those commencing a study of that Science.

A new Stereotype Edition of Walkingame's Tutor's Assistant, with numerous improvements, and upwards of 1000 New Questions. By the Rev. Thomas Smith, of St. John's College, Cambridge.

The Scientific Monitor, or Sequel to the Scholar's Remembrancer. By M. Seaman, Master of the Academy, North Hill, Colchester.

[This is one of the performances for youth which demand unqualified praise. The subjects contained in it are well chosen, concisely discussed, and well calculated to stimulate the mind of the reader to farther inquiry respecting them.]

More Minor Morals; or an Introduction to the Winter Family, with Aunt Ellinor's Stories interspersed.

Chosroes and Heraclius; or, the Vicissitudes of a Century. A Tale from the Roman History. By Miss Sandham.

Annals of the Reign of George III. brought down to his Majesty's Decease. By John Aikin, M. D. Abridged for the Use of Schools.

Letters to a Mother on the Management of Infants and Children, on Nursing, Food, Clothing, &c. &c.; By a physician.

Calthorpe; or Fallen Fortunes; by the author of the Mystery; or, 40 years ago.

Such is the World. 3 vols.

Scheming, a Novel. 3 vols.

Zelica, the Creole; by Madam de Sansée.

Tales of Ton (first series), containing Fashionable characters! or, a Search after a Woman of Principle; by Miss M'Leod. 4 vls.

What is Life? and other poems; by Thos. Bailey.

Poems; containing the Indian and Lazarus. 8 vols.

A Second Journey through Persia to Constantinople, between the years 1810 and 1816; by James Morier, esq. royal 4to. with maps, coloured costumes, and other engravings.

Mr. Buche's work on the Beauties, Sublimities, and Harmonies of Nature.

The third part of Mr. Bellamy's new Translation of the Bible.

The Life of a Boy, a Tale; in 2 vols.

Lectures, chiefly on the dramatic Literature of the age of Elizabeth, delivered at the Russel Institution, by William Hazlitt. Second edition. 8 vols.

The Belvidere Apollo, Fazio, a Tragedy. And other poems; by the Rev. H. H. Milman.

Journal of a Horticultural Tour in the Netherlands and North of France, in the Autumn of 1817. By P. Neill, J. Hay, and James Macdonald, a deputation of the Caledonian Horticultural Society. 3 vols.

Wallace; a tragedy; by C. E. Walker. John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough; an historical play.

Æsop in Rhyme, with some originals; by Jefferys Taylor, of Ongar.

Marij de Courtenay; from the French of the Countess D***. 12mo.

Such is the World. 3 vols.

The Monarchy of the Bees; a poem with Notes.

Hofer; and other poem; by Charles Edwards.

Desultory Thoughts in London: Titus and Gissipus, with other Poems; by Charles Lloyd.

Journal of New voyages and travels. No IV. Vol IV. containing Pouqueville's Travels in the northern Provinces of Greece with plates.

The Poet's Child; a Tragedy, in Five Acts. By Isabel Hill.

The Application of Christianity to the Commercial and Ordinary Affairs of Life. In a Series of Discourses. By T. Chalmers, D.D.

In the press, Elementary Illustrations of the Celestial Mechanics of Laplace, comprehending the First Book; with an Introduction, containing the Rudiments of the Mathematics; being the First Part of a work intended to supply the student with every link that is actually required for a complete Chain of Demonstration, extending to the Whole Theory of Planetary Motions. 8 vols.

The author of "Night," and other Poems, is preparing for the press, Metacorn, or Philip of Pokanoket, an heroic poem in 16 books.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 4.]

BOSTON, MAY 15, 1821.

[VOL. IX.

(English Magazines, March 1821.)

LETTERS FROM THE HAVANNAH.

IN Cuba the stream of industry and trade struggles through the obstructions of habits and manners with difficulty, running through an aqueduct bed, raised by the enterprising adventurers of Northern Spain, or America. It is sufficient to the Creole *cabellero*, that his country is rich in the germs of prosperity: it is a topic of pride and national exultation that serves for the discussion of his heavy hours, and he calmly looks down upon the enterprising stranger, who is fostering the bud and will gather the fruit, as if he was a labourer in his service. This sluggish indifference is chiefly observable in that class amongst whom you would least expect it, namely, those whose means are slender and need improving. As you ascend in society, the view is somewhat brighter. You find men of intelligence and education *awake* to the interests of their country, but they sit in their studies with their *night-caps* on. A profusion of *aviso's*, *proclama's*, *manifesto's*, and *memoria's*, are constantly appearing, upon subjects of public benefit, with multitudes of spirited *instigations*, which these gentlemen write in their *arm-chairs* to their neighbours.

"From what I have said, you may judge of the *tone* of society here amongst the whites. With the highest class, who do not stand in need of exertion, you may conceive that *social*

ease is entirely attended to; that their time is spent in luxurious passiveness; sometimes broken in on by the love of place; sometimes agitated by the vacillations of gambling, and sometimes rendered *piquant* by *gallanting* with literature. Almost every one, indeed, versifies here, and with the aid of the gods and goddesses, the roses and lilies of Enrope, and an assortment of diamonds and gold, odes and sonnets are plentifully manufactured. Something on this subject I may possibly add at another time; suffice it now to say, that the ample page of knowledge having been sadly torn in squeezing through the gates of the Inquisition, only a few fragments are to be found here.

"There are many in the island possessed of very large and numerous estates, but colonial income is precarious, and the expenses of living extremely high at the Havana. Few, I believe, notwithstanding the high saleable value of their estates, can be called monied men. Amongst the merchants, large fortunes have been realized, principally by the *slave trade*. But the commercial body, though of primary importance to the island, is only third in rank. The nobility and heads of government departments, stand first. The *employés* (of which I could show you a list of 800) rank second. The merchants, with bags full of gold ounces, march

next, followed by a train of Gaditanian French, English, North American, and German clerks. Canary islanders, Biscayners, Gallego's, Catalonians and Americans, are the last in order ; but I must not figure them in procession, for they cannot leave their ground-floors and nooks of shops, at the corner of the great houses, for fear the half-naked black slave that is piling up their goods should run off with them ; they wisely remain at home, stretched full length on their counters, dozing between customers.

"There is yet another class of whites whom I have to mention, the *Monte-ro's*. or country people, holders of *estanciu's* or small farms, a hardy race, habituated to exertions, and whose situation holds out every inducement to make them."

The author estimates the white population at 250,000 ; and the coloured, including black and mulatto, bond and free, at 314,200, of whom 30,512 are free mulattoes, 28,373 free blacks ; 17,803 mulatto, and 106,526, black slaves. To the latter are to be added, 25,976 black slaves, imported in 1817, 17,000 in 1818, and 14,668 in 1819, making a total of 181,968 slaves !

"The European farmer finds that the best manure is composed of the most offensive materials ;—so does the West-India planter—he spreads his fields with orphans and captives, and expects to find his harvests prosperous in proportion to the mass of misery he has heaped together.

"There are many coloured people whose freedom is the purchase of extra earnings allowed them by law. These are the most valuable of their class, and commonly continue in their course of industry as hawkers of market goods, and petty dealers in tobacco, &c. Those who reside in the country differ little from the lower order of whites, with whom they maintain a perfect fellowship. Both descriptions are frequently seen working together at the same trade, and I regret to say, still more frequently, gambling together. This vice and an immoderate love of dress are the bane of the labouring class. You would smile to see groups

of black females with silk stockings, satin shoes, muslin gowns, French shawls, gold ear-rings and flowers in their woollen head-dress, gallanted by black beaux with white beaver hats, English coats and gold-headed canes, all smoking in concert with their superiors. These are your washer-women and cobblers, festivalizing on a '*dias de dos cruces*,' or a church holiday. The next day you will have them at your door with some article of this finery, which they are seeking a sale for, to pay for the day's subsistence.

"The convents are only twelve in number, but are not well stocked. The ecclesiastical population of the Havana is 417. The whole island contains 1034 of this class, male and female, so that the church militant is not very particularly well officered. The monastic orders are useful, in some degree, by having established schools in their several convents.

"The economical society of the Havana, at the head of which is the intelligent and amiable D. Alexandro Ramirez, has exerted itself arduously in promoting and diffusing knowledge. Schools on the Royal British system have been opened.

"The *Cubano Caballero* rises early and takes a cup of chocolate as soon as risen. He then lights his cigar and either strolls in his *patio*, or balconies, or mounts his horse. At ten o'clock he breakfasts on fish, meat, soup, eggs and ham, with wine and coffee. Before the company rise from table, a little pan with live charcoal is brought for every one to light their cigars with. The females, except in the upper ranks, smoke also. Smoking indeed is so general, that the people all look like pictures of saints with glorified *halo's*. It is said the poor Mexicans were conquered so speedily by their handful of invaders, from the consternation excited at the appearance of *Cortes'* sixteen dragoons, they conceiving the man and horse to be *one* animal. If a body of Spaniards were now to invade some *untobaccoed* Mexico, the man and his cigar would have the same fearful effect. The children even smoke. Little creatures of 5 or 6 years old strut

about with their cigars ; and, as parents here dress the boys of that age in long coats with little canes, they have all the grave air of manhood, and only want whiskers to make them appear as if set up to ridicule their fathers.

" Among the new institutions are a professorship of Anatomy and Chemistry—a school for painting and lecturing on political economy, have also been established under the patronage of the government. But time and enlarged intercourse, with the ideas of other nations who are past infancy, are wanting to form the reciprocity of mind

that will render these institutions thoroughly available. At present I can only say that a medical man gravely advises his patients to *perspire four shirts*, or to remain in the bath during three *paternosters* and an *ave maria* : that the priests are as fat and as thriving as they could have been in the 15th century ; that a Jew dare not for his life appear in the island ; that cock-pits have been found sufficiently valuable to become objects of royal monopoly, and that above 10,000 packs of cards are annually imported."

(Literary Gazette.)

METRICAL BALLADS. BY JOANNA BAILLIE.*

WERE we not, in consequence of the prolific literature of the times, very strictly bound to the spirit of our plan, which seeks rather to illustrate what is new than to dwell on what is retrospective ; we might be tempted, in bringing the present publication before our readers, to cast back a glance on those productions of the author which have enrolled her name as one of the brightest among the female writers of the age. But this has been so ably done by other critics, whose authority is of great weight, that we have better warrant for pursuing our wonted course, and proceeding to the field where we are the earliest reapers ; even there, however, contenting ourselves in the first instance with binding up a sheaf of gleanings, without descanting on the lightness or fulness of the ears, or on the bad or good quality of the grain.

The metrical legends consist of William Wallace, Christopher Columbus, and Lady Griseldi Baillie : each accompanied by notes. To these are added several ballads, founded on popular superstitions, and entitled Lord John of the East, Malcolm's Heir, The Elden Tree, and the Ghost of Fadon.

The concluding reflections, on the

great navigator's tomb, are in a noble strain.

Oh ! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name !
Whilst in that sound there is a charm
The nerves to brace, the heart to warm,
As, thinking of the mighty dead,
The young, from slothful couch will start,
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
Like them to act a noble part ?

O ! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name !
When, but for those, our mighty dead,
All ages past a blank would be,
Sunk in oblivion's murky bed,—
A desert bare, a shipless sea ?
They are the distant objects seen,—
The lofty marks of what hath been.

O ! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name !
When mem'ry of the mighty dead
To earth-worn pilgrim's wistful eye
The brightest rays of cheering shed,
That point to immortality ?

The events in the exemplary life of Lady Griseldi Baillie, are narrated with a mingled tone of pleasantry and pathos ; concluding with a satirical portraiture of modern ladies, as compared with this model of the social and domestic affections :—but we must pass the whole over in silence, to find room for one of the ballads, with which we at present take our leave.

* Metrical Ballads of Exalted Characters. By Joanna Baillie, author of Plays on the Passions, &c. London, 1821.

LORD JOHN OF THE EAST.

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

The fires blaz'd bright till deep midnight,
And the guests sat in the hall,
And the Lord of the feast, Lord John of the East,
Was the merriest of them all.

His dark-grey eye, that wont so sly
Beneath his helm to scowl.
Flash'd keenly bright, like a new-wak'd sprite,
As pass'd the circling bowl.

In laughter light, or jocund lay,
That voice was heard, whose sound,
Stern, loud and deep, in battle-fray,
Did foe-men fierce astound :

And stretch'd so balm, like lady's palm,
To ev'ry jester near,
That hand which thro' a prostrate foe
Oft thrust the ruthless spear.

The gallants sang, and the goblets rang,
And they revel'd in careless state,
Till a thund'ring sound, that shook the ground,
Was heard at the castle-gate.

"Who knocks without, so loud and stout,
Some wand'ring knight, I ween,
Who from afar, like a guiding star,
Our blazing hall hath seen.

If a stranger it be of high degree,
(No churl durst make such din,)
Step forth amain, my pages twain,
And soothly ask him in.

Tell him our cheer is the forest deer,
Our bowl is mantling high,
And the Lord of the feast, is John of the East,
Who welcomes him courteously."

The pages twain returned again,
And a wild, scar'd look had they :
"Why look yeso?—is it friend or foe?"
Did the angry Baron say.

"A stately knight without doth wait,
But further he'll not hie,
Till the Baron himself shall come to the gate,
And ask him courteously."

"By my mother's shroud, he is full proud !
What earthly man is he ?"

"I know not in truth," quoth the trembling youth,
"If earthly man it be."

"In Reveller's plight, he is bedight,
With a vest of the crim'sy meet ;
But in his mantle behind, that streams on the wind,
Is a corse's bloody sheet."

"Out, paltry child ! thy wits are wild,
Thy comrade will me true :
Say plainly then, what hast thou seen ?
Or dearly shalt thou rue."

Faint spoke the second page with fear,
And bent him on his knee,
"Were I on your father's sword to swear,
The same it appear'd to me."

Then dark, dark low'r'd the Baron's eye,
And his red cheek chang'd to wan ;
For again the gate more furiously,
The thund'ring din began.

"And is there ne'er of my vassals here,
Of high or low degree,
That wilt unto this stranger go,—
Will go for the love of me ?"

Then spoke and said, fierce Donald the Red,—
(A fearless man was he)

"Yes ; I will straight to the castle gate,
Lord John, for the love of thee."

With heart full stout, he hied him out,
While silent all remain :
Nor mov'd a tongue those gallants among,
Till Donald return'd again.

"O speak (said his Lord,) by thy hopes of grace,
What stranger must we hail ?"
But the haggard look of Donald's face
Made his falt'ring words to fail.

"It is a knight in some foreign guise,
His like did I never behold :
For the stony look of his beamless eyes
Made my very life-blood cold.

I did him greet in fashion meet,
And bade him your feast partake,
But the voice that spoke, when he silence broke,
Made the earth beneath me quake.

O such a tone did tongue ne'er own
That dwelt in mortal head :—
It is like a sound from the hollow ground,—
Like the voice from the coffin'd dead.

I bade him to your social board ;
But in he will not hie,
Until at the gate, this castle's Lord
Shall entreat him courteously.

And he stretch'd him the while with a ghastly smile,
And sternly bade me say,
'Twas no depute's task your guest to ask
To the feast of the woody bay."

Pale grew the Baron, and faintly said,
As he heav'd his breath with pain,
"From such a feast as there was spread,
Do any return again ?"

I bade my guest to a bloody feast,
Where the death-wound was his fare,
And the isle's bright maid, who my love betray'd,
She tore her raven hair.

The sea-fowl screams, and the watch-tower gleams,
And the deaf'ning billows roar,
Where he unblest was put to rest,
On a wild and distant shore.

Do the hollow grave and the whelming wave
Give up their dead again ?
Doth the surgy waste waft o'er its breast
The spirits of the slain ?"

But his loosened limbs shook fast, and pour'd
The big drops from his brow,
As louder still the third time roar'd
The thundering gate below.

"O rouse thee, Baron, for manhood's worth!
Let good or ill befall,
Thou must to the stranger knight go forth,
And ask him to your hall."

"Rouse thy bold breast," said each eager guest,
"What boots it shrinking so?
Be it fiend or sprite, or murder'd knight,
In God's name thou must go."

Why should'st thou fear? dost thou not wear
A gift from the great Glendower,
Sandals, blest by a holy priest,
O'er which nought ill hath power?"

All ghastly pale did the Baron quail,
As he turn'd him to the door,
And his sandals blest, by a holy priest,
Sound feebly on the floor.

Then back to the hall and his merry mates all
He cast his parting eye.

"God send thee again, safe back again!"
He heav'd a heavy sigh.

Then listen'd they, on the lengthen'd way,
To his faint and less'ning tread,
And, when that was past, to the wailing blast,
That wail'd as for the dead.

But wilder it grew, and stronger it blew,
And it rose with an elvick sound,
Till the lofty keep on its rocky steep,
Fell hurling to the ground.

Each fearful eye then glanc'd on high,
To the lofty window wall,
When a fiery trace of the Baron's face
Thro' the casements shone on all.

But the vision's glare pass'd thro' the air,
And the raging tempest ceas'd,
And never more, on sea or shore,
Was seen Lord John of the East.

The sandals, blest by a holy priest,
Lay unscath'd on the swarded green,
But never again, on land or main,
Lord John of the East was seen.

NAPLES.

THE late revolution, which is added to so many others that have taken place in the kingdom of Naples, well styled by the ancients

"Of luxury the native seat,"

renders every thing interesting that relates to that country.

Alphonso of Arragon, who began his reign in 1443, was exactly to the kingdom of Naples what Louis XIV. was to France. He erected the most sumptuous edifices, and caused himself to be surrounded by men of merit in every point of view. The monuments of his glory which he erected in Naples, are to this day the objects of the traveller's admiration. He enlarged the Mole and the arsenals, embellished the Castle, and it was by his orders that the beautiful triumphal arch was raised at the entrance of the Palace: he was desirous of thus eternizing the remembrance of that day, when, after having given peace to his kingdom, he entered in triumph in that city which was to owe to him all her future splendour and prosperity.

Charles III. about the middle of the eighteenth century, also caused some very remarkable edifices to be erected; amongst which may be reckoned the

palace of Portici. A situation more delightful could not have been imagined whereon to build a palace. From the shores on which it is raised may be viewed the whole gulf of Naples and the front of the island of Capri; on one side the smiling coast of Sorrento, on the other the town of Pausillipus; and at a distance those islands that seem lost in the sea like sentinels watching over the safety of the gulf. But Vesuvius towers over the Palace, its cinders, during the frequent eruptions of that volcano, fall on the roofs, and penetrate into the apartments; its burning lava often runs along the gardens, and the court has been sometimes obliged to fly and return with speed into the capital. This edifice was erected in 1783, according to the design of Cannavari, a Roman Architect: it wants a certain air of nobleness and majesty, and the interior decorations are in a very bad taste. The French architects that Joachim Murat took with him, made in it so many happy improvements, that when Ferdinand IV. returned he would not have any thing taken away.

The reign of Charles III. had every concurrence to render it memorable. Three unfortunate towns which had

been swallowed up by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius in the year 79 of the Christian era, were at that epocha discovered.

By the works of the ancients we are informed that Herculaneum, Stabia, and Pompeii, had been buried under the ashes from Mount Vesuvius; the learned disputed as to their situation. In 1720, Herculaneum was discovered by chance, as they were digging a well. But still no regular search was made. Charles III. in the year 1750, began it; and this was an important event for the literary world; statues, utensils of every sort, paintings of the most curious kind were found, and became the objects of general interest.

There is not, perhaps, any part of the

world wherein the dress of the females so much resembles those of the ancients as those worn by the Neapolitan women. The costume differs according to the different provinces; and not only so but in various places in the same province. Their manners too, offer many traces of antiquity. We may find, for example, the remains of the ancient saturnalia in the dance named *tarentelle*; and notwithstanding their rude manner and coarse voices, the shepherds of Calabria exercise the rites of hospitality in the same manner as the ancient Calabrians; and the youth entertain for their fathers the same respect and submit to the same subordination as the virtuous Samnites were wont to observe.

(Blackwood's Magazine.)

THE STEAM-BOAT; OR, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS OF THOMAS DUFFLE,

CLOTH-MERCHANT IN THE SALT-MARKET OF GLASGOW.

Voyage First.

It was, I think, on the 16th day of June, in the year of our Lord, A. D. 1819, that I embarked at the Broomielaw, on board the Waterloo steam-boat, bound to her head port, the town of Greenock, with an understanding that passengers were to be landed at any place in the course of the voyage, wheresoever their needs and affairs might require. As my adventure was for health or pleasure, I resolved to go with her to all the places where she might be obligated to visit, and return home with her in the evening, Mrs. MacLecket telling me, that there might be a risk, at my time of life, in changing my bed. Embarking then, as I have said, we got under way at eight o'clock, and shortly after, the passengers that had not breakfasted before they came out in the morning, retired to the steward's room, where they were very comfortably entertained at an easy rate—in so much, that for the ploy of the thing, I wished I had not taken mine with Mrs. MacLecket; but I was over persuaded by her of the danger of going upon the water with an empty stomach. However, I had not much cause to repine at this, for while the rest were busy with the eatables, I entered into some discourse with a decent elderly gentleman, concerning foreign parts, and such matters as were material to a man like me, in going upon his first voyage. This stranger I found of a great solidity of mind that was surely past the common: he had seen much of the world, and had read the book of man through and through.—In his appearance there was nothing particular; he stooped a degree forward, and for the most part was disposed to rest his brow upon his staff, and to mind more what others said than to say much himself; but it was plain, from his looks, that this was not owing to any lack of ability or information, as I presently found. For, in mentioning to him the reason of my being in the steam-boat, and talking concerning the profit of travelling, how it opened the faculties and enlarged the understanding, he made some very pithy and sagacious responses; until from less to more, he told me that in his youth he had visited many famous cities, as well as towns of repute, in foreign lands. One thing led to another, and it would be needless in me to relate all that passed: but in speaking about the barbarous Russians, he said, “I cannot better give you a notion of the strange mixture of savage passion and refined corruption which are often met with among them, than by a domestic story which a relation of the parties told me, and which, I doubt not, is in all its most remarkable circumstances substantially true.”

THE RUSSIAN.

ONE night, as Prince Tobloski, with his son, was returning from the Taurian palace, where they had been present at a magnificent entertainment, which the late Empress gave to the Court, his carriage was stopped in the street for a short time, by an accident that had befallen a wain loaded with

timber. The Prince was a hale and stout old man, and possessed of a singular vigour of character. His usual residence was at Moscow; but desirous of introducing Demetrius his son to the Empress, with all the advantages to which his rank and fortune entitled him, he had come to spend some

time at Petersburg. It had been previously agreed between him and Count Ponatowski, a Polish nobleman, who also resided in the ancient capital, that Demetrius should espouse the daughter of the Count; but this match was not one of those which are made in heaven.

Demetrius was in the prime of youth. It could not be said that he had reached the full maturity of manhood, for he was only 19; but he was finely formed, and of a gallant and manly presence. Elizabeth, his destined bride, was younger; and the report of her beauty and accomplishments was such, that it might be said, this elegant couple were formed for each other. They had, however, never met. Elizabeth having early lost her mother, had been educated at Warsaw, under the care of her grandmother, a French lady of the old school, and a passionate admirer of the *New Eloise*; but she was expected at Petersburg while Prince Tobloski was there, and Demetrius, with the anxiety of a young man, it could not entirely be said of a lover, was, at the time I am speaking, become impatient for her arrival.

While Demetrius and his father were waiting till the impediment was removed which had arrested their carriage, a travelling equipage came furiously along, and, regardless of the cries of the people, drove full tilt against the timber wain, and was upset. The shrieks of a female instantly induced Demetrius to spring out to her assistance, and he had the happiness to rescue a beautiful girl unhurt; but her companion, an elderly matron, had received a severe contusion on the forehead, and was almost senseless.

By their language, dress, and manners, they appeared to be Frenchwomen, and persons of some consequence, and Demetrius begged his father to take them to his own house in his carriage, till their friends could be informed of their situation.

Prince Tobloski in his manners, was a rude and unlettered man, but he had still much of the national hospitality in his disposition, and at once received the strangers into his coach, and car-

ried them home to his palace, which was but a short distance from the scene of the accident. All this did not occupy many minutes. The two ladies, on reaching the palace, were committed to the care of the domestics, and the father and son retired to their respective apartments.

Medical assistance was immediately procured for the old lady; and, in the meantime, the strangers learnt that it was to the Prince Tobloski and his son they were indebted for the assistance they had received. This information afforded them much pleasure. In a word, it was the fair Elizabeth, and her grandmother, the old Countess Ponatowski.

The Countess, notwithstanding the pain of her wound, had the presence of mind to whisper Elizabeth to conceal their names. The fantastic old woman was delighted with the romantic incident which had brought the fated lovers so unexpectedly together; nor was the gentle victim of her stratagem averse to the plot of the little drama in which she was to bear the principal part.

The contusion which the Countess had received proved very slight, but it so disfigured her appearance, that next morning she could not be persuaded to allow a male eye to look at her; even the doctor, who was perhaps in some degree requisite to the rectification of her face, was admitted with difficulty.

In the meantime it was concerted between the ladies, that the Countess should be represented as the widow of an Amsterdam banker, who had been ruined by the French revolution, and Elizabeth as her niece; and that their object in coming to Petersburg was to establish an academy for young ladies, Elizabeth having been purposely educated for that profession. Accordingly enough was given out to the servants of the palace to enable them to understand this, which being reported to the Prince, served materially to abate the degree of consideration with which he was previously disposed to treat his guests. It had also, in some degree, the same effect on Demetrius, who had been much struck with the beauty and elegance of Elizabeth, and was not al-

together satisfied that her image should take the place in his mind which had been previously occupied with the fancy portraiture of the unseen daughter of Ponatowski. However, during the morning, he resolved to pay the ladies a visit in their apartment, and was not displeased, on being admitted, to find that the Countess would not permit herself to be visible, on account of the swelling and contusion on her forehead, so that he had an agreeable conversation with Elizabeth, who played off all the pretty coquetries of her sex, to shew herself to the best advantage, delighted to see that her intended spouse was not that rough and hideous bear which her grandmother had taught her sometimes to dread, by representing the Russians as still but the unlicked cubs of mankind—neither grown into civilization, nor tamed into politeness.

This interview answered all the purposes of the old lady's stratagem. Demetrius was smitten with the charms of Elizabeth, and knew scarcely which most to admire, the beauty of her form and countenance—the arch simplicity, or the grace of her manners—and the intelligence of her conversation.

In returning to his father, who did not think it requisite to condescend to visit the widow of an Amsterdam banker, he gave only a very temperate description of Elizabeth; but the Prince had seen enough of her the preceding evening to be interested in her appearance also. It would be ridiculous to say that an old Russian nobleman, of the Court of Catherine the Second, could, by any possibility be a man of gallantry; but if Tobloski had none of the delicacy, he had all the animal energy of the character; and, while his son was inhaling love and admiration from the accents of Elizabeth, he was actually meditating the means of appropriating her beauty to himself.

It happened, in this juncture, that Count Ponatowski called, to mention that he had received letters from his mother, the Countess, and that he expected her with Elizabeth at Petersburg, in the course of a day or two. Tobloski then mentioned the adventure

which he had met with in coming from Court the evening before, and described Elizabeth in such glowing terms, that the Count lightly proposed they should together visit her. This was a mere act of jocularly on the part of the Count, who was, in many respects, a character, not only of finer ore, but of richer workmanship than Tobloski, being indeed a gentleman in the true acceptance of the term, who, though constrained by political circumstances then to reside in Russia, had, in his youth, travelled over all the south of Europe, and passed several years both in London and Paris. However, Tobloski assented to his proposal, and a servant was sent to inform Elizabeth that the Prince and Count Ponatowski were coming to honour her with a visit.

Elizabeth, from childhood, had never seen her father. When she was only in her fourth year, he had been obliged to leave Warsaw and go into Russia, on account of the jealousy which the Imperial government entertained of his politics; for he was a man of open and firm principles, and one of those noblemen to whom the Poles had turned their views, when they meditated the deliverance of their country. But she was well acquainted with the worth and virtues of his character, from his letters, and still more, perhaps, by the encomiums of those friends who had sympathized with him in his patriotism, and lamented in secret the thralldom of Poland. She was, in consequence, deeply affected when she heard his name pronounced, and could with difficulty be restrained by the exhortations of the Countess, from rushing into his arms. When the Prince and the Count were approaching, the old lady retired on account of her wounded face, and Elizabeth received them with an interesting embarrassment, which rendered her grace and loveliness still more striking than the agitation in which Tobloski had seen her the preceding evening.

The admiration of the Prince being altogether excited by her personal beauty, and having that judicious contempt for the mercantile profession which so

well became an ancient Magnate of Moscow, he was not quite so guarded as a gentleman would have been, in the terms which he employed in directing the attention of the Count to the luxuriance of her appearance. But independent of her emotion, which affected the compassion of Ponatowski, there was something in the general cast of her face and figure, that came upon his heart like a burst of light to the captive in the dungeon; and he felt himself moved by an irresistible sympathy, to shield her with his protection. He knew too well the character of Tobloski, not to be aware of the intentions which he meditated, and the danger in which she was placed.

The visit being one of courtesy, lasted only a few minutes; but in retiring, Ponatowski turned back, and taking Elizabeth kindly by the hand, said, that he pitied her misfortunes, and that, as soon as her aunt was in a condition to leave the Tobloski palace, he hoped she would inform him where they took up their residence, and he would be happy to assist them in their academical views, being confident, from the little he had seen, that they were well fitted for the business they intended to undertake. Elizabeth grasped her father's hand with affection, delighted with this unexpected compliment, and almost betrayed herself by the vivid expression of joy which at that moment sparkled in her beautiful countenance.

Tobloski, who saw this short scene, was not satisfied with its effect. He knew the passion which actuated his own bosom, and it would be difficult to say that he judged uncharitably, when he estimated the feelings of the Count by his own. But he was prompt and decisive; he had all that young energy which is characteristic of the rising empire of which he was one of the most eminent nobles; nor were his designs ever weakened by any of those scruples which paralyze the intentions of more refined libertines.

As soon as the Count had quitted the palace, Tobloski sent for Elizabeth, and informed her, that his son Demetrius was on the point of marriage with

the daughter of Ponatowski, hourly expected from Warsaw, and that he thought he could not confer a greater compliment to his intended daughter-in-law, than by providing her with an attendant who seemed in so many respects suitable. He therefore proposed to Elizabeth, that she should continue to reside with her aunt at the palace, and that he would adequately reward their attention and service to the bride.

Elizabeth, pleased and diverted with this proposal, readily acceded to his wishes; and the old lady, on hearing the result, was highly delighted with the progress and success of her stratagem:—the accident, which rendered herself unfit to be seen by male eyes, and by which she avoided being present at the interview with her son, was an occurrence calculated to promote the anticipated *denouement* of what she deemed an amusing comedy.

Among the domestics in the Tobloski palace, was an old German officer of the name of Bruhl, to whose particular care Demetrius had been consigned from the age of five years. He was a grave, erect, and venerable man, full of pure and honourable sentiments; possessed of great insight of character, and of a profound, but somewhat suspicious knowledge of the world. He loved Demetrius with the affection of a parent, and treated him, even from childhood, with the frankness of a friend, by which he had essentially contributed to render that youthful nobleman one of the most promising ornaments of the empire.

Demetrius immediately after his interview with Elizabeth, had gone to Bruhl, and confessed to him the extraordinary interest which she had awakened in his bosom. The old man was disturbed by this information, for he knew the latent ardour and ingenuousness of Demetrius's character, and perceived, that while he ran the risk of fixing his affections indissolubly on a lovely creature, by all accounts so personally worthy of them, he would disdain to practise that equivocation which might be requisite to break off the long betrothed match with the daughter of

Ponatowski. He therefore at once spoke earnestly to Demetrius on the subject, and advised him, as a man of honour, pledged to bear his affections undivided to his bride, to avoid the company of the stranger. Demetrius promised, and, perhaps, would have adhered to his promise, but for the arrangement which his father had made with Elizabeth. On receiving the information, he went back to Bruhl, and with considerable animation, entreated his interposition. "If," he exclaimed, "this fascinating girl is to remain in my household, I am undone:—my own happiness is wrecked, with that of the amiable Elizabeth Ponatowski, who, I am assured, can be in no respect inferior to this fatal stranger."

Bruhl made no reply for some time, but ruminated, evidently perplexed; at last he advised Demetrius to go at once to Roloskchow, under the pretext of superintending the preparations which were making for his marriage, in that villa, which had been recently purchased, for his summer residence,—and to this Demetrius, in the spirit of virtuous resolution, readily agreed; but in retiring from the study of Bruhl, as he descended the stairs, he passed the door which led to the suite of apartments occupied by the strangers. It was open, and he paused, half inclined to enter—perhaps he would have passed on, but in the same moment, the mild and musical voice of Elizabeth, heard within, charmed him from his determination.

He found her seated beside the Countess—the old lady was delighted at this unexpected visit, and made so many coy and prattling apologies for her lugubrious bandages, that Demetrius, independent altogether of the delicious spell of Elizabeth's presence, was induced to enter into a lively conversation with her, which had the effect of thickening the plot, and strengthening the mutual affection, which, from the first night, had sprung up between the lovers.—In this situation, Tobloski himself abruptly entered—he was surprised and disconcerted to find his son so much engaged with the ladies, and

said, somewhat more sharply than he intended should be observed—"What will Elizabeth Ponatowski say to this?"—Demetrius at these words blushed, and immediately withdrew from the palace, leaving word with the master of the household, that he was gone to Roloskchow.

The old Countess, without being herself a woman of intrigue, possessed a great deal of that sort of knowledge and discernment, which qualified her to detect the machinations of it in others; and she was not long of perceiving, after the sudden entrance of the old Prince, that his object, in requesting Elizabeth to remain in the palace, was not so disinterestedly complimentary to his intended daughter-in-law as he affected, and she determined on this account to reap a little entertainment at his particular expense. Accordingly, she entered into conversation with him, in a strain of gaiety, so very like levity, that the obtuse tact of the sensualist could not discover the difference. Before they had been long together, he was led to suspect, that the academical project was a mere pretext, and that in fact, the old lady had brought her beautiful niece to the imperial market.

The coarseness of Tobloski's manners, and the freedom of his conversation with her grandmother, inspired Elizabeth with aversion and disgust. She forgot, in the indignation of the moment, her assumed character; and, with a pride and port becoming the daughter of the noble Ponatowski, she quitted the room. This afforded the ancient coquette and the old sinner an opportunity to speak more at their ease, by which the Countess, with true feminine address, succeeded in receiving from Tobloski a proposal to resign Elizabeth to him, and in sportive malice she cunningly promised every assistance to his wishes; knowing, however, the purity of Elizabeth's mind, she resolved to keep this a secret from her; but in order to gain time for the development of her scheme, and also that her face might be in a condition to be seen by strangers, upon Tobloski quitting her, she wrote a letter to her son, the

Count, ante-dated from Warsaw, informing him, that she would not leave that city so soon as she had originally intended, but that assuredly he might expect to see her with Elizabeth at Petersburg on a day fixed, the third from that on which she was then writing. This letter she despatched to Ponatowski, as if it had been brought by a traveller just arrived.

Meanwhile, Bruhl had reflected on the hazards to which his favourite was exposed, and aware of Tobloski's decision and sensuality, was at no loss to appreciate the motives which had induced him so promptly to engage Elizabeth, for the daughter of Ponatowski. He therefore determined, if possible, to save her from his artifices, believing that he had already secured her lover from danger. With this purpose, he lost no time in going to Elizabeth, whom he found alone, the Countess being at the moment in her own room engaged with her letter. His interview was brief, and his conversation abrupt; he merely said, that he had come to caution her that she ought not to remain any longer in the palace, but depart from it without delay, and obtain as speedily as possible some safer asylum.

The sincerity of this venerable man made his advice impressive, although, to Elizabeth, the equivocal of her situation might have been supposed calculated to render it amusing. Her feelings, however, had received a shock from the freedom of Tobloski's conversation with her grandmother, and she could not rally her spirits into their wonted fullness.

The warning of Bruhl sunk upon her with an ominous solemnity, and when the Countess returned into the room, soon after he had withdrawn, she remonstrated with her against continuing any longer their deception. But the romantic and gay old woman was now full of her project, and laughed her into comparative good humour, at the same time agreeing that it was not expedient they should remain any longer in the Tobloski palace. But this was only a part of her plot; and she proposed that they should remove that very evening, in

order, as she intended, but without disclosing her motive, that the passion of Tobloski might be exhibited in some ridiculous posture.

In the afternoon they retired to an hotel, of which the Countess took care to apprise the Prince, by writing him a note, thanking him for the hospitality which she had received in his mansion. This produced the desired effect;—the same evening the hoary libertine paid them a visit, but his attentions to Elizabeth were so rude and open that she repulsed them with indignation.—Her grandmother laughed, while by a signal she induced the Prince to withdraw, who, believing he left an effectual minister behind, immediately retired.

Elizabeth was vexed with her grandmother's levity, and the Countess affecting to be grieved by what had taken place, proposed the next day they should remove to the residence of Ponatowski; Elizabeth was anxious to do so immediately, but her wish was overruled.

The Count, on receiving his mother's letter, believing that she would not be in Petersburg for three days, went to spend the interval with a friend who resided in the country, about three miles from the city. The house of this friend was situated on the skirts of a wood, not far from a hunting lodge belonging to Tobloski. On the one side, the country was open and bare, but on the other, the forest and several rising grounds that approximated to the character of hills, embraced the spacious moorland, as it might be called, with the arms as it were of a crescent.

The Count's friend resided at the foot of one of these hills, and the mansion had a rural and barelike aspect, but the lodge of Tobloski stood within the wood. It was without any inclosure around it, and the architecture was in a strange sylvan and fantastic style.

On the day after his arrival, as Ponatowski was walking alone towards the lodge, which he had never seen, and which his friend had described to him as a very grotesque edifice, he saw one of Tobloski's carriages drive up to the door, and two females alight and enter.

—A sudden impulse, which he could not describe, prompted him to go towards them, but an unaccountable restraint at the same time held him back, and he returned to his friends, depressed with a dark and melancholy presentiment, that he could neither explain nor shake off. He was disturbed with a persuasion that one of the ladies was the beautiful stranger who had so lately moved his best affections, and he could not allow himself to think that a maiden so fair, so amiable, and so young, could be there a willing victim.

The summer was at this time so far advanced, that the night was reduced into a mere twilight; but the twilight of the Russian summer is a state of repose far different from that of our more southern latitudes. Here after sunset a variety of cheerful sounds still continue gradually subsiding, until the bell of the village clock, or the bay of the watch-dog, are all that remain; and even these belong to the old dominion of night. But the Russian midnight retains the glowing amber colour of evening, without any of that subsiding cadence of sounds, which with us harmonizes so well, if I may use the expression, with the fading tints of the day-light.

Ponatoski, on retiring to his chamber, could not sleep. His imagination was busy with recollections of the past; and the image of his daughter, whom he had left a lovely and artless child, was mingled with the departed hopes of his young ambition, and the wrongs of his dismembered and injured country.

When he had lain down about two hours, he rose and looked out at the window. It was still solight, that the moon, although in her full round of brightness, and high in her meridian power, looked pale, strewing her ineffectual lustre upon the woods so feebly, that it only served to shew the deeper shadows cast by the radiance of the morning travelling to her eastern gate, so very little below the northern horizon. An awful silence filled the whole air to such a degree, that it may be said to have been palpable. It was as if all living things and airy motions were suspended in the world, and

nothing was going on but the mighty spheres of nature, wheeling their silent courses through the depths and abysses of eternity.

Ponatoski felt the sentiment of the moment, and gazing abroad on the solitude with devotional enthusiasm, he heard a cry at a distance, and instantly opened the casement to listen; after a short interval it was repeated, and it resounded through the hollow silence of that peaceful Russian midnight with a supernatural ring of distress.—He listened again; the cries came from Tobloski's lodge; and he was soon by their repetition able to discover the voices of females in distress. A pause ensued, and he then heard but one voice. The person was wildly screaming in the open air. He immediately alarmed the house, and having on his dress, ran out to the assistance of the stranger. On reaching the door, the smell of fire was perceptible in the air, and a vast column of smoke was rising to the heavens from the lodge of Tobloski.

The Count hastened to the spot, followed by his friend and all the domestics. In their way they found the old Countess insensible on the ground; but without waiting for her recovery, two of the servants were ordered to carry her to the house, and see her properly attended, while the Count hastened forward.

By the time he reached the lodge, the flames were raging from all the windows, and the roof was sinking in beneath a gloomy press of dense smoke and fire which it seemed unable to sustain. Tobloski himself and his servants were out and looking at the burning, which indeed defied all resistance; but there was something in the deportment of the Prince which made the Count shudder:—"This is a sad accident," said Tobloski to him as he came up, "and the more to be deplored, as that beautiful Dutch girl, whom you saw the day before yesterday in my palace, has I fear fallen a victim.—The fire was first discovered in her apartment."

"Were you not there at the time?" said Ponatoski, sternly. * * *

—Just at this passage of the gentleman's story, the engine of the boat was stopped, and the Captain told him that we were forewent Erskine Ferry, where he was to be landed; by which I was greatly disappointed, having been vastly entertained with what he related, and making no manner of doubt that the rest of the tale would be equally edifying.—But it was not to be expected that he would sail onward with me, and break his engagement with the minister of Old Kilpatrick, where he was going to take his dinner.—But what I most regret in the interruption of the Russian story, is the want of those correct moral reflections which I am sure the narrator would have made had not the thread of his narration been snapped in twain by the steam-engine stopping to let him go on shore.

WONDERS OF INDIA.

(Gentleman's Magazine.)

PALIA GADH.

IN our preceding pages we have noticed Capt. Hodgson's discovery of the sources of the Jumna and the Ganges; and the following curious extract from Mr. Frazer's Tour to the sources of those celebrated rivers, may be considered as interesting. It is a description of a deep and dark glen, named Palia Gadh, which strongly reminds us of the celebrated Tale of the Vampyre.

“But it would not be easy to convey by any description a just idea of the peculiarly rugged and gloomy wildness of this glen: it looks like the ruins of nature, and appears, as it is said to be, completely impracticable and impenetrable. Little is to be seen except dark rock; wood only fringes the lower parts and the water's edge: perhaps the spots and streaks of snow, contrasting with the general blackness of the scene, heighten the appearance of desolation. No living thing is seen; no motion but that of the waters; no sound but their roar. Such a spot is suited to engender superstition, and here it is accordingly found in full growth. Many wild traditions are preserved, and many extravagant stories related of it.

“On one of these ravines there are places of worship not built by men, but natural piles of stones, which have the appearance of small temples. These are said to be the residence of the dewtas, or spirits, who here haunt and inveigle human beings away to their wild abodes. It is said that they have a particular predilection for beauty in both sexes, and remorselessly seize on any whom imprudence or accident

may have placed within their power, and whose spirits become like theirs after they are deprived of their corporeal frame. Many instances were given of these ravishments: on one occasion, a young man, who had wandered near their haunts, being carried in a trance to the valley, heard the voice of his own father, who some years before had been thus spirited away, and who now recognised his son. It appears that paternal affection was stronger than the spell that bound him, and instead of rejoicing in the acquisition of a new prey, he recollected the forlorn state of his family deprived of their only support: he begged and obtained the freedom of his son, who was dismissed under the injunction of strict silence and secrecy. He, however, forgot his vow, and was immediately deprived of speech, and, as a self-punishment, he cut out his tongue with his own hand. This man was said to be yet living, and I desired that he should be brought to me, but he never came, and they afterwards informed me that he had very lately died. More than one person is said to have approached the spot, or the precincts of these spirits, and those who have returned have generally agreed in the expression of their feelings, and have uttered some prophecy. They fall, as they say, into a swoon, and between sleeping and waking hear a conversation, or are sensible of certain impressions as if a conversation were passing, which generally relates to some future event. Indeed, the prophetic faculty is one of the chiefly remarkable attributes of these spirits, and of this place.”

(Imperial Magazine.)

SAL AMMONIAC VOLCANOES OF TARTARY.

M. ABEL REMUSAT, in a letter to M. Louis Cordier, relating to the origin of the Sal Ammoniac, obtained by the Calmucs, and by them distributed through Asia, quotes the following passage from the Japanese edition of the Chinese Encyclopædia, in the king's library, which not only describes the source of this salt, but also two active volcanoes in the interior of Tartary.

The salt named (in China) nao-cha, and also salt of Tartary, and volatile salt, is obtained from two volcanic mountains in Central Tartary. One is the volcano of Tourfan,* which has given to this town (or rather to a town three leagues to the east of Tourfan,) the name of Ho-Tcheou, or town of Fire; the other is the white mountain in the country of Bisch-Balikh.† These two mountains continually emit flame and smoke. There are cavities in them, in which a greenish liquid collects, which when exposed to the air changes into salt, which is the noa-cha: the people of the country collect it for the preparation of leather.

A column of smoke may be continually seen coming from the Tourfan, which in the night is replaced by a flame similar to that of a flambeau. Birds and other animals illuminated by it, appear of a red colour. The mountain is called the Hill of Fire. Sabots or wooden shoes are worn by those who collect the nao-cha, for shoes of leather would be soon burnt. The people of the neighbourhood also collect the mother-waters, which they boil in vessels, and obtain from them the sal ammoniac in lumps or loaves like that of common salt; the whitish nao-cha is considered the best. The nature of the salt is very penetrating; it is suspended in a stove to make it very dry, and ginger is added to it, to preserve it. Exposed to cold or to moisture, it deliquesces and is lost. M. Remusat adds in his observations, that it is a curious fact, and very little known, that there are two volcanoes actually in combustion in the central regions of Asia, 400 leagues from the Caspian, which is the nearest sea to them.

(Gentleman's Magazine.)

ANACREONTIC. BY ARTHUR BROOKE.

OH! Love, in the depth of those melting caresses,
In which our tranced spirits deliciously swim,
When I put back, all trembling, thy dark flowing tresses
To gaze on those eyes so dissolving and dim;

When I feel in my arms all thy young beauties glowing,
When round me that form clinging fondly I see,
I own, as I clasp thee with heart overflowing,
That life yet hath left me one blessing in thee.

Then damp not my joys with that sigh self-reproving,
The Virtue we serve shall be Nature and Truth;
And the misjudging world may condemn us for loving,
Who deem but of Love as the folly of youth.

They know not that those in whose breasts it beats strongest,
Have hearts to which Wisdom its best lore hath given;
And that souls, where its fervors divine have burn'd longest,
Are those best prepared for the rapture of Heaven.

* Lat. 43, long. 87. 11. according to P. Gaubil.

† A town situated on the river Hi, to the S. W. of the lake of Balgasch, which the Chinese name the Hot Sea. The latitude of the lake Balgasch is 46. long. 11. according to P. Gaubil.

(Monthly Magazine.)

LETTERS FROM AFRICA,

BY SIGNOR TRAVIDEANI THE TRAVELLER, TO CANOVA THE SCULPTOR.

Palmyra, Dec. 17, 1818.

MAKING but a short stay at grand Cairo, I embarked in the neighbourhood of Babylonia, and turning away from Rhodes proud of its Nilometer, I found running upwards, Cimonopolis, and the city that calls to remembrance the depraved licentiousness of Adrian, the Lower Abydos, Licopolis, and many other places not mentioned with us.

The picturesque prospect of a thousand cavities called to my mind the anchorites of Thebes.

Following the well-employed journey I observed Abotis, Arroditophopolis, and Tentea, where, in the temple of Isis, I tasted with wonder the Egyptian learning; and turning towards the opposite shore I passed by Coenas, and Apollinopolis minor; reviewing near hereto the city of the Hundred gates.

Here is Carnack with its boundless walks of sphynxes, the Propylæon, porticoes of granite, the courts, the squares, and the temple, with eighteen ranks of columns hieroglyphically sculptured, the circumference of which seven men hardly span with their arms.

Luxor with its obelisks and innumerable colonades.

Behold *Medinet-Abu* covered with endless ruins, and with the monstrous colossus that saluted the appearance of the king of the stars, and still shadows the Theban plain.

Follow and behold Kowm, where the seat of Memnon makes a rich display; and the bright image of the great Sesostris.

But the tombs of these subterranean abodes, that which an Italian, Giovanni Belzoni, opened last year, under the auspices of Mr. Salt, consul-general of England in Egypt, feeds the doubt, whether it is the production of a mortal hand.

The interior is entered through an ample gate, when a path with walls beautifully sculptured, leads to galleries

still more beautiful, by the side of which are the royal rooms, which preserve in diffuse painting the Egyptian mysteries, and the different nations first known. The sanctuary of Isis captivates both the eye and the mind.

Then a catacomb of alabaster adorned with hieroglyphics, both externally and internally, rises in the centre of the greater wing, which alone might enrich and give reputation to a museum. Why were not you with me in that hour when I found in the great Thebes the whole world? * * * * *

I went down to the pyramids of Sacara, and, by the plain of Memphis, to those of Ghizeh.

I wished to ascend the highest pyramid and arrived at the top: I appeared to touch the stars: I remained there the whole night, which was the best of my life. Forty centuries had been silent under my feet, whilst I was ponderating the cause and effects of the creation.

The following morning the rising sun illumined me, which shone around the horizon with a pomp never dreamt of, either by painter or by poet.

Turning from the pyramids I entered into Grand Cairo, and thence down to Alexandria, in order to expedite to you the plan of my researches: for you and the Regent of England were the first to second my efforts.

During the above-mentioned period, I went to pay homage to the man who governs Egypt, worthy of being inserted in the pages of history by the side of Mæris and Menes, or with Euergetes and Ptolemy, son of Lagos.

Returning to Grand Cairo I repaired to Asia: and plunging into the deserts of Etam, and those of Kedar, to see on one side Pharan, and on the other Casiotis, which includes in its bosom the bones of the great Roman yet unrevenge.

As I left Egypt which was deserting me, I was reminded what Amru wrote

to the great Omar, desirous of a picture of that country : figure to yourself, O Prince of the Faithful, a vast and arid desert, with a river in the middle which is attended in its course by two opposite hills, the borders of the ground rendered fertile by that flood so blessed by Heaven. Most just is the picture, and in that too which afterwards follows.

Continuing my route I passed the isthmus of Suez, and the fragments of Rinocerura, Rapha and Agrippiades, and leaving behind me Besor, I comforted my weary eye with the olives of Gerara, the happy land of the Philistines.

Departing from Gaza I went to Beer-sheba, to Soreck, upon the borders of which lived Dalilah, to Timnath and Gabatha, known already by the feats of Samson ; and getting out of the way of the tribe of Simeon, I advanced into the mounts of Judah and Benjamin, arriving by the plain of Booz at Jerusalem, in the very time of the Greeks demanding from Heaven their sacred fire.

At the view of the hill of Sion and mount of Olives, at the appearance of the city, I felt both as a Christian and as a philosopher, touched by an hitherto unfelt emotion, which, somewhat retarding my steps, covered my heart with pleasing melancholy, and my mind with incessant meditation. O ! what a difference between the figurative and the true.

Having revered those places which record the beginning of the greatest religion in the world, I contemplated with indescribable transport, the Tower of David, the Temple of Solomon, the Palace of Herod, the Fountain and the Pool of Siloah, the Sheep-pool, and that of Beer-sheba, the Kedron, the Golden Gate, the Well of Nehemiah, which concealed the true fiery element, the Mount of Offence, and that of Scandal, with the valley of Tophet, where the priests of Israel sacrificed human victims to Moloch ; the Sepulchre of Manasseh in the Garden of Uzza, the Sepulchres of the Kings, and those of Absalom, of Jehosaphat, of Zechariah, son of Barachiah ; the only architectural objects I thought worthy of you amongst the modern antiquities of the Hebrews.

You are never satiated with delight over the ruins of Jerusalem ; and, taking the advantage of a company of Pilgrims, I went with them to Bahurim, whence Shimei threw stones at the Psalmist, in Adummim, or Place of Blood, to the Fountain of Eljah, to Jericho, which no longer gives odour to the chaste flower, down to Gilgal ; I purified myself in the Jordan at Bethabara, where John baptized.

Before me were Reuben and Gad, with the Plains of Moab, and the Land of the Amorites.

Amongst the crowd of Pilgrims were distinguished the Britons, Bengs, Mangles, Irby and Legh, and the exemplary companion of the Italian Belzoni.

Returning to Jerusalem I was present at the tragic quarrel which occurred between the Greeks and Latins, near the Tomb of Jesus Christ. I wrote to the hero of the pontificate, exhorting him to interfere, in order that, in future, such scandalous occurrences might not happen.

I then undertook another journey, and the places I saw were the Valley of the Giants, the Lands of Jacob, the Sepulchre of Rachel, near Ramath, the Cistern of David, Bethlehem, a smiling town of Judea, the Villa of the closed Garden, the sealed Fountain, and the vessels of Solomon ; the Hills of Engaddi, Tema, the country of Almos ; and Giloh, country of Ahitophel ; the Grottoes of Adullam, and the Wood of Ziph, where the Successor of Saul, David, often hid himself ; the Valley of Mamre, the Field of Damascus ; whence proceeding, the Vale of Terebinthus, fatal to Goliath, and the surrounding places renowned for the nativity and abstinence of the Precursor. I lastly saw Bethany.

Having drawn from the library and the archives of the friars what I thought of service to my purpose, I bid adieu to the Daughter of Sion, and by the pool of Gibeon, Beth-horon, Succoth, the Valley of Rephaim, Azekah, Emmaus, Anathoth, the country of Jeremiah placed against Modin, the glory of the Macabees, and by Aramathæa, passing Sharon, I stopped at Joppa, which still boasts of its rocks warm with the tears

of Andromeda. Here arrived the Tyrian ships, bearing the precious stores and purple which the son of Abibal sent to the sapient king, and here, too, daily arrives the pilgrim, led from afar to pay the vow.

From Joppa I went by the shore to Ekron, Ashdod, which kept the ark a prisoner, to Ashkalou, now destroyed, and having returned to Joppa, I ascended the inheritance of Ephraim to the Sepulchres of Benjamin and Simeon; to Sichem, whence we mounted Ebal and Gerizim, to the Well of Jacob, and the Sepulchre of Joseph; and meeting with the Abbe de Mazure, a warm panegyrist of France, and measurer of Judea, I went with him to Siloa, upon the road that leads from Jerusalem to Neapolis.

Neapolis, or Napolosa, lies upon the ruins of Sichem, and here returning from Siloa, I found the ancient Samaritans, or Cuteans, who were praying, from error, by a well believed to be Jacob's. I taught them the truth, which doctrine excited against me no small disturbance; so far that the said Samaritans, thinking me one of their brethren, wished by all means to retain me in the country; and what is more singular, exacted that I should promise marriage to a woman of their sect.

The Christians of Napolosa took up my defence; whence, getting off at my own hazard, foreseeing the favour of the former, I took shelter in Samaria, where there is no vestige of the unfortunate Samaritans. I wrote to you, that, with the exception of some columns, there is nothing interesting in Sebaste.

On leaving Samaria the tribe of Issachar presented themselves to me in Galilee, with the fountain of Israel, and plain of Esdraelon, over which the eye cannot reach; Endor at the foot of the second Hermon, known by the victory of Deborah and Barak. Sophos the native place of James and of the friend of his master; Cana, the country of Simon and Nathanael; Tabor, terminating with Heaven; beautiful parts of Zebulon; Bethsaida, the country of Peter and Andrew on the shores of that water,

abundant in the deeds of the Divine Instructor of virtue.

Returned to Tiberias, I undertook the analysis of those mineral waters; and in the city where lives in retired delight, that deserving man of society the noble gentleman Raphael de Picotot, consul-general of Austria in Syria, whose roof and whose fortune never denied to any one a constant sacred hospitality.

And you must know, *a-propos*, that amongst the Hebrews dispersed in the various regions of the globe, and amongst those of Asia and of Africa particularly, there exists an ancient custom of coming to finish their days upon the spot bedewed by the sweat of their ancestors. Such a sentiment gladdens their heart from the most tender years of youth, and hence it is moving to see arrive in the ports of Palestine, the aged Israelite, who, leaning upon the shoulder of his old consort, approaches with her amidst the cheers of hope, to deposit his ragged spoils in the sepulchre of their forefathers.

The heats suffered upon the lake of Gennesareth having moderated, I revisited the tribe of Issachar, and having ascended Carmel I dropped down to Hepna, to Dora, to Cesarea, to Manasseh; and passing in the tribe of Asher over the space of Semeron and the waters of Cenderia, I continued afterwards the Belus to Ptolemais, still dyed with that blood which the cruel Djezar caused to flow in torrents.

Thus following the course of the Phœnician shore, every moment appeared to me an age which interfered with that which should show me in a miserable rock, surrounded with water and with sand, that once powerful mistress of the seas.

The Greek Archbishop D. Cirillo Debbas received me cordially in his house, and causing to be prepared a frugal repast, placed on the ground after the fashion of the East, and setting himself down beside me, spoke as follows:—"Eat with good-will that God may preserve it to thee. I receive thee negligently after the manner of the apostles, and this scanty food I consume

with thee in good-will, as I do daily with the other guests. If I had more I would give thee more, but my only income, which is that of the Archbishopric of Tyre, does not produce me annually above 200 crowns (schdi) of thy country, the half of which I employ to nourish the poor of my diocese. Besides being their spiritual, I am also their temporal, physician, and lend gratuitously my remedies wherever they are necessary. The other prelates live more secure under cover of the mountains, but I am more fortunate than they are, who divide with my flock the days of sorrow, and of joy." May those be blessed who speak and reason with so much truth.

Leaving Tyre with the benedictions and sincere embraces of my host, I passed the Well of Living Waters, the Pseudo Eleutherius, and Sarepta, when the smiling plain of that Sidon opened itself before me which struggled hard with its approaching fall. Monsieur Ruffin, French Consul, politely offered me reception, and I deplore the loss he has since sustained in a companion who was the model of the tender sex.

The Lady Esther Stanhope, who, for so many years has attracted the attention of Asia and of Europe by the singular manner of life she has adopted, is encamped one hour's distance from Sidon, in a small habitation called Ceruba; and, in order to render herself still more remarkable, insists upon her will being obeyed, that no European shall approach her, even for a moment. To blame her for it, would it not be an act of intolerance?

Traversing that mountain which includes so many mountains, and may properly be called a kingdom, and which I shall call Libania, I hastened forward to Cilicia, and thence to Damascus, the name of which imposes more than is due to it.

In all the circuit of Libanus, as well as in Carmel I collected a thousand fruits and petrified testaceous substances, the proof of a tremendous deluge.

My intention of going from Damascus to Palmyra not succeeding at that time, I came to Balbeck where it ap-

peared to me as if Thebes were revived in the midst of Syria.

An entire volume would be insufficient for the description of the Temple of the Sun.

Six columns arise amidst the marshes, each in height seventy-one feet, and twenty-one feet eight inches circumference. Three stones of granite occupy the space of one hundred and seventy-five feet and a half, and another has sixty-nine feet of length, twelve of breadth, and thirteen of thickness. You alone, Sublime Genius! can solve the problem whether it is the work of common men, or of a race of beings superior to our own.

Re-ascending mount Libanus I wished to smell its boasted cedars, see Eden, the grottoes of Canobin, and the horrible cave of the great Egyptian hermit. Oh, how the pure and sweet life of the patriarchs flourishes here! Here is that simplicity and peace that man in vain seeks amongst mankind.

Again returning to Phœnicia I went to Tripoli, to Tortosa, witness of the great congress in the first crusade; to Elutherius, Sober; to the city of Gabale, which preserves one of its amphitheatres; to Laodicea, where the Signor Agostino Lazzari entertained me with more than social treatment; and penetrating amongst the mountains of the Arsarites, worshippers of dogs and of the base senses, I arrived at the Milky Waters of Orontes and at Antioch, an object worthy of contest.

From Theopolis, by a road covered with abusive inhabitants, I came to the more flourishing Aleppo, thence to the Euphrates, and hardly touching Mesopotamia, the sound of Nineveh and Babylon already struck my fancy, and drew it away more rapidly than the steed of Elimaides, the chariot of Cyrus.

Passing again through Aleppo, I kept the other road of Damascus by Apamea, Cima, and Emesa, where the delicately fair-haired, white-complexioned nymphs, display themselves, with their black eyes, more beautiful than were ever produced by the native of Urbino or by Titian.

Whilst I was enjoying the presence

of Emesa, the catastrophe of the Palmyrenes came to my memory and the blood of the acute Longinus almost drew from me a tear.

Warmly recommended to the governor of Damascus by the excellent Picciotto, consul-general of Austria in Aleppo, a son worthy of his father, I advanced towards Palmyra, in company with a single guide, and, after five days of a most troublesome journey, reposed in the court of Odenatus and Zenobia.

But what can I tell you of this memorable spot which so much electrifies the intellects, unless that about thirty towers, the Temple of the Sun, and three hundred columns scattered here and there, over a soil covered with sand, are still standing to eternize to the

world the great Palmyra? What I pass over in silence shall blossom in my future little work.

In fifteen months, and about 7,000 miles, I have passed through the Mediterranean, Misraim, Nubia, Kedar, Idumea, Philistia, Judea, Samaria, Galilee, Phœnicia, Cœle Syria, and Mesopotamia, having seen the sea of Pentapolis, have drunk of that of Tiberias, and the Nile, the Jordan, Orontes, and Euphrates; have ascended the Pyramids, Sion, Gerizim, Tabor, Libanus, and Carmel, and have reposed in the tombs of Thebes, amongst the cataracts of Nubia, and upon the dust of Memphis, Heliopolis, Ashikalon, Tyre, Sidon, Balbeck, Palmyra, Samaria, and Jerusalem.

LETTER II.

Mount Sinai, May 8, 1819.

I write to you from the most memorable heights in the world; but hear how I came hither.

Having closed the letter, I directed to you from the ruins of Palmyra, I followed the silent contemplation of those remarkable remains, and, under the protection of the hospitality of the modern Palmyrenes, who are the best Arabs I know of, I passed hours joyful and tranquil.

Their questions turned upon *Bonaparte* (Buonaparte) and my Lady Stanhope; the former they remembered from his expedition into Soria, for the fame of him resounded greatly amongst them, and the latter for the liberality displayed in the journey she undertook in the desert.

Their curiosity and my own being satisfied, I continued my journey with my guide, and arrived at Damascus. Thence, through Cœle-Syria, I ascended Libanus once more, which I was delighted to contemplate amidst the horrors of the winter, and descending to Berytus by Phœnicia, the pleasant Philistia, and the wearisome Elam, I returned to the Nile.

After one day's repose, I went to offer my personal tribute to the pyramids, and *a-propos* of these heaps, while I was writing my name upon the third,

called Phryne, I perceived that *Frediani* was the anagram of *Dia Frine*.

I then returned to Cairo, and as the pestilential scourge was beginning to mow down human victims, instead of remaining there I thought better to continue my journey, and 3 days of sand made me ejaculate *Dulce videre Suez*.

Having admired the progress and decrease of the waters, I put myself on board an India ship, commanded by the excellent Captain Landale; and embarking afterwards in a small boat, I sailed as far as *Der Essafran*, where it is believed that Israel passed over, and traversing almost in a right line the famous sea, I approached *Del el Hamman*.

Departing by the waters of Suez, I had ordered my Arabs to wait for me at a place indicated, and judge of my surprise upon my arrival to find no one there!

The solitude of the place, the inefficacy of the bark to continue as far as Tor, the wind contrary for my return to Suez, the want of provisions and water particularly, were the mournful thoughts that sat heavy on my heart.

But that immutable eternal Providence, ever present where he least appears so, but where most necessary, caused in an instant my guides to approach; whence by the path of the

Chosen People, I trod upon Paran and Sin, and sighing arrived at these mountains, which are Sinai and Horeb.

The first idea I conceived when for the first time I heard of Mount Libanus, was that of an insulated mountain, and, in such respect all the ideas of men are alike, whence I shall call it the Country of Libany instead of Mount Liba-

nus; that country as large almost as our Abruzzo, and larger than our Tyrol, which comprises luxuriant valleys, fertile meadows, flowing rivers, beautiful hills, very high mountains, populous towns, ten bishoprics, seventy principalities, and which can produce 50,000 champions for the protection of its precious liberty.

LETTER III.

Cairo, December 1, 1820.

Leaving Horeb and Sinai, from the summits of which I gazed at lands which form lucid points in the blaze of human intellect, I descended into the country of Elim, where still are to be seen the palms and the wells that quenched the thirst of the Jews.

Having cooled myself in Tor, where I tried its waters, I returned by the road of Suez to Cairo, and going down to Alexandria, I turned towards the Lake Mareotis, thence to that of *Maadie* and *Etko*, and making an excursion in merrymaking company to the beautiful Rosetta, I traversed the branch Bolbitina, the Delta, and arrived at the ruins of Batis, and the mouth of the Sebene, upon the Fammeticus branch, in modern Damietta.

Embarking thence upon the Lake of Memale, and arrived at the islands of *Mataria*, I advanced into the canal of Moez, whence I might view the scattered remains of Tanis, and returning to the lake, recognized the Tanities and Pelusiatic mouths, with the *Bogas of Rahi*.

Disembarked upon the shore, I arrived through the desert at the sides of mount Casius and the day following

ascended that celebrated eminence, whence I came to Pelusium, that famous key of Egypt, and trusting myself once more to the waves, I visited the islands of Tennis and Thuna, and passing over the Mendesina mouth I returned to Damietta.

Reposing a little I took diversion upon the lake, and penetrated by the canal of Moez into that of Salahie and descending into the desert, I found endless fields of soda, both vegetable and mineral.

Whence approaching the Nile, I arrived by the canal of *Asmun*, at the city of Benhi, the ancient Mendes; thence upon the branch Fammeticus to the bed fatal to Louis IX.; and finally returned to Grand Cairo.

Now that, thanks to the magnanimous Viceroy of Egypt, the brave Mahomet Ali, and his faithful minister Burgoss Jusuff, I am furnished with ample and generous means of penetrating into spaces shut up by the seal of ages, I am preparing to approach the torrid zone, where I hope to shew to Italy that I am not entirely unworthy of belonging to her.

BIOGRAPHY OF SINGULAR CHARACTERS

Recently deceased.

ADAM WALKER.

ON the 11th of Feb. 1821, died at Richmond, aged 90, Mr. Adam Walker, the well-known lecturer upon experimental philosophy. The useful labours of this ingenious man preceded all those of our present institutions, and contributed to spread abroad a taste for, and a knowledge of nature, throughout every part of the kingdom. His

father was a woollen-manufacturer, and, having a large family, scarcely allowed him a sufficient time at school to acquire the art of reading. Being of a mechanical turn of mind, he early overcame every obstacle opposed to the display of his genius. He modelled machinery, and even built himself a house in a bush, where he might retire to read the books, which he borrowed,

on a Sunday. He taught himself with such success, that he was employed as usher in a school at Ledsham in Yorkshire, when only fifteen years old. Afterwards he was chosen writing-master of a free-school at Macclesfield, where he perfected himself in mathematics. He afterwards entered into trade, but failed : this disappointment made him resolve to turn hermit in one of the islands of Windermere, from doing which he was only prevented by the ridicule of his friends. He next lectured upon astronomy at Manchester with such success, as enabled him to open an extensive seminary for education ; which he gave up for the purpose of travelling as a lecturer in natural philosophy. Dr. Barnard, of Eton College, engaged him to lecture at that school, and he did the same at other great seminaries. Among his inventions are three methods for pumping water at sea ; wind and steam carriages ; the empyreal air-stove ; the celestina harpsichord ; the orrery ; the rotatory lights at Scilly, &c. &c. He published lectures on experimental philosophy—philosophical estimate of the causes, effects, and cure, of unwholesome air in cities—the causes and cure of smoky chimnies—Ideas suggested in an excursion through Flanders, &c. &c.

AWFUL OCCURRENCE.

IN a village not far from Lymn in Cheshire, lately lived a man and his wife, distinguished among their neighbours for the singularities of their respective characters. The husband was covetous, niggardly, avaricious in an extreme, and always complaining of poverty ; he parted with money to purchase even the common necessities of life, as though blood had been extracted from his heart ; and nearly starved himself, his wife, and her mother, who lived with them. The wife was remarkably passionate ; and when provoked, would pour out the most abominable wishes and horrid imprecations, against the objects of her vengeance, particularly against her husband, who paid her with bitter

lamentations and woe, which agitated his whole frame, whenever any demand was made on his purse. Accompanied with volleys of oaths and curses, she oftentimes rejoiced in the anticipation of seeing him stiff, hoped that death would not call at their house when he was from home, and frequently wished his soul in hell. In this unhappy state they lived several years ; but both the avarice of the one, and the passion of the other, grew more powerful as they advanced in age, so that the last twelve months of their lives, exhibited, what has not unaptly been termed, a “ hell upon earth.”

On the 9th of January, 1821, some new cause of difference arising between them, many angry words ensued, connected, no doubt, with the common aggravation of oaths and curses. This was carried to such height, that the wife expressed her resolution to leave the husband ; and on bidding him farewell, she declared that she would never speak to him again while she lived.

Scarcely had she uttered this passionate determination, before her speech was taken from her ; and shortly after, she lost the use of her right side. In this state she continued three days, during which time little notice was taken of her, the family thinking that it was nothing more than a fit of sullenness, of which she had previously given several instances. Finding, however, after this time had elapsed, that it was probably something more than hypocrisy could produce, they sent for a doctor, who, on his arrival, informed them that he feared his assistance was called in too late. He nevertheless advised the husband to purchase a pint of brandy, and to get her to swallow a large quantity. The husband, on hearing this, objected, on account of the expense ; intimating that half a pint would be sufficient, and this was actually procured, but not until he had repeatedly declared that he had no money, and had in vain solicited the landlady to give him credit for the amount. This circumstance had such an effect upon him, that on carrying home the brandy, he retired into the

barn, and, putting a cord round his neck, terminated his miserable existence. The day after he was buried, the wretched woman, who had never spoken after her resolution, breathed her last, amidst the most excruciating sufferings, but apparently destitute of all recollection.

On examining the clothes of the unhappy man, after he was cut down, they found in the pocket of his small clothes, six notes, and twenty shillings in silver; and the day on which his wife expired, they discovered twelve notes concealed in the inside of his old waistcoat. The house was then examined; and ninety guineas in gold were brought to light, wrapped up in probably twenty parcels. Some were in old rags, others tied up in paper, and part into an old box among shavings, and other lumber. This poor wretch has left behind him upwards of a thousand pounds in money, besides an estate that lets for nearly forty pounds per annum, which property, as he had no children, is gone among his relations, to be, we hope, the instrument of new virtues, and not of additional crimes. We can scarcely anticipate any thing more awful than the thought of two such spirits meeting so suddenly in another world.

THE LATE LORD COLLINGWOOD.

THE following particulars respecting that truly British Commander, Lord Collingwood, were communicated by an intelligent Officer in his Lordship's service, and who, from being in the same vessel, had the fullest opportunity for observation.

A most striking feature in his character, was his strict economy in every thing relative to the service. The sails of his own ship were literally worn to rags before he suffered them to be condemned. He kept a close watch over his fleet in this respect, and was highly displeased whenever he observed any expense incurred where there was not a strict necessity. A vessel in his fleet having displayed new sails, he ordered the old ones to be brought to him for inspection; and finding them in far better condition than his own, he com-

manded the foresail to be hoisted in place of the tattered one that was in use: his Lordship then invited the Captain of the gay vessel to dinner; and carelessly asked him what he thought of his foresail?—"In fair condition, my Lord," was the unwary answer. "If it be good enough for an Admiral's ship, I think it might have served a Captain's."—On another occasion, in the midst of an action, seeing that one of the masts were shivered, he ordered out the boat, and being asked for what purpose? "To take that spar into the store-ship," was the reply.—By this unrelaxing spirit of economy, he saved thousands to the revenue.

Though his attention was thus alive to every minutiae, he gave his orders as calmly in the heat of an engagement, as on ordinary occasions. To his men he was always attentive and kind; but strict with the officers, particularly with young nobility. He could not bear to see promotion, unless arising from merit; and used to say, "I like a man to get in at the port-hole, not at the cabin-window." He was perfectly plain in his dress, and retained the old fashion. A small cocked hat; a square-cut blue coat, with tarnished epaulettes; blue waistcoat and small-clothes; with boots, guiltless of blacking, but occasionally greased, was his costume on state occasions. In his diet he was strictly temperate, and even abstemious. So long as his health permitted, he constantly regulated the motions of his own vessel: leaving his officers scarcely any duties to perform. His Lordship's declining strength had long called for that repose which his unremitted exertions for a series of years so amply merited; but Government was unwilling to dispense with his abilities. Whilst in this state, an officer, on the night preceding his death, came into his cabin and found him reclining on a sofa, and asked, "Shall we wear, my Lord?" "Wear," said his Lordship, "wear—they have worn and torn me."—He expired the following day; and, on opening the body, a stricture was found in the lower orifice of the stomach, which had totally precluded the passage of any nourishment, as it

would scarcely permit even a bristle to pass.

MOSES LANGDON.

Jan. 24, 1821, aged 70, by falling down stairs, Moses Langdon, esq. of Upton; better known by the appellation of *Old Moses*, from the niggardly disposition he at all times evinced. In order to save expenses, he has been frequently known to pick, dress, and eat crows or magpies, found dead in the fields by boys. He never kept any servant, but in order to save wages he gave an old woman from the workhouse her victuals to dress his; he was in the habit of frequenting Wiveliscombe, and put up at a small inn where they dressed tripe, which he generally took for his dinner; and if any person sitting near him left any on their plates, he always ate it up with great eagerness, saying it was a pity to waste any thing. When at home he wore the coarsest shirts, but kept fine Holland ones, which he wore when he went a journey; and if he slept out, he invariably took the shirt off and slept without one, to prevent it being worn out. He died intestate, and his landed property, to a considerable amount, falls to John Langdon, a second cousin, hitherto a day labourer.

THE LATE LORD RODNEY.

DURING Sir George Rodney's residence in Paris, so great was his indigence, that he frequently knew not where to apply for a dinner. Monsieur de Sartine, no stranger to his professional abilities, thought this a proper time to wean his affections from his country, and therefore employed the Duke de Biron to make him an offer of the command of the French West India fleet, with a sum of money that should restore him to independence. The Duke, in consequence of this, invited Sir George to spend a month at his house, and in the course of that time frequently sounded him with great delicacy on the subject; but not being able to make himself properly understood, at last openly declared to him, that "as his royal master meant the West Indies to be the theatre of the present war, he was commissioned to make the handsomest offers to Sir

George, if he would quit the English service, and take upon him the command of a French squadron."—Sir George, after hearing him with great temper, spiritedly made him this answer:—"Sir, my distresses, it is true, have driven me from the bosom of my country, but no temptation whatever can estrange me from her service; had this offer been a voluntary one of your own, I should have deemed it an insult; but I am glad to learn that it proceeds from a quarter that *can do no wrong*!" The Duke de Biron was so struck with the public virtue of the British tar, that he instantly exclaimed, "It is a pity so gallant an officer should be lost to his country: will a thousand Louis d'ors enable you to revisit it, and to tender your services to your sovereign?" The other replied they would; the Duke immediately advanced him the sum, with which Sir George set out the next day for England, where he had not arrived a week before he returned the Duke's loan, accompanied with the most grateful letter, for the singular obligation he had so politely conferred upon him.

MOFFAT, *alias* M'COUL.

Lately. James M'Coul, *alias* Moffat, *alias* Martin, *alias* Wilson, *alias* Mofflot. He was a native of Berwickshire, and was bred to the business of a tanner, which he for some time exercised in Scotland. He afterwards came to London, where he connected himself with the most notorious sharpers, and subsequently became himself an adept and a leader. He was, like the famous Brodie, celebrated as a cock-fighter; and, in pugilism, was what would now in the elegant language of that science, be styled a demi-professional demi-amateur of the *fancy*. The connexions of his gang, of whom the notorious Huffle White was a prominent member, were, it is said, so extensive, that he might with some propriety be called the robber of the world; its ramifications extended over great part of the Continent of Europe, himself at times residing in different towns in Holland. He was in Hamburgh when that city fell into the hands of the French, where

he was of considerable service to the British troops, which subsequently saved him from an ignominious death. About fifteen years ago, as a mask for his real intentions, he commenced a morocco tanning and dyeing concern in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, more, as it is thought, with the intent of cloaking his character, and assuming a "visible means of subsistence," than for the purpose of fair gain. About that time he was taken into custody, charged with robbing a gentleman in the Theatre, but he got off from want of evidence. His history from this period is less perfect in his own country than in the records of Bow-street, down to the robbery of the Paisley Bank's branch of Glasgow. Soon after that transaction he was taken into custody, and after remaining long in Glasgow gaol, obtained his liberation, by restoring, through the medium of a friend in London, about ten thousand pounds of the money of which the Bank was robbed; having, as it was well known, still a larger sum of the money then lost to the Bank. He made repeated visits to Aberdeen and Dundee, in order to convert the notes into bills on London, in which he succeeded. At last, with a large sum of money still on his person, he arrived at Leith, and succeeded in converting it also, being, as was proved, the identical notes of

which the Bank was robbed, into bills on London, when he was again apprehended, and sent up to the Police-office, Edinburgh; after another imprisonment and much discussion, these bills were, by desire of a very active Magistrate of Edinburgh, lodged in the bank. In order to recover this money, Moffat had the audacity to raise various actions in the Court of Sessions, and unsuccessfully litigated for a period of eight years, during which he was for the most part to be found about the Courts of Law, or at certain tap-rooms, denouncing City Magistrates, Judges, and Juries. At the final determination of this cause against him in the Jury Court, in May last, the witnesses, it will be recollected, so completely established his being a principal in the robbery, that he was taken into custody, tried before the Court of Justiciary in the month of June, convicted, and sentenced to be executed, which sentence was afterwards commuted to transportation; but his health, from the time of his trial, being in a declining state, and being advanced in years, he was permitted to remain in gaol, where this veteran in villainy, contrary to the expectation of all who ever heard of him, died a natural death, instead of ending his days in a foreign land, or expiating his crimes on a gibbet.

(New Monthly Magazine.)

THE FRIARS OF DIJON. A TALE.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

When honest men confess'd their sins,
And paid the church genteelly—
In Burgundy two Capuchins
Lived jovially and freely.

They march'd about from place to place,
With shrift and dispensation;
And mended broken consciences,
Soul-tinkers by vocation.

One friar was Father Boniface,
And he ne'er knew disquiet,
Save when condemn'd to saying grace
O'er mortifying diet.

The other was lean Dominick,
Whose slender form, and sallow,
Would scarce have made a candlewick
For Boniface's tallow.

Albeit, he tipp'd like a fish,
Though not the same potation:
And mortal man ne'er clear'd a dish
With nimbler mastication.

Those saints without the shirts arrived,
One evening late, to pigeon
A country pair for alms, that lived
About a league from Dijon—

Whose supper-pot was set to boil,
On faggots briskly cracking:
The friars enter'd, with a smile
To Jacques and to Jacqueline.

They bow'd, and blest the dame, and then
In pious terms besought her,
To give two holy-minded men
A meal of bread and water.

For water and a crust they crave,
Those months that even on Lent days
Scarce knew the taste of water, save
When watering for dainties.

Quoth Jacquez, "that were sorry cheer
For men fatigued and dusty;
And if ye supp'd on crusts, I fear,
You'd go to bed buterusty."

So forth he brought a flask of rich
Wine fit to feast Silenus,
And viands, at the sight of which
They laugh'd like two hyænas.

Alternately, the host and spouse
Regaled each pardon-guager,
Who told them tales right marvellous,
And lied as for a wager—

'Bout churches like balloons, convey'd
With aeronautic martyrs;
And wells made warm, where holy maid
Had only dipt her garters.

And if their hearers gaped, I guess,
With jaws three-inch asunder,
'Twas partly out of weariness,
And partly out of wonder.

Then striking up duets, the Freres
Went on to sing in matches,
From psalms to sentimental airs,
From these to glees and catches.

At last, they would have danced outright,
Like a haboon and tame bear,
If Jacquez had not drunk Good night,
And shewn them to their chamber.

The room was high, the host was nigh—
Had wife or he suspicious,
That monks would make a raree-show
Of chinks in the partition?—

Or that two Confessors would come,
Their holy ears out-reaching
To conversations as hum-drum
Almost as their own preaching?

Shame on you, Friars of orders grey,
That peeping knelt, and wriggling,
And when ye should have gone to pray,
Betook yourselves to giggling!

But every deed will have its meed:
And hark! what information
Has made the sinners, in a trice,
Look black with consternation.

The farmer on a hone prepares
His knife, a long and keen one;
And talks of killing both the Freres,
The fat one, and the lean one.

To-morrow, by the break of day,
He orders too, salt-petre,
And pickling-tubs; but, reader, stay,
Our host was no man-eater.

The priests knew not that country-folk
Gave pigs the name of friars:
But start'ed, witless of the joke,
As if they'd trod on briars.

Meanwhile, as they perspired with dread,
The hair of either craven
Had stood erect upon his head,
But that their heads were shaven.

What pickle and smoke us limb by limb!
God curse him and his lardners!
St. Peter will bedevil him,
If he salt-petres Friars.

Yet, Dominick, to die!—the bare
Idea shakes one oddly:—
Yes, Boniface, 'tis time we were
Beginning to be godly.

Would that, for absolution's sake
Of all our sins and cugging,
We had a whip to give and take
A last kind mutual flogging.

O Dominick, thy nether end
Should bide for expiation,
And thou shouldst have, my dear fat friend,
A glorious flagellation.

But having ne'er a switch, poor souls,
They bow'd like weeping willows,
And told the Saints long rigmaroles
Of all their peccadillos.

Yet midst this penitential plight
A thought their fancies tickled,
'Twere better brave the window's height
Than be at morning pickled.

And so they girt themselves to leap,
Both under breath imploring
A regiment of Saints to keep
Their host and hostess snoring.

The lean one lighted like a cat,
Then scamper'd off like Jehu,
Nor stopp'd to help the man of fat,
Whose cheek was of a clay hue—

Who being by nature more design'd
For resting than for jumping,
Fell heavy on his parts behind,
That broaden'd with the plumping.

There long beneath the window's sconce
His bruises he sat pawing,
Squat as the figure of a bonze
Upon a Chinese drawing.

At length he waddled to a sty;
The pigs, you'd thought for game sake,
Came round and nosed him lovingly,
As if they'd known their namesake.

Meanwhile the other flew to town,
And with short respiration
Bray'd like a donkey up and down
Ass-ass-ass-assination!

Men left their beds, and night-capp'd heads
Popp'd out from every casement;
The cats ran frighten'd on the leads;
Dijon was all amazement.

Doors bang'd, dogs bay'd, and boys hurra'd,
Throats gaped aghast in bare rows,
Till soundest-sleeping watchmen woke,
And even at last the mayor rose—

Who, charging him before police,
Demands of Dominick surly,
What earthquake, fire, or breach of peace
Made a ll this hurly-burly ?

Ass—quoth the priest—ass-assins, Sir,
Are (hence a league, or nigher)
About to salt, scrape, massacre,
And barrel up a friar.

Soon, at the magistrate's command,
A troop from the gens-d'armes house
Of twenty men rode sword in hand,
To storm the bloody farm's-house.

As they were cantering toward the place,
Comes Jacquez to the swineyard,
But started when a great round face
Cried, Rascal, hold thy whinyard.

'Twas Boniface, as mad 's King Lear,
Playing antics in the piggery :—
“ And what the devil brought you here,
You mountain of a friar, eh ? ”

Ah, once how jolly, now how wan,
And blubber'd with the vapours,
That frantic Capuebin began
To cut fantastic capers—

Crying, Help, hollo, the bellows blow,
The put is on to stew me ;

I am a pretty pig, but, no !
They shall not barbaque me.

Nor was this raving fit a sham ;
In truth, he was hysterical,
Until they brought him out a dram,
And that wrought like a miracle.

Just as the horsemen halted near,
Crying, Murderer, stop, ohoy, oh !
Jacquez was comforting the frere
With a good glass of noyeau—

Who beckon'd to them not to kick up
A row ; but, waxing mellow,
Squeez'd Jacquez' hand, and with a hiccup
Said, You're a damn'd good fellow.

Explaining lost but little breath :—
Here ended all the matter :
So God save Queen Elizabeth,
And long live Henry Quatre !

The gens-d'armes at the story broke
Into horse-fits of laughter,
And, as if they had known the joke,
Their horses neigh'd thereafter.

Lean Dominick, methinks, his chaps
Yawn'd weary, worn, and moody ;
So may my readers too perhaps,
And thus I wish 'em Good day.

(European Magazine.)

ORIGIN OF THE STORY OF KENILWORTH.

AT the west end of the Church of Cumnor, (says Ashmole, in his *Antiquities of Berkshire*,) are the ruins of a manor, anciently belonging as a cell or place of removal, as some report, to the monks of Abingdon. There is, also, in the said house, a chamber, called *Dudley's Chamber*, where the Earl of Leicester's wife was murdered, of which this is the story following :—

Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, a very goodly personage, and singularly well featured, being a great favourite to Queen Elizabeth, it was thought, and commonly reported, that had he been a bachelor or widower, the queen would have made him her husband ; to this end, to free himself of all obstacles, he commands, or perhaps with fair flattering intreaties, desires, his wife to repose herself here, at his servant Anthony Forster's house, who then lived in the aforesaid manor-house ; and also prescribed to Sir Richard Varney, (a prompter to his design) at his coming hither, that he

should first attempt to poison her, and if that did not take effect, then by any other way whatever to dispatch her. This, it seems, was proved by the report of Dr. Walter Bayly, sometime Fellow of New College, then living at Oxford, and professor of physick in that University, who, because he would not consent to take away her life by poison, the earl endeavoured to displace from the court. This man, it seems, reported for most certain, that there was a practice in Cumnor among the conspirators to have poisoned this young lady, a little before she was killed, which was attempted after this manner. They seeing the good lady sad and heavy, (as one that well knew by her other handling that her death was not far off,) began to persuade her that the present disease was abundance of melancholy and other humours, &c. and, therefore, would needs counsel her to take some potion, which she absolutely refused to do, as still suspecting the worst ; whereupon they sent a messenger on a day (unawares to her) for

Dr. Bayly, and intreated him to persuade her to take some little potion by his direction, and they would fetch the same at Oxford, meaning to have added something of their own for her comfort, as the doctor upon just cause and consideration did suspect, seeing their great importunity, and the small need the lady had of a physician, and therefore, he peremptorily denied their request, misdoubting, (as he afterwards reported,) least if they had poisoned her under the name of his potion, he might have been hanged for a colour of their sin; and the doctor remained still well assured, that this way taking no effect, she would not escape their violence, which afterwards happened thus:—For Richard Varney, above said, (the chief projector in this design) who, by the earl's order, remained that day of her death alone with her, with one man only, and Forster, who had that day forcibly sent away all her servants to Abingdon market, about three miles distant from this place, they (I say, whether first stifling her, or else strangling her) afterwards flung her down a pair of stairs, and broke her neck, using much violence upon her; but, however, though it was vulgarly reported that she by chance fell down stairs, (but yet without hurting her hood that was upon her head,) yet the inhabitants will tell you there, that she was conveyed from her usual chamber where she lay, to another where the bed's head of the chamber stood close to a privy postern door, where they in the night came and stifled her in the bed, bruised her head very much, broke her neck, and at length flung her down stairs, thereby believing the world would have thought it a mischance, and so have blinded their villainy. But behold the mercy and justice of God in revenging and discovering this lady's murder; for one of the persons that was a coadjutor in this murder, was afterwards taken for a felony in the marshes of Wales, and offering to publish the manner of the aforesaid murder, was privately made away in the prison by the earl's ap-

pointment. And Sir Richard Varney, the other dying about the same time in London, cried miserably, and blasphemed God, and said to a person of note (who hath related the same to others since) not long before his death, that all the devils in hell did tear him to pieces. Forster, likewise, after this fact, being a man formerly addicted to hospitality, company, mirth, and music, was afterwards observed to forsake all this with much melancholy and passiveness (some say with madness) pined and drooped away. The wife also of Bald Butter, kinsman to the earl, gave out the whole fact a little before his death. Neither are these following passages to be forgotten, that as soon as ever she was murdered, they made great haste to bury her, before the coroner had given in his inquest (which the earl himself condemned as not done advisedly,) which her father or Sir John Robertsett (as I suppose,) hearing of, came with all speed hither, caused her corpse to be taken up, the coroner to sit upon her, and for enquiry to be made concerning this business to the full, but it was generally thought that the earl stopped his mouth, and made up the business between them; and the good earl, to make plain to the world the great love he bore to her when alive, what a grief the loss of so virtuous lady was to his tender heart, caused (though the thing by these and other means was beaten into the heads of the principal men of the University of Oxford) her body to be re-buried in St. Mary's Church, in Oxford, with great pomp and solemnity. It is remarkable, that when Dr. Babington, the earl's chaplain, did preach the funeral sermon, he tript once or twice in his speech, by recommending to their memories that virtuous lady so *pitifully murdered*, instead of saying *pitifully slain*. This earl, after all his murders and poisonings, was himself poisoned by that which was prepared for others, (some say by his wife,) at Cornbury Lodge, before mentioned, though Baker, in his Chronicle, would have it at Killingworth, Anno, 1588.

(Eclectic Review.)

TRAVELS IN SICILY, GREECE, AND ALBANIA.

BY THE REV. T. S. HUGHES.

THE readers of our journal are already familiar with the name of the redoubted Vizir of Albania; but it has been reserved for the present author to furnish the completest biographical memoir of the life of Ali Pasha that has yet appeared. The earlier parts of his history are already involved in the obscurity of tradition, and cannot be very authentically or accurately detailed. Mr. Hughes states that he perused nearly fifty accounts compiled from oral traditions, without meeting two that agreed with each other either in the relation of facts or the development of motives.

Ali, whose surname is Hissas, was born at Tepelini, a small town of the Toskides, about the year 1750. One of his ancestors, named Muzzo, having been very successful in the honourable profession of a *kleftes*, or robber, procured for himself the lordship of Tepelini, which he transmitted to his descendants who continued to hold it by a kind of feudal tenure under the pasha of Berat. Ali's Grandfather, after whom he is named, is stated to have been deemed the greatest warrior of his age. The father of Ali, named Vely Bey, was a man of humane disposition and excellent character: he held for some time the pashalic of Dervino, but lost it through the intrigues of a cabal, and retired to his native lordship of Tepelini, where, harassed by the neighbouring beys and agas, who were little better than freebooters, and unable to make head against his enemies, he is said to have died of grief and vexation. He left two widows and three children.

"The mother of Ali and of his sister Sha'initza, was a woman of uncommon talents, undoubted courage, and determined resolution, but fierce and implacable as a tigress. Her first act was to get rid of her rival, whom together with her child she took off by poison, thus securing all the rights and property of

her husband to Ali, who at this time was about 14 years of age. Far from yielding under the disastrous circumstances of fortune, she armed herself with double fortitude, and rising superior to the weakness of her sex, carried a musket against her enemies in the field at the head of her faithful clan, performing all the duties both of general and soldier. In most of these enterprises she took Ali as an associate, though she kept him within the strictest limits of obedience. Plainly foreseeing that his security depended chiefly upon his military education, she accustomed him early to the perils of an active and romantic life, and improved his naturally strong constitution by exercise and temperance: she engaged the oldest and most faithful retainers of her family to animate his zeal by a recital of the history and exploits of his ancestors, to correct his rash impetuosity by their experience, to instruct him in all the manly exercises of an Albanian palikar, and to school him in all the knowledge of mankind and the arts of governing them, rather than in the love of book learning and science. Ali's progress kept pace with her most sanguine hopes."

Mr. Hughes has rather too paraphrastic a style in stating a fact. As to what this worthy old lady plainly foresaw, it is mere conjecture or assumption, nor is it a matter of any consequence: what we want to come at, is, the fact, what she did, which was neither more nor less than this; she brought up her son according to the custom of the country, and he soon became an accomplished robber. At an early age, he distinguished himself as the best horseman, the swiftest runner, and the most expert marksman of his day; and by traversing the country with his musket on his shoulder, he acquired perfect knowledge of all the mountain fastnesses, and every opening for advance or retreat. His me-

mory is said to be so strong, that when an old associate in the profession of *kleftes* has been taken and brought before him, he has sometimes astonished the culprit with a recital of all the principal events of his life.

While he was yet very young, an event is stated to have occurred, which, if well authenticated, would seem, on the principle of retaliation, to justify almost any excess of vengeance, and in the mind of a barbarian to constitute revenge a sacred duty. The inhabitants of Gardiki, a large town in the mountains of Liapuria, made a secret expedition by night against Terpelini, and succeeded in carrying off both the mother and daughter, Ali being accidentally absent. The seizure of their persons could not, however, have been the primary object of the expedition, especially as undertaken by the inhabitants at large of a distant town, unless it was expected that they should obtain a high ransom. The atrocious treatment which these defenceless women are described as having met with at Gardiki, would not in that case have been ventured upon; nor is it credible that the leaders of the expedition, or the chiefs of the place, should have permitted so general a participation of their prize. After they had been detained prisoners more than a month, the indignant Ali, we are told, was *just preparing* to attempt their liberation, when a bey of Gardiki, at the hazard of his life, conducted their escape to Tepelini.

"This stain upon the honour of Ali's house was considered indelible but by blood. The authority of his mother, and the never-ceasing intreaties of his sister, who inherited all her mother's spirit (and who as the old governor of Tepelini told us, had she been a man, would have fought with Ali inch by inch for his dominions, were exerted to keep alive within his heart the flame of vengeance. The former on her death-bed conjured her son, never to stop till he had exterminated the guilty race; and the latter, in all her conversations with him, ended every speech by the expression that she could never know peace of mind, or die with satis-

faction, till she had stuffed the couches of her apartment with the hair of the Gardikiote women. After a lapse of forty years the vengeance of these furies was exacted to the full by Ali's stern decree—the guilty but unfortunate Gardiki is no more, and Sha'initza's head reclines upon the raven tresses of its daughters."

Forty years was rather a long term of impunity for this devoted town to enjoy. The authors of the outrage would in the natural course of events, be all extinct, and the raven tresses of even their daughters have become tolerably grey, before Ali fulfilled his mother's dying injunction. There is nothing, however, so patient as revenge. It must have been no ordinary provocation, assuredly, that induced the vizir, when he had attained the plenitude of his power, to inflict such signal vengeance on a town, the population of which was entirely Mahomedan. Ali's own generals discovered a reluctance to execute his vindictive intentions, upon which he despatched a confidential officer, at the head of a large body of Greek and Albanian troops, with instructions to act promptly in combination with all the other Greeks in the army. They, he well knew, would exterminate a Mahomedan tribe with the greatest alacrity; and as the Turkish generals did not dare to interfere, the city was soon given up to all the horrors of assault. Very few persons escaped. Those who were reserved as prisoners, were afterwards, to the number of between 7 and 800, massacred in cold blood in the presence of Ali, and their bodies left unburied to rot upon the place of execution, which was a large han near the commencement of the Gardikiote territory. The gateway of the area was then walled up, and an inscription placed over it cut in stone, which signifies, 'Thus perish all the enemies of Ali's house.' It is stated, that every individual victim underwent a personal examination by the Vizir himself, previously to the order being given for the execution, and that some few in consequence were spared, probably on its being discovered that they were

unconnected with the old inhabitants. On the same day, 72 Gardikiote beys and other prisoners of distinction, who had been conveyed to Ioannina, and treated with a delusive show of clemency and respect, were all strangled. From the han Ali marched to Gardiki itself, which he laid in ruins, placing it under an anathema, and prohibiting it from ever again becoming the habitation of man. The property of its citizens he had already converted to his own use; and as they were great merchants, he is stated to have kept an accurate account of all the debts due to them, and to have exacted the most punctual payment.

"Every Gardikiote that was subsequently discovered within the dominions of Ali was arrested and put to death, when his corpse was sent to augment the mouldering heap of his unfortunate countrymen at the han of Soliare. The vizir was grievously offended with his son Vely, who refused to put to death some Gardikiotes in his service, or surrender them up. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that Ali glories in this deed, which he considers one of just and pious retribution. It occurred on the 15th of March, 1812."

We have deviated from the course of the narrative for the purpose of connecting with the most marked circumstance in Ali's early life, the tragical and characteristic sequel. Soon after it had occurred, the young chieftain, impatient to try his strength against his enemies, extorted from his mother an unwilling consent that he should take the field.

"He was fortunate in his first attempts, but had neither troops nor money to prosecute his success: he was then defeated in his turn, and wandering about the country to escape his pursuers, was indebted for his safety to the benevolence of several individuals. On his return to Tepelini, he was received with the most indignant reproaches by his mother, who, it is said, threatened to clothe him in female attire, and shut him up in the harem; and when, after the most ardent solicitations, he gained from her fresh supplies and permission

again to try the fortune of war, she added, in the true laconic style, that she expected to see him return upon the shoulders of his troops, either as a conqueror or corpse."

Again he met with reverses, but in his retreat, accidentally discovered, we are told, a treasure within the ruins of a deserted monastery, that enabled him to appease his mother, and raise fresh levies. At the same time he is stated to have connected himself very advantageously in a matrimonial alliance. His mother still held the reins of government, and Ali appears to have taken the field as her general, accompanied in the expedition both by his mother and his bride. The contest, however, appears to have been very unequal: against the forces headed by this youthful hero, the confederate beys of Argyro-Castro, Gardiki, Kaminitza, Goritza, Chomovo, and some others, brought an overwhelming army. The Tepelinites were routed and dispersed among the mountains of Mertzika, whose barriers alone saved them from the fury of the conquerors. At this crisis, Ali exhibited all the latent energy and sagacity of his character. The measure which he resolved upon, will appear most extraordinary; it was a desperate one; as such, it was suited to the state of his fortunes; but the result shewed that Ali had not inaccurately calculated upon the probabilities of success. Mr. Hughes tells us, indeed, that he ran no hazard from thus placing himself in the power of his foes, inasmuch as the voluntary suppliant of an Albanian chieftain, whatever may be his demerits, is sure not only of protection in his presence, but of an escort on his return.

"Knowing that a very considerable detached portion of his enemies were encamped upon the plain, and that the chiefs of Argyro-Castro and Gardiki, the most powerful of his opponents, had retired to their respective cities, he at once determined upon his mode of action. Leaving his bed about midnight, he gave strict orders to his wife that she should keep the door of their apartment locked, and that when his

mother came, according to custom, very early in the morning to inquire after her son, she should answer that he was asleep and wished not to be disturbed. He then departed alone and unprotected, gained the camp of the confederates, and soon after the dawn of day, stood in the presence of those who sought his life. Astonished at his appearance, they demand the motives of his conduct: when the young chieftain with a modest but undaunted air thus addresses them: 'The life and fortunes of Ali are in your hands; the honour and existence of his house depends upon your will: here I am, driven to despair: I have fought till my means are exhausted; I now throw myself into your power, and you must either destroy or support me against my enemies: but do not deceive yourselves and suppose that you would derive benefit from the death of Ali: my enemies are in fact your own, and they seek my destruction only to be enabled more easily to place the yoke upon your necks. The chiefs of Argyro-Castro and Gardiki, already too formidable for the liberty of their neighbours, will profit by my fall to gain the sovereignty of the whole district. Tepelini, strong by nature, fortified by art, and garrisoned by my faithful Arnauts, might, if I were supported, present an invincible barrier against their ambitious designs: but if they once gain possession of this fortress, they will not only have the means of annoying their neighbours, but of securing themselves from all retaliation. Destroy me then, if you please, but be assured that my destruction will be the prelude of your own.'

"In the mean time, Ali's mother came as usual to his chamber door, and was answered by his wife according to her instructions. This being repeated two or three times at intervals, she ordered the door to be broken open. Not finding Ali within, and learning in what manner he had departed, she tore her hair, and rushed out of the house in a wild disorder, took the same route her son had taken, shrieking violently, and calling upon his name till the mountains echoed with her cries. No

long time elapsed before she met the object of her search returning to her presence, at the head of those very troops who had espoused his cause, and whose assistance enabled him so effectually to make head against his remaining enemies, that he obtained a peace."

The old lady died soon after—some will have it not a natural death, but our author totally disbelieves the accusation that would add to her son's crimes, that of matricide: he only kept her a state prisoner in the apartments of the harem, to prevent her from fatiguing herself with the cares of government. Ali, now his own master, became a leader of banditti on a large scale; but, somehow or other, his good fortune, which has always served him in intrigue, has repeatedly failed him in the field. He fell into the hands of Kourt, pasha of Berat; but the conqueror, instead of treating him like a rebel, 'honoured him,' as Mr. Hughes has it, with his confidence: that is to say, he made good use of his services in a war in which he was engaged with the pasha of Scutari; and at length, finding the young hero too great a favourite with the soldiers, as well as with certain members of his own household, sent him back to Tepelini, enriched with presents of considerable value. Again Ali resumed the profession of Kleftes, choosing the mountains of Epirus as the scene of his operations. Again he became a prisoner; and earnest application was made to the pasha of Ioannina, who was now master of his fate, to make a public example of him. The pasha, however, had his reasons for preferring to make a friend of his prisoner, and is said not only to have liberated him, but to have supplied him with the means of raising a fresh band of freebooters, at the head of whom, Ali rendered the whole country so unsafe for merchants and travellers of every description, that his fame reached Constantinople, and the Porte issued an order to the derven-pasha of Romena, to attack and exterminate the offenders. The derven-pasha happened to be no other than Ali's old friend, Kourt, pasha of Berat;

and an amicable negotiation was entered into between the two parties, the result of which was, that Kourt accepted of Ali's services in an expedition he was about to undertake against some enemies of the state, procured his pardon from Constantinople, and gave him a high military command at his own court. This he did not long retain; he was detected in an intrigue with the pasha's married daughter, and obliged to flee. He then entered into the service of the pasha of Negropont, and having acquired a great deal of wealth, returned once more to Tepelini, to recommence operations on his own private account. His first attempt was too daring for his means: he endeavoured, we are told, to take advantage of internal division in the great city of Argyro-Castro, and to introduce his own troops into the place; but this project did not succeed. He then fell upon the town of Libochobo, which, together with several others of small

note, submitted to his arms. The strong place of Chormovo he contrived to take by what hardly deserves the name of stratagem; by perfidy of the most unblushing and atrocious kind. The inhabitants had been among the earliest confederates against his family, and his revenge longed to glut itself with a sacrifice. Having massacred a great multitude of the inhabitants, he sold the women and children into slavery, and razed the town to the ground. This was not enough: the most delicious morsel of vengeance remains behind. The head of a family named Prifti, particularly obnoxious to Ali, was seized by his orders; a spit was run through his body, and the wretched victim was roasted alive. By this horrid act, in which he emulated the first Crusaders, he spread a terror of his name throughout the surrounding tribes, many of whom submitted to him without resistance.

To be continued.

(Literary Gazette.)

SONG.

BY HENRY NEELE.

The following Song we insert to do credit to a bard whom we believe to be a young writer, and who is evidently a modest and unassuming candidate for fame.

THIS silent glen, this silent glen,
O how I love its solitude!
Far from those busy haunts of men,
Far from the heartless multitude.
No eye, save Nature's sovereign beam;
No breath, but heaven's, to break the dream;
No voice, but yonder babbling stream,
Dares on the ear intrude.

The peace—the peace of graves is here;
O that it would but last!
But man lives like the waning year,
Till joy's last leaf is past:
His bliss, like autumn-plants, of power
To flourish for a transient hour,
Ere the bud ripens to a flower
Dies on the wintry blast.

Yon Alder tree—see, how she courts
The zephyrs as they stray:

Yea every breeze with which she sports
Scatters a leaf away;
So man with wreaths of Pleasure craves,
Tho' with each flower a thorn she gave,
And the last leaves him in the grave,
To coldness and decay!

How fearfully that hollow blast
Raved round the mountains hoar;
Ruffled the wave, in fury pass'd
The heath—and was no more!
Such is the fate of mortal man—
In pride and fury it began,
Yet sooner e'en than life's brief span
The empty noise was o'er.

And e'en to those for whom is spread
Joy's banquet richly crown'd,
This world is but a gorgeous bed,
Where, in fast slumber bound,
Pomp's gaudy trappings spread beneath,
They dream away life's fleeting breath,
Till night comes closing in, and Death
Draws his dark drapery round.

(Blackwood's Magazine.)

BEARD'S TREATISE OF GOD'S JUDGMENTS.

London. 1631. 4to.

THIS is a very interesting book to those who are fond of long stories and narrations, and who are not like the good author, particularly scrupulous as to the truth or falsity of those materials which conduce to their amusement. It is a collection of relations of God's judgments against the several sorts of sins, marshalled according to the order of the Ten Commandments,—full of sanguinary details of cruelties and slaughters,—of horrible crimes and horrible punishments,—of devils and diabolical visitations,—of tyrants and their dismal ends, and of events and occurrences chiefly of a dark and gloomy tincture, related throughout with the utmost simplicity and earnestness, and interesting from their variety and descriptive naiveté. There was a time when books of this kind were more attended to than at present; and as the fact is indicative of the thorough change which has taken place in manners and methods of instruction, we will just currently notice its developement. With our forefathers, at least with the most illiterate part of them, the mode of teaching by example, was of all others the most efficacious: It supplied the place of a thousand disquisitions and theories of morality, by affording living impersonations of all that morality teaches us to imitate or shun, by presenting what only could be effective with the vulgar, parabolical delineations, at once too plain to be mistaken, and too vivid not to be highly impressive. Speculative inquiries, which are at best of little use in the direction of life, they could not understand; their little modicum of light and knowledge, was drawn from other and more intelligible sources, not from the nicer and more delicate intricacies of reasoning, but from the grosser and more substantial images of reality. Hence those ponderous tomes pregnant with stories of the fatal exits of the wicked, and the

sure rewards of the good, which used formerly to be the highly prized occupants of the cottage and the hall window, which were handed down from father to son with a kind of superstitious reverence, which were to their possessors as a body of practical divinity, from which they could and did educe all that was necessary to give to virtue its firmness, and to piety its fervour. These are now no more to be seen; they have given place to newer and less interesting inmates, to the trash of morbid fanaticism, and the ravings of ——— republican gloom. It may be true, that this change is partly owing to the increasing intelligence of the people, that as they have grown wiser, they have learned to despise the simplicity and credulity of their forefathers; but from whatever cause it may arise, nothing can be clearer, than that the reverence and regard which was formerly paid by the common people to example and practice, has vanished and departed; and that now they have lost nearly all the humility of disciples, without gaining much of the knowledge of teachers. Unfortunately, superficial learning is neither favourable to the qualities of the head or the heart, and adds to the obstinacy of intellect, while it facilitates the depravation of morals. We do not wish the people to be kept in ignorance, but certainly that state of mental cultivation is best for them which best enables them to discharge their duty to their God and king. Whether that which existed in the times of our forefathers had this effect, we shall not decide; but certainly that which now exists, has had a very contrary operation.

This change, too, we think to be lamented for its tendency to innovate on the manners of our ancestors, and produce, instead of the old English character, a new species of national habits, with none of those endearing peculiari-

ties which made that character valuable. We never take up, for instance, such a work as the present, without its bringing to our minds times long past, when the father of a family read aloud to his eager assembly, the dolorous and tragical events it records, heard with breathless anxiety and solemn awe, of which the credulity had something of the simplicity of innocence, and the sanctity of religion.—

But to return to the book.—Our worthy author seems particularly partial to the tales of diablerie. Not an instance is there recorded of the bodily appearance of his Satanic Majesty, which has escaped his industrious zeal and praiseworthy diligence. So used does he seem to these kind of visitations, that he relates the hoisting up of sundry unfortunate creatures by their Mephistophiles, as if it were merely the lifting up of a bag of cotton or a bale of calicoes, or merely the harmless flight of some aspiring aeronaut. His devils, too, seem fiends of some gout, and by no means so incapable of participating in the pleasures of a good dinner as we have been led to believe. In one of the extracts following, our readers will perceive, that the banquet was the only article injured by the diabolical incursion. This, however, would be no pleasing circumstance, especially to a confirmed gastrophilist; and we think we could point out some gentlemen to whom it would occasion as much maceration of spirit as an actual transit of themselves, *diabolo duce et auspice*. Another thing remarkable in our author is, his extraordinary facility in converting every occurrence into a judgment. Be it what it was before it went into his forge, an accident the most common, a death the most natural, out it issues immediately from thence, a most manifest and unquestionable judgment, impossible to be mistaken. Let a notorious sinner make any given exit, and he will immediately demonstrate the fitness of it to the case,—the adaptation of the punishment to the sin, and the sin to the punishment. This is all, however, certainly harmless; and if it be not very sensible, is yet, we think, very entertaining.

We will now proceed to our extracts. The first is the following story of rats:—Whether it has any mystical meaning or reference to the present times, we cannot pretend to judge. Certainly Pharoah's case, including the Red Sea, was preferable to this.

“Among all the strange examples of God's judgments that euer were declared in this world, that one that befell a King of Poland, called *Popiell*, for his murders, is for the strangenesse thereof most worthie to be had in memorie: he reigned in the yeare of our Lord 1346. This man, among other of his particular kinds of cursings and swearing, whereof he was no niggard, vsed ordinarily this oath, *If it be not true, would rats might deuour me*; prophesying thereby his owne destruction; for he was deuoured euen by the same means which he so often wished for, as the sequele of his historie will declare. The father of this *Popiell* feeling himselfe neere death, resigned the government of his kingdome to two of his brethren, men exceedingly reuerenced of all men for the valour and vertue which appeared in them. He being deceased, and *Popiell* growne vp to ripe and lawfull yeares, vvhhen he saw himselfe in full libertie, without all bridle of gouernment to doe what he listed, he began to giue the full swindge to his lawlesse and vnruilie desires, in such sort, that within few days he became so shamelesse, that there was no kind of vice which appeared not in his behauiour, euen to the working of the death of his owne vncles, for all their faithfull dealing towards him, vvhich he by poyson brought to passe. Which being done, he caused himselfe forthwith to be crowned with garlands of flowers, and to be perfumed with precious ointments: and to the end the better to solemnize his entrie to the crowne, commaunded a sumptuous and poynpous banket to be prepared, vvhherunto all the Princes and Lords of his kingdome were inuited. Now as they were about to giue the onset vpon the delicate cheare, behold an armie of rats sallying out of the dead and putrified bodies of his vncles set vpon him, his wife, and children, amid their dainties.

to gnaw them with their sharp teeth, insomuch that his gard with all their weapons and strength were not able to chase them away, but being weary with resisting their daily and mightie assaults, gaue ouer the battaile: wherefore counsell was giuen to make great coale fires round about them, that the rats by that meanes might be kept off, not knowing that no policie or power of man was able to withstand the vnchangeable decree of God; for, for all their huge forces, they ceased not to run through the midst of them, and to assault with their teeth this cruell murderer. Then they gaue him counsell to put himselfe, his wife, and children into a boat, and thrust it into the middest of a lake, thinking that by reason of the waters the rats would not approach vnto them: but alas in vaine; for they swum through the waters amaine, and gnawing the boat, made such chinckes into the sides thereof, that the water began to run in: vvhich being perceiued of the boatmen, amazed them sore, and made them make post hast vnto the shore, vvhether he was no sooner arriued, but a fresh muster of rats vnitig their forces with the former encountred him so sore, that they did him more scath than all the rest. Whereupon all his gard, and others that were there present for his defence, perceiuing it to be a judgment of God's vengeance vpon him, abandoned and forsooke him at once: vvhich seeing himselfe destitute of succour, and forsaken on all sides, flew into a high tower in Chousuitze, whither also they pursued him, and climbing even vp to the highest roome where he was, first eat vp his wife and children (shee being guiltie of his vnckles death) and lastly gnawed and deuoured him to the verie bones."

As the two next narrate procreations rather out of the ordinary way, they deserve to go together:—

"After the same sort was the Archbishop of Mentz, called Hatto, punished in the yere 940, vnder the reigne of the Emperour Otho the great, for the extreme crueltie which he vsed towards certain poore beggars, in time of famine, who being requested by one of his

poore subiects to sell him some corne for his money, when there was none to be gotten elsewhere; answered, he could spare none, by reason hee had scarce ynough for his owne hogs: which hoggish disposition the Lord requited in its owne kind, for his wife at the next litter brought forth seuen pigs at one birth to increase the number of his hogs: that as he had preferred filthie and ouglie creatures before his poore brethren, in whom the image of God in some sort shined forth, so hee might haue his owne getting more of that kind to make much of, since hee loued them so well."

"Another not so cruell and disdainfull as the former, yet cruell and disdainfull ynough to pluck downe vengeance vpon his head, would not see his father beg indeed, nor yet abjure him as the other did; but yet vnder-taking to keepe him, vsed him more like a slaue than a father, for what should hee too deere for him that gaue us life? yet euerie good thing was too deere for this poore father. Vpon a time a daintie morsel of meat was vpon the boord to be eaten, which as soone as he came in he conueied away, and foisted in courser victuals in the roome. But mark what his dainties turned to: when the seruant went to fetch it againe, hee found instead of meat snakes, and of sance serpents, to the great terrour of his conscience; but that which is more, one of the serpents leaped in his face, and catching hold by his lip, hung there till his dying day, so that hee could neuer feed himselfe, but hee must feed the serpent withall. And this badge carried hee about as a cognisance of an vnkind and vngrateful sonne."

We now proceed to our diabolical quotations, and hope our readers will imitate the example of our author, and give all due faith and credit to them.

The following we particularly recommend to our readers for the good moral it inculcates:—

"Diners noblemen were striuing together at a horse race, and in their course cried the diuell take the last. Now the last was a horse that broke loose, whom the diuell hoisted vp into the aire and took cleane away. Which

teacheth us not to call for the diuell, for he is readie alwaies about vs uncalled and vnlooked for, yea many legions of them compasse us about euen in our best actions to disturbe and peruert vs."

We think such executioners of the law as the following would startle the worshipful Court of Session :

"In the towne of Rutlinquen a certaine pa-seuger came into an Inne, and gaue a budget to his host to be kept, in the which there was a great summe of money ; but when he demaunded it againe at his departure, the host denied it, and gaue him injurious words, with many mockes and taunts : vwhereupon the passenger calleth him in question before the Iudge, and because he wanted witnesses, desireth to have him sworne, vwho without all scruple offered to swear and protest, that he neuer received or concealed any such budget of money from him, giuing himselfe to the diuell if he swore falsely. The passenger seeing his forwardness to damne himselfe, demanded respite to consider of the matter, and going out, he meets with two men, who enquire the cause of his coming thither ; and being informed by him, offer their helpe vnto him in his cause ; thereupon they returne before the Iudge, and these two vnknown persons justifie that the budget was deliuered vnto the host, and that he had hidden it in such a place : whereat the host being astonished, by his countenance and gesture discovered his guiltinesse : the Iudge thereupon resolved to send him to prison, but the two vnknown witnesses (vwho were indeed two fiends of hell) began to say, you shall not need, for we are sent to punish his wickednesse ; and so saying they hoisted him vp into the ayer, vwhere he vanished with them, and was neuer after found."

We will club together a few more.

"There was a Coniurer at Saltzbourg that vaunted, that he could gather together all the serpents within half a myle round about into a ditch, and feed them and bring them vp there : and being about the experiment, behold the old and grand serpent came in the while, which whilst he thought by the force of his charmes to make to enter

into the ditch among the rest, he set vpon and inclosed him round about like a girdle so strongly, that he drew him perforce into the ditch with him, where he miserably died. Marke here the wages of such wicked miscreants, that as they make it their occupation to abuse simple folke, they are themselves abused and consened of the diuell, who is a finer juggler than them all."

"It was a very lamentable spectacle that chanced to the Gouvernour of Mascon, a Magitian, whom the diuell snatched vp in dinnerwhile, and hoisted aloft, carrying him three times about the towne of Mascon in the presence of many beholders, to whom he cryed on this manner, Helpe, helpe, my friends ; so that the whole towne stood amazed thereat, yea and the remembrance of this strange accident sticketh at this day fast in the minds of all the inhabitants of this cuntry ; and they say, that this wretch hauing giuen himselfe to the diuell, provided store of holy bread (as they call it) which he alwaies carried about with him, thinking thereby to keep himselfe from his clawes ; but it served him but small stead, as his end declared."

"There was a certaine blasphemous wretch that on a time being with his companions in a common Inne carousing and making merrie, asked them, if they thought a man was possessed with a soule or no ? Whereunto when some replied, that the souls of men were immortal, and that some of them after release from the bodie liued in heauen, others in hell ; for so the vvritings of the Prophets and Apostles instructed them : he answered and swore, that he thought it nothing so, but rather that there was no soule in man to suruiue the bodie, but that heauen and hell were mere fables, and inuentions of priests to get gaine by ; and for himselfe he was readie to sell his soule to any that would buy it : then one of his companions tooke vp a cup of wine and said, Sell me thy soule for this cup of wine : which he receiuing, bad him take his soule, and dranke vp the wine.— Now Sathan himselfe was there in man's shape (as commonly he is neuer farre from such meetings) and bought it a-

gaine of the other at the same price, and by and by bad him giue him his soule ; the whole company affirming, it was meet he should haue it, since he had bought it, not perceiuing the deuill : but presently he laying hold on this soule seller, carried him into the ayre before them all, toward his owne habitation, to the great astonishment and amazement of the beholders ; and from that day to this he was neuer heard of, but tryed to his paine that men had soules, and that hell was no fable, according to his godlesse and profane opinion."

These were indeed visitations of no pleasant nature, and we heartily hope none of our readers may be whipped off in so summary a manner.

The following finishes our quotations :—

"A certaine man not farre from Gortitz prouided a sumptuous supper, and inuited many guests vnto it, who at the time appointed refusing to come, he in anger cried, then let all the diuels in hell come : neither was his wish friuolous ; for a number of those hellish fiends came forthwith, whom he not discerning from men, came to welcome and entertaine : but as he tooke them by the hands, and perceiued in stead of fingers clawes, all dismaied he ran out of the doors with his wife, and left none in the house but a young infant with a foole sitting by the fire, whom the diuels had no power to hurt, neither any man else, saue the goodlie supper, which they made away withall, and so departed."

This last is certainly a most deplorable case, and we may truly say, *Finis*

coronat opus. For the loss of the goodlie supper we heartily sympathise with the sufferer ; and if such a judgment would not teach him to use better language for the future, we fear his case was hopeless. Let our readers beware how they make use of such incautious expressions whenever the non-appearance of their guests (and certainly it is a most trying circumstance) may discompose their temper. We were ourselves placed in the same situation the other day ; but having the fear of God, and the remembrance of this occurrence before our eyes, we had the grace to check the incipient oath, which was just forming in our mouth.

We would not have our readers to imagine that all the examples in this book are equally extravagant with those we have quoted. It is in fact a repository of stories, true, false, and apocryphal, admitted without discrimination, and told with the utmost apparent faithfulness, in which the false appear to outnumber the true, and the apocryphal the false ; or, indeed, a very lumber room or armory of examples, most of which are rusty, and some useless, but which, together, present a delightful appearance of antiquity.

We have a particular partiality for books of this description, and love to dip into them when tired with our hodiernal vocations. No continuity of reading being required, we are left to run over, with desultory ease, their long treasuries of stories. The dismal and tragical cast of the narration is even pleasing, inasmuch as it gives us in these safer times a delightful consciousness of security.

DUELLING.

THE following letter against Duelling, written by Joseph II., late Emperor of Germany, has just found its way to the world, in a work at Leipsic, entitled *A Collection of Unpublished Letters of Joseph II.* :—"General,---I desire you to arrest Count K. and Capt. W. immediately. The Count is of an imperious character, proud of his birth, and full of false ideas of honour. Capt. W. who is an old soldier, thinks of settling every thing by the sword or pistol. He has done wrong to accept a challenge from the young Count. I will not suffer the practice of duelling in my army ; and I despise the arguments of those who seek to

justify it. I have a high esteem for officers who expose themselves courageously to the enemy, and, who, on all occasions, shew themselves intrepid, valiant, and determined, in attack, as well as in defence. The indifference with which they face death is honorable to themselves and useful to their country ; but there are men ready to sacrifice every thing to a spirit of revenge and hatred. I despise them : such men, in my opinion, are worse than the Roman Gladiators. Let a Council of War be summoned to try these two officers with all the impartiality which I demand from every judge ; and let the most culpable of the two be made an exam-

ple, by the rigour of the law. I am resolved that this barbarous custom, which is worthy of the age of Tamerlane and Bajazet, and which is so often fatal to the peace of families, shall be punished and suppressed, though it should cost me half my

officers. There will be still left men, who can unite bravery with the duties of faithful subjects. I wish for none who do not respect the laws of the country.—*Vienna, August, 1771.*" "JOSEPH."

CORNUCOPIA

OF LITERARY CURIOSITIES AND REMARKABLE FACTS.

OMENS AND FOREWARNINGS.

CAUSES of events can be alone forewarnings; if a man lift a stick to strike me, it is ominous that I am in danger of receiving a blow; but no previous circumstance not connected with the cause, or not being a sufficient cause, can be ominous of any particular event. Superstition connects incidents which have no connection with the cause of an event as a forewarning; but philosophy and reason admit no forewarning except it be an operative cause sufficient to produce the result anticipated. Post this truth over the fireplace of every house, and it will soon cease to be haunted by ominous signs, and superstitious forewarnings.

BEQUEST OF A CRIMINAL.

In the confession of Edward Clarke, of Bures Saint Mary's, executed in Chelmsford, was the following curious article. "I, Edward Clarke, now in a few hours expecting to die, do sincerely wish, as my last request, that three of my fingers be taken from my hands, to be given to my three children as a warning to them, as my fingers were the cause of bringing myself to the gallows, and my children to poverty; and I also request that Mr. E. E. Collis and Mr. C. Brown, two brother prisoners, will be so kind as to see it done, they knowing which fingers they are, by their marking them, at my request, with ink." This request was complied with by the surgeon.

STONE EATER.

In 1760, was brought to Avignon, a true lithopagus, or stone eater. He not only swallowed flint of an inch and a half long, a full inch broad, and half an inch thick; but such stones as he could reduce to powder, such as marbles, pebbles, &c. he made into paste, which was to him a most agreeable and wholesome

food. I examined this man, with all the attention I possibly could, I found his gullet very large, his teeth exceedingly strong, his saliva very corrosive, and his stomach lower than ordinary, which I imputed to the vast number of flints he had swallowed, being about five and twenty, one day with another. Upon interrogating his keeper, he told me the following particulars: "This stone-eater," says he, "was found three years ago in a northern uninhabited island, by some of the crew of a Dutch ship. Since I have had him, I make him eat raw flesh with stones; I could never get him to swallow bread. He will drink water, wine and brandy; which last liquor gives him infinite pleasure. He sleeps at least twelve hours in a day, sitting on the ground with one knee over the other, and his chin resting on his right knee. He smokes almost all the time he is not asleep, or is not eating. The flints he has swallowed he voids somewhat corroded and diminished in weight.

ICE.

Henry III. introduced the custom of cooling his liquor in ice; and this is one of the things that is brought against him, by the author of *The Island of the Hermaphrodites*, a satiric work composed on this Prince, wherein it is made one of the statutes of that effeminate island; and which he thus describes,— "In the summer there are always preserved several quarters of the island in ice, and also mountains of snow to mix with the beverage, although that practice may produce the most extraordinary distempers." It was for a long time customary in France to dine at nine o'clock in the forenoon; which gave rise to the proverb of

To rise at five, dine at nine,
Sup at five, to bed at nine,
Makes life last till ninety-nine.

When dinner was put off to an hour later, the proverb was also changed,

To rise at six, dine at ten,
Sup at six, to bed at ten,
Makes man's life last to ten times ten.

In the reign of Henry IV. it was customary to dine at eleven; under Louis XIV. at twelve. At the beginning of the eighteenth century it was an established rule to sit down to dinner at one o'clock. By degrees, to accommodate people in business, dinner was put off till two. About the year 1780, it was three o'clock before they sat down to table; and in some few houses they did not dine till four. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the English fashion was adopted of taking a luncheon at twelve, and dining at six.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries fruit was taken at the beginning of meals; it is now taken after all the viands are removed.

SPONGES.

A mechanical principle of irritability seems to be indicated in the sponge, which contracts and loses its elasticity and texture, if hot water be poured on it while it is imbued with cold water.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Some of the animalcules which are found in the Greenland sea, move at the rate of $\frac{1}{880}$ th of an inch in a second, others at the rate of an inch in three minutes. The American bird, the Condur, could fly round the globe at the equator, a favourable gale prevailing, in about a week. The insect would require 8935 years to perform the same distance. The diameter of the largest of them is only the $\frac{1}{2000}$ th of an inch, and many only the $\frac{1}{4000}$ th. A whale requires a sea to sport in, while 150 millions of these animalcules would have abundant room in a tumbler of water!—*Edin. Philo. Jour.*

Paragraphs.

CURIOUS FACT.

At a late meeting of the Royal Society, Sir Everard Home communicated some observations on the influence of the black substance in the skin of the negro, in preventing the scorching operation of the sun's rays. As black surfaces become much warmer by exposure to the sun's rays than those which are white, or of paler tints, the cause of the black colour in the negro has long appeared problematical to the physiologist. In this paper Sir Everard shews, that by exposing the back of the hand, and other parts of the body, covered with this white linen, to the direct influence of the sun's rays, they become irritated and inflamed; small specks or freckles first appear; and these, on continued exposure, are followed by a vesicular separation of the cuticle: the same happens when the bare surface is exposed, which, in common language, becomes sunburnt. When, however, the part of the body thus exposed, is covered with a piece of black crape, though the temperature of such part when exposed to the bright sunshine, exceeds that produced upon the bare skin, the scorching and blistering influence of the rays is entirely prevented; hence it appears, that the deleterious effects of the sun's rays are prevented by an artificial blackening of the surface of the skin; that perspiration becomes more copious, as is especially remarked in the negro; and, in short, that the conversion of the radiant matter of the sun into sensible heat, which conversion is effected by the black surface, tends to prevent the scorching effects, and to promote the cuticular secretion.

REMARKABLE STONE.

The *Mnemosyne*, a Finland newspaper, mentions a stone in the northern part of Finland, which serves the inhabitants instead of a barometer. This stone, which they call Ilmakiuri, turns black, or blackish grey, when it is going to rain; but on the approach of fine weather, it is covered with white spots. Probably it is a fossil mixed with clay, and consisting of rock-salt, ammoniac, or saltpetre, which, according to the greater or less degree of dampness of the atmosphere, attracts it, or otherwise. In the latter case the salt appears, which forms the white spots.

JEU D'ESPRIT.

A gentleman, at a fashionable party, being asked by a lady his opinion of a beautiful ring she wore, in which was a very small miniature, and most striking likeness of her husband, observed that he was no great judge of painting, and having seen Lord ***** but once, he was hardly competent to pronounce on the likeness; nevertheless, he was happy to see her Ladyship had a husband that she could turn round her finger.

THE NIGER.

It is now asserted to be ascertained, that this river emptied itself into the Atlantic ocean, a few degrees northward of the Equator. This important fact is confirmed by Mr. Dupuis, who was appointed consul from this country at Ashantee, and who got his intelligence by conversing with different traders with whom he fell in at Ashantee. He thought it so important as to warrant his voyage home to communicate to Government what he had learnt.

THE OURANG OUTANG, OR WILD MAN.

Part of a paper by Sir T. Raffles was read before the Linnean Society, Dec. 19, 1820, describing the *Simia Satyrus*, called in Sumatra, Oran Pandak, apparently the same with the Orang Utan, of Borneo: *Simia Siamang*, a new species from Bencoolen; *Simia Lan*, called Ooagka Etam, of the sensibility of which the author relates a remarkable instance: one in his possession having, in consequence of being turned out of the house for some offence, twice hung itself on a tree; in the first attempt he was discovered and cut down, but succeeded in its second attempt in destroying itself: another *Simia*, called Brulh by the natives, is employed near Bencoolen to gather cocoa-nuts; the ripest of which he selects, and pulls no more than he is ordered. Other species are named Chinkau, Simpai, Kua, Lotong, &c.

CLAY-SLATE AX FOUND IN A WHALE.

A clay-slate ax was found in the blubber of a whale lately, by the carpenter of a Greenlandman, of Montrose. It had sunk to the depth of 18 or 20 inches, and the wound had cicatrized. It is neatly ground, presenting the knife-edge, and seems to have armed an Esquimaux lance.

NEW VOLCANO IN THE MOON.

At a sitting of the Royal Society, lately held, Captain Kater read an interesting paper on the subject of the Volcano, which he has discovered in the moon. On examining the dark part of the moon through a telescope, he perceived a bright spot resembling a star; and subsequent observations convinced him it was a volcano. As that part of the moon, in which it is situated, has now become illuminated, the volcano is no longer visible to us.

REMARKABLE PRESERVATION.

ELEANORA Lumley, the infant daughter of Mr. J. Lumley, aged four years, residing at No. 33, Wellclose Square, London, on the evening of Sunday the 24th, ultimo, was left in bed asleep by her mother, on the first floor, while she attended public worship, at a chapel in the neighbourhood. The father, left in charge, retired to an apartment below, attentively listening to the awaking of his child. At the expiration of about half an hour, he heard faint cries, apparently proceeding from above. Concluding his child was awake, yet, from his defective hearing, half doubting the fact, he cautiously ascended the stairs, to prevent (if deceived) awaking her. Upon his entering the room usually allotted for her repose, and eagerly looking into the bed, no child was there. The thought of the moment suggested to him, that she was in the adjoining room. There too he searched, with the same disappointment.

The agony of mind experienced by him in those trying moments, is to be felt by a parent only in like circumstances. Still he heard, or thought he heard, the cries of his child. Breathless, he descended the stairs into the passage below, listening at every step, and sinking with dreadful forebodings, through the agitation of his mind. Having searched the parlour and kitchen through, almost without hope, he opened the yard door, when to his great surprise, he beheld his lost child sitting in an upright posture on the flag stones, endeavouring to raise herself up.

The first question was, how she came there? Her father not suspecting the miraculous escape his daughter had experienced, she sobbed out, "Me was frighten'd, father, and jumped out of the window." In truth, though scarcely to be credited, she had sprung from the back window of the first floor, into the yard below, a height of nearly eighteen feet; the ground having been excavated to give light to kitchens below.

The first consideration was to search for broken bones, bruises, &c. But, after a minute inspection, both by himself and a surgeon, it was ascertained that no hurt was occasioned by the fall, at least there was no outward appearance of any, save a slight scratch down the middle of the back, which it was supposed had been received by her springing against a projecting wall, and which perhaps in some degree broke the violence of the fall. The child underwent the prescriptions recommended by the medical attendant, of repose, &c. and after three days was perfectly recovered.

The imminent danger from which the child thus escaped, arose out of the too prevalent custom of alarming children with the idle tales of *old men*, *boogaboos*, &c. Such folly cannot be too severely reprehended. That mothers will accustom themselves, or suffer those entrusted with the care of their offspring, to frighten them into a temporary and agitated repose, is deeply to be lamented. The little innocent indeed, through fear, appears to sleep; its eyes are shut; and perhaps by dint of persevering alarms, may at last fall into a slumber, but is it the sleep of repose and rest? does it refresh and invigorate its tender frame? Alas, no! Mark its convulsive movements: dreams agitate its little mind; it starts in agony; it sobs, and at last awakes in affright, though not invariably like the child in question, who, it appears, had, from the same cause, and through the strongest fear, contrived to throw itself from the window, yet always leaving the same effects, a constant dread and intimidation through life, not unfrequently such as embitter a great portion of our valuable time, leaving us a prey to diseases, beyond the art of medicine, and the skill of experience, to cure.

LITERARY.

A Biographical Work of 300 living Public Men of all countries in 1821, with nearly 200 engraved portraits, is printing in a size corresponding with Debrett's Peerage.

The Wonders of the Heavens displayed in Twelve Popular Lectures on Astronomy, with 46 superior engravings from original drawings; by the Author of the Wonders of the World.

History of Seyd Said, Sultan of Muscat, together with an account of the Countries and People on the Shores of the Persian Gulf, particularly of the Mahabees; by Skaik Mansur.

Letters to a Child, on the subject of Maritime Discovery; by Emily Taylor. With a frontispiece.

Cases illustrative of the Treatment of Obstructions in the Urethra, &c. by the new Instrument called the Dilator. By J. Arnott, of the London College of Surgeons.

Helen de Tournon, a Novel, translated from the French by MADAME DE SOUZA, author of "Adela de Senange."

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 5.]

BOSTON, JUNE 1, 1821.

[VOL. IX.

(Extracted from the English Magazines, April 1821.)

POEMS BY MRS. CORNWALL BARON WILSON.

THE muse of Mrs. Wilson is a mournful one ; she seems to delight in the *penseroso* ; we will hope it is only the fiction of poetry, and that she knows sorrow only by name. *Sickness* is, however, a real ill ; and she informs us that the greatest part of this collection was composed in those trying hours. After presenting to the fair poet our sincere wishes for her present health and happiness, we shall proceed to give a few extracts from these Poems, which evince a mind of elegance, taste, and feeling.

ODE TO MY LYRE.

My Lyre !—when first we met,
'Twas when youth's cloudless morning smil'd :
Ere Fortune's glowing sun had set,
When Hope my heart beguil'd ;
I thought thee but a toy,
Fit to amuse life's idle hours ;—
And, careless *then*, 'mid scenes of joy,
I scorn'd thy gentle pow'rs.

But *now*, I find thou art
A friend, when other friendships fail ;
A soother of the aching heart,
That tells to thee its tale :—
I love thee, and I prize thee now,
More than when Pleasure's sun was bright,
Since Grief has circled round my brow,
Her deep and starless night.

Come, then—neglected Lyre !—
Now Pleasure's lighter touch has flown,
The trembling hand, that sweeps thy wire,
Is thine, and thine alone !
Thou need'st no rival fear,
To lure my heart again from thee ;
I hail thee now, companion dear,
Sole partner in my misery.

The versification in which our next example is written, has, we think, become too unfrequent ; for its effect is very pleasing.

STANZAS.

Yes ! Time indeed has chang'd that face, since last
it met my gaze,
For there no longer can I trace the smiles of former
days ;—

The laughing light of joy has flown, which on that
cheek did bloom ;
And o'er that once gay brow is thrown a deep and
settled gloom !

Dim is the lustre of the eye that fired my early
dreams,
Cold and unmov'd it passes by, nor turns on me its
beams ;—

'Tis sad to see the aspect strange, that reigns in every
part,
Yet saddest is to me the change, that's wrought with-
in thy heart !

Fain would returning Hope renew Affection's sever'd
chain :—

But what can re-unite Love's clue, when once 'tis
snapp'd in twain ?

Pity, indeed, may fill the breast, tho' Passion's reign
is o'er ;

But where Distrust has been a guest, Love will re-
turn no more !

THE WARRIOR.

Ah, Lady !—sigh not thus for me,
Since I can ne'er be thine ;—
The peace and rest that dwell with Thee,
'Mid scenes of ease and revelry,
Charm not a heart like mine.

A wild and wandering life I lead,
A desperate death shall die ;—
Where the young and brave in battle bleed,
Where the Warrior falls from the gasping steed,
There the form thou lov'st must lie.

Then say, can one so rugged, Sweet !
 Be a fitting mate for Thee ?
 No !—the green-grass turf for a winding-sheet,
 And the field of death is a bed more meet,
 Than the bridal couch for me !
 Then, Lady ! waste no more thy love,
 On a heart so cold as mine ;
 For tears can ne'er my bosom move,
 Though the eyes that weep make the orbs above,
 Beside them dimly shine !
 But it is not an eye of the violet's light,
 That can weave a net for me ;
 Nor a cheek with beauty's roses bright,
 Though soft as the blush of a summer's night,
 That can steal my liberty !
 No ! powerless is Beauty's warmest sigh,
 On the Warrior's marble breast ;—
 Who wakes at morn 'mid the battle's cry,
 And slumbers at night with the lullaby
 Of the cannon to soothe his rest !
 And unfitting for a lady's ear,
 Are the sounds he loves so well ;—
 The death-shout, pealing loud and drear,
 The clanging helm, and clashing spear,
 That ring a Soldier's knell !
 Then, Lady !—sigh not thus for me,
 Since I can ne'er be thine ;
 The peace and rest that dwell with Thee,
 'Mid scenes of joy and revelry,
 Charm not a soul like mine !

REALITY OPPOSED TO ILLUSION.

There is an hour that all must feel,
 A pang each human heart must know !
 A wound all study to conceal,
 That still thro' ling'ring years must flow.
 'Tis when the magic veil's remov'd,
 And, gazing round with startled eye,
 We see the world, once so much lov'd,
 Appear in stern reality ;
 Stript of the fairy hues that youth,
 Love, Fancy, Hope, had o'er it thrown ;

And by the clear cold light of Truth,
 In all its real mis'ry shewn !
 When ev'ry joy, young bosoms prizes
 Tint after tint dissolve away,
 As sunbeams in the western skies,
 That vanish with departing day !
 Then falls a blight upon the heart,
 When thus it finds its hopes were vain ;
 Like the crush'd flower—no time, no art,
 Can ever make it bloom again !
 Happier are they who press the tomb,
 While life one bright Elysium seems,
 Than those who, through an age of gloom,
 Linger to mourn their early dreams !

THE EVENING HOUR.

This is the hour when Memory wakes
 Visions of joy that could not last ;
 This is the hour when Fancy takes
 A survey of the past !
 She brings before the pensive mind,
 The hallow'd scenes of earlier years ;
 And friends, who long have been consign'd
 To silence and to tears !
 The few we lik'd ;—the one we lov'd,—
 A sacred hand !—come stealing on ;
 And many a form far hence remov'd,
 And many a pleasure gone !
 Friendships, that now in death are hush'd,
 And young Affection's broken chain ;
 And hopes that Fate too quickly crush'd,
 In Memory live again !
 Few watch the fading gleams of Day,
 But muse on hopes, as quickly flown,
 Tint after tint, they died away,
 Till all at last were gone !
 This is the hour when Fancy wreaths,
 Her spells round joys that could not last ;
 This is the hour when Memory breathes,
 A sigh to Pleasures past.

(Literary Gazette.)

MEMOIR OF MRS. FRY.

ELIZABETH GURNEY, (now Mrs. Fry,) the third daughter of Mr. John Gurney of Earlham Hall, in the County of Norfolk, was born in 1780 ; she had the misfortune to lose her mother when very young, and was thus, at an early age, in some measure abandoned to her own guidance. Her father, though a member of the Society of Friends, was by no means strict, and suffered his children to enjoy greater freedom, than is usually permitted among individuals of that sect. Elizabeth Gurney was accustomed to mix

much with society, and she enjoyed all the advantages of birth, fortune, and education : she was about seventeen years of age, when she first visited London ; was anxious to see every thing, and having participated for a period in all the gay amusements of the capital, she returned to Norfolk. A short time after her return, some members of the society, (as is customary among the Friends) came to Earlham to make a *family visit*. This suddenly wrought a transformation in the habits of the whole family ; all became more serious, and

seemed to feel the influence of the holy visit; Elizabeth, in particular, was deeply penetrated by the evangelical lectures which she heard. In a mind like hers, a religious impression was not likely to be transitory; too pious, and too well informed, to confine herself to useless forms of devotion, she proved her faith by her labours, and soon prevailed on her father to convert one of the apartments of Earham Hall into a school-room. Here she daily received four and twenty poor children, to whom she read and explained the bible. She assumed the simple garb of the Quakers, and renounced all kinds of amusement. In 1800, she married Mr. Fry, whose generous and amiable character fully justifies her choice. Far from opposing her benevolent labours, he facilitates them, and affords her ample means of relieving the unfortunate by annually placing at her disposal a considerable sum, which she applies entirely to the benefit of the poor. Mrs. Fry's life is devoted to acts of virtue, and her time is almost wholly occupied in charitable missions. She makes no distinction; the unfortunate are brothers, whatever be their country or religion; sorrow is every where the same, and benevolence should be universal. Mrs. Fry is at once a physician to the body and the soul; she comforts and feeds the poor, and supplies them with clothes and with bibles; and thus she explains and teaches the gospel. She even administers succour to criminals; she regards vice merely as a disease, and never withholds assistance from the sick.

Mrs. Fry, on being informed of the deplorable state of the female prisoners in Newgate, resolved to relieve them. She applied to the governor for leave of admittance; he replied, that she would incur the greatest risk in visiting that abode of iniquity and disorder, which he himself scarcely dared to enter: he observed, that the language she must hear, would inevitably disgust her, and made use of every argument to prevail on her to relinquish her intention. Mrs. Fry said she was fully aware of the danger to which she exposed herself; and repeated her solicitations for permission to enter the prison. The gov-

ernor advised her not to carry in with her either her purse or her watch, and Mrs. Fry replied;—"I thank you; I am not afraid, I don't think I shall lose any thing." She was shown into an apartment of the prison, which contained about one hundred and sixty women: those who were condemned, and those who had not been tried, were all suffered to associate together. The children who were brought up in this school of vice, and who never spoke without uttering an oath, added to the horror of the picture. The prisoners eat, cooked their victuals, and slept, all in the same room; it might have been truly said, that Newgate prison resembled a den of savages. Mrs. Fry was not discouraged; the grace of God is infinite; the true Christian never despairs. In spite of a very delicate state of health, she persevered in her pious design. The women listened to her, and gazed on her with amazement; the pure and tranquil expression of her beautiful countenance speedily softened their ferocity. It has been remarked, that if virtue could be rendered visible, it would be impossible to resist its influence; and thus may be explained the extraordinary ascendancy which Mrs. Fry exercises over all whom she approaches. Virtue has indeed become visible, and has assumed the form of this benevolent lady, who is the guide and consolation of her fellow creatures. Mrs. Fry addressed herself to the prisoners, "you seem unhappy," said she; "you are in want of clothes; would you not be pleased if some one came to relieve your misery?" "Certainly," replied they; "but nobody cares for us, and where can we expect to find a friend?" "I am come with a wish to serve you, (resumed Elizabeth Fry,) and I think, if you second my endeavours, I may be of use to you." She addressed to them the language of peace, and afforded them a glimmering of hope; she spoke not of their crimes; the minister of an all-merciful God, she came there to comfort and to pray, and not to judge and condemn. When she was about to depart, the women thronged round her, as if to detain her; "You will never come again," said

they; but she, who never broke her word, promised to return. She soon paid another visit to this loathsome gaol, where she intended to pass the whole day; the doors were closed upon her, and she was left alone with the prisoners. "You cannot suppose," said she, addressing them, "that I have come here without being commissioned: this book, (she held a bible in her hand,) which has been the guide of my life, has led me to you; it directed me to visit the prisoners, and to take pity on the poor and the afflicted; I am willing to do all that lies in my power, but my efforts will be vain, unless met and aided by you. She asked whether they would not like to hear her read a few passages from the book. They replied they would. Mrs. Fry selected the parable of the Lord of the vineyard (St. Matthew, chap. 20;) and when she came to the man who was hired at the eleventh hour, she said, "now the eleventh hour strikes for you; the greater part of your lives has been lost, but Christ is come to save sinners!" Some asked, who Christ was! others said, that he had not come for them; that the time was passed, and that they could not be saved. Mrs. Fry replied, that Christ had suffered, that he had been poor, and that he had come to save the poor and afflicted in particular.

Mrs. Fry obtained permission to assemble the children in a school established within the prison, for the purpose of promoting their religious instruction. The female prisoners, in spite of their profligate and vicious habits, joyfully embraced the opportunity of ameliorating the condition of their children.

Much was already effected, by restoring these women to the first sentiment of nature; namely, maternal affection.

A woman, denominated the *Matrôn*, was entrusted with the control of the prisoners, under the superintendence of the ladies of the Society of Friends, composing the Newgate Committee.

Mrs. Fry, having drawn up a set of rules of conduct for the prisoners, a day was fixed, and the Lord Mayor and one of the Aldermen being present, she read aloud the articles, and asked the prison-

ers whether they were willing to adopt them; they were directed to raise their hands as a sign of approval. Mrs. Fry's constitution was received unanimously; so sincere were the sentiments of respect and confidence she had inspired.

Thanks to her perseverance, and the years she has devoted to her pious undertaking, a total change has been effected in Newgate prison; the influence of virtue has softened the horror of vice, and Newgate has become the asylum of repentance.

Fridays are the public days on which strangers are permitted to visit the gaol, where Mrs. Fry reads and explains passages of the bible to the prisoners. Her voice is extremely beautiful; its pure clear tones are admirably calculated to plead the cause of virtue.

The late Queen expressed a wish to see Mrs. Fry, and in the most flattering terms testified the admiration she felt for her conduct. The thanks of the city of London were voted to her; and in short, there is not an Englishman who does not bless her name.

But it may justly be asked, in what country except England, would a woman, and particularly a woman not professing the established religion, have been suffered to interfere with prisons, and prescribe laws to prisoners. In any other country, personal interests and party animosity would have opposed the great results of persevering virtue. In this age of revolution and demoralization, it is a gratifying task to extol the noble independence of a nation, which, secure in the strength of its laws and morality, may venture to award the distinctions due to merit, without being held by prejudice.

Mrs. Fry, who is as useful among the members of her own sect as she has been in Newgate, exercises, in her evangelic mission, that charitable indulgence which arises from sincere piety and a pure conscience. Her eloquence penetrates the soul; no one can hear her without becoming more virtuous, or at least without feeling convinced that he may become so: she is not feared, but loved; and she is herself the example of what she preaches. How many affecting anecdotes might I relate! But here

I shall close this notice, happy in reflecting that Mrs. Fry is still young, and that in all probability she may yet live long, for the happiness of her family, her friends, and the poor.

[It is with sentiments almost of pride, at belonging to the same country with such a woman, that we insert this affecting testimony to the excellence of Mrs. Fry. She is a *great* example of what is *good*; and the only lesson we wish to draw from a tribute above all eulogy, for it merely states what she has done, is to inculcate the maxim of doing likewise, even in the slightest degree. Few individuals may attain the imperishable glory of this truly illustrious individual; but if many were to follow her example, were it only in endeavouring to execute the kindlier dictates, rather than the evil passions of nature---what a blessed change would it make in this world!---Ed.]

(European Magazine.)

ST. WINIFRED'S WELL.

Holywell.

THE town of Holywell is a place of by far the most importance in Flintshire, containing a population of upwards of 6500 souls, pleasantly situated on the slope of a mountain, which extends nearly to the water.

St. Wenifrede's Well next took our attention. From this the name of Holywell was given to the place. It springs with vast impetuosity from a rock at the foot of a steep hill, at the bottom of the town, and is received into a beautiful polygonal well. This well is covered by a small Gothic building, said to have been erected by Margaret, the Mother of Henry the Seventh, but by the frieze (observes Mr. Grose) of the outside cornice, which is ornamented with monkeys and other grotesque figures, it seems to be of more ancient date. Nothing can exceed the delicacy and elegance of the Gothic work on the inside of this building, which forms a canopy over the well, having in the centre, and serving as origin to the Gothic arches, a circular shield, on which is carved a coat of arms, though not at present distinguishable. In a niche, opposite the entrance, stood once a statue of the Virgin Mary, but this has been long destroyed. The chapel over it, which is of the same date as the other part of the building, has been converted into a charity-school. The well is an oblong square about twelve feet by seven. The water passes through an arch into a small square court; under this arch the Catholics used to swim as an act of penance.

The legendary story of the origin of this well is singular and curious. Wenifrede, who is said to have lived in the early part of the seventh century, was a beautiful and devout virgin of noble parentage. She was niece to St. Beuno, who having obtained from her father leave to found a church on his possessions here, took her under his protection in order to assist her religious exercises. Cradocus, the son of King Alen, whose residence appears to have been not far distant, admired the beauty of her person, and resolved to make an attempt on her virtue. It is said, that he made known to her his passion on a Sunday morning, after her parents were gone to church. She made an excuse to escape from the room, and immediately fled towards the church; he overtook her on the descent of the hill, and, enraged at his disappointment, drew his sword, and struck off her head. The head rolled down the hill to the altar, at which the congregation were kneeling, and stopping there, a clear and rapid fountain immediately gushed up. St. Beuno snatched up the head, and joining it to the body, it was, to the surprise and admiration of all present, immediately reunited, the place of separation being only marked by a white line encircling her neck. Cradocus dropped down upon the spot where he had committed this atrocious act; and the legend informs us, that it is not known whether the earth opened to receive his impious corpse, or whether his master the devil carried it away; but that it was certainly never seen after-

wards. The sides of the well were covered with sweet-scented moss, and the stones at the bottom became tinged with her blood.

Wenifrede survived her decollation about fifteen years; and having towards the latter end of that time, received the veil from St. Elerius, at Gwytherin, in Denbighshire, died Abbess of that monastery. There her body rested in quiet for near five hundred years, till the reign of King Stephen, when a miracle having been wrought by her intercession on a monk at Shrewsbury, the abbot of the convent there determined on the translation of her remains to their monastery, which after much difficulty, and many pretended visions from heaven, was at last effected, about the year 1138. The well afterwards became endowed with miraculous properties. The quantity of water thrown up here is really surprising: this, upon accurate calculation, is found to be not less than eighty-four hogshead every minute. The well has never been known to freeze, and scarcely ever varies in quantity, either in droughts or after great rains.

Much of its celebrity has, however, long since vanished; and either from a

decrease of faith in patients, or from the waters having lost their sanative powers, the saint has sunk into oblivion, and her well into neglect. For every purpose of a cold bath it is excellent. Happily the spring has for some years been made subservient to much wiser and more important purposes than the superstitious uses to which it was formerly dedicated.

In the short course of little more than a mile from its first appearance out of the rock to its blending with the Chester channel, this torrent works one large corn mill, four cotton factories, a copper and brass work, hammer mills, a mill for drawing off copper wire, a calcinary of calamine, and a building for making of brass.

With all the noise, bustle, and appearance of business produced by these numerous manufactories, the little valley in which they stand may yet be called a *picturesque* scene; a singular instance of that sort of beauty blended with so much mechanism, and so many specimens of human art. It is a deep glen, with well-wooded banks on each side, having the Chester channel in the distance.

(European Magazine.)

SECRETS OF CABALISM.

The account given of the Cabalists in a former number, [Ath. vol. 8, p. 361.] renders much detail of their principles unnecessary. But the beautiful dream of Rosicrucius was mingled in the last century with more dangerous fanaticism. After fabling elegantly with gnomes, sylphs, nymphs, and salamanders, a few philosophers amused themselves with a creed, by which they compounded human nature of the four elements, and ascribed the vivacity, meekness, fortitude, or apathy of the soul, to the prevalence of one or more of these constituents. It was not difficult to graft a kind of fatalism on this creed; for if the actions of men are caused by the influence of a prevailing element, they are in some degree predestined to such actions as are not morally responsible. The next inference is, that such combinations of the four great principles of life, fire, water, earth, and air, must be accidental, or subject to no ruling providence. Thus at least a few German metaphysicians reasoned, and their disciples were very well pleased with a system so accommodating.

"NO," said the prime minister of Christian VII. as he sat in the confidential cabinet of his colleague, Count Brandt—"That is too much for any human capacity of belief. I can see our master's imbecility of head and hardness of heart, but I cannot believe him a composition of plumbago, or black lead."

"You should rather say that you believe him a lump of silex, for black lead has too much affinity to the diamond to have afforded him either head or heart. But, Struensee! are you, versed in all the monstrous superstitions of Asia, Africa, and ancient Europe, prepared to say my system is incredible?—What is there more unnatural in believ-

ing all the elements which surround us inhabited by intelligent beings, than in peopling them with the profligate and hideous deities of heathen and Hindoo mythology?"

"We now understand the sublime allegory of both without believing either; and I frankly add, that I have studied the wild yet elegant romance of Rosicrucius not so much to enrich my mind as to relieve it by ideas of moral beauty which are not supplied by realities."

"That is," said the designing philosopher, "you have formed a *beau ideal*. Tell me, while we are in the secret safety of this cabinet, with what part of human nature you could best dispense?—With its infirmities, of course?"

"I wish," replied the young statesman, rising with energy, "that we had stronger reason, or no feelings. Brandt, all that yet has happened in my public life, convinces me we should be always wise, and therefore always easy, if we had none. Of what use is our indignation at dishonesty?—there are always a thousand reasons why it is not safe to express it.—We are required to submit patiently and daily to injustice, and our vivid sense of it is only a torment. Is there any feeling of joy, of friendship, or of triumph, which we are not forced to curb and suspect? Let me find, if I can, a creature framed for reason only, and I shall expect to see perfection."

Brandt smiled at this sally, and at the high flush of excited feeling which coloured the speaker's countenance. "You have said enough, Struensee, to shew me what materials I must chuse for your gratification, and to convince your unbelief." So saying, he unlocked an iron coffer and placed on the table two fragments of stone.

"This," continued the cabalist, "is a part of that immense stone which eastern nations call Saxhrat, and believe the centre or axis of the earth. It was dislodged in one of those earthquakes which they suppose the Creator produces by commanding this stone to move one of these vast fibres. This

smaller fragment came from that great tract northwards of Mexico, named Anahuac, and rich in ores and precious stones of every kind. The first contains portions of the six primitive rocks:—granite, porphyry, marble, serpentine, schist, and sienite;—the second includes the principles of all the oriental gems,—the topaz, the emerald, the ruby, and the sapphire. Among the sullen and unpromising materials of the rocky fragment, I can find the occidental gems, the cornelian, sardonyx, agate, opal, mocha, jasper, and garnet. And into one or all of these I can convey life by certain combinations. There are beings who inhabit and govern these masses—chuse whether you desire to know them better, for they partake the nature of the substance they rule."

Struensee smiled incredulously, and replied—"If I desired a superhuman wife, I would chuse one like Mahomet's angels, composed of seven kinds of incense, rather than one derived from clay or rock, however modified into gems. But if you ask what gem I should desire to animate, I would chuse the diamond, which lightning cannot penetrate, nor the utmost violence deprive of its qualities. I chuse it because its hardness, its brightness, and incorruptible nature, realize my notion of a mind all truth and justice without that beautiful defect called feeling."

"You are mistaken, however," said his companion:—"and the diamond unites some properties very foreign to your notion; for though it affords no ashes when exposed to fire, it ends in the most poisonous vapour. And the charcoal and oxygen which compose it are too obstinate and volatile to complete your political comparison. But we will see what chemic art can produce under a Rosicrucian's guidance."

Brandt opened what has since been called a Voltaic apparatus: and after sundry experiments aided by enormous heat fused a small lump of charcoal, to which he added a most minute portion of oxygen.* The result was or seemed to be, a diamond

* It would be well if this Danish statesman had bequeathed his secret, for no heat has yet been found sufficient to fuse charcoal by the most celebrated modern chemists.

of rare lustre, and such breadth of surface, that it resembled the crystal which covered a small portrait. And when Struensee looked upon it, a miniature face of exquisite colouring and beauty appeared within it, varying as the light glanced on the gem which contained it, as if it had life and motion. The young statesman was confounded at this specimen of the cabalistic art, and especially as the visionary face was one he had imagined in his dreams of beauty. "You are surprised," said Brandt, "at my discernment and my skill.—You have not yet seen the sequel. Keep this gem—its power depends on the wearer's affinity to the principles it possesses. Strength, firmness, and integrity, are the moral qualities which resemble the diamond—it has no fallibility, no soft particle, no power of change. Remember and preserve it.

The cabalist fixed his eyes sternly on Struensee, who understood the admonition. They were both engaged in plans, perhaps too romantic, for the reformation of Danish policy; and the weakness of the sovereign, while it permitted daring attempts, increased the hazard of those who had no support except their own talents. Brandt knew how much truth and honour were mingled with the enthusiasm of Struensee's character, and also knew how far the charm of mystery acts on the firmest human nature. Artfully descending from the pomp of his philosophic harangue, he led his young colleague back to the secret of state-policy which had caused their meeting, and sketched the extensive plot a few days was to unfold.

On the third day from this cabalistic conference, the young queen Caroline-Matilda was expected to preside at a dramatic entertainment, composed, in compliment to her native country, in the English language. Count Brandt had given the half-idiot king a sufficient taste for necromantic wonders, and in due compliance with his taste, the drama was founded on the agency of a sylph, attached to a learned and discontented man. This latter character fell to the lot of Count Struensee who studied it with zeal and delight, because it really suited the romantic

bent of his genius, and his gallant readiness to amuse an amiable and ill-matched stranger; the part of the sylph was sustained by a creature attired in the lightest drapery, but impenetrably veiled. The king seemed enchanted with her gestures and her voice, especially, perhaps, because no one could inform him from whence the actress came. His own inability to penetrate any thing obscure, and the delight which folly always finds in mysteries, increased the charm of the incognita. He was standing in a stupid, but very happy trance of wonder, when Count Brandt presented himself. "Your questions and conjectures, sire," said the accomplished cabalist, "are all misapplied. Whoever has presumed to guess who or what the stranger really is, has no right to be believed. She is the creation of my art, and I have fulfilled my promise to your Majesty."

The king, in a still higher humour of joy, required him to call her back and reveal her name.

"She has no name, unless, sire, you are pleased to call her Adama, or the Diamond. But she shall appear again at your command, with a dramatic personæ of her own species."

"But," interposed the King, "let her dispose of that ungraceful and unfriendly veil."

"Her veil," answered Brandt, "is the woven amianthus, and partakes of the fossil kind from which some of her kindred beings spring."—Then shewing two small caskets of ebony, and ivory, containing, as he said, the oriental and occidental earths, he desired the king to make his choice. Christian chose the oriental, and Brandt, opening his ivory box scattered a little earth upon the table, muttering the celebrated cabalistical word *Ἐτημελογηκομεντικος*.

At this moment a delicious symphony, produced by the invention of an ingenious chemist on wires and bells governed by electric fluid, astonished some part of the audience; and the king seated between Brandt and Struensee, saw a groupe of exquisite figures suddenly emerge from beneath the canopy. One wore a veil of pale blue, another of the softest green; the third

and fourth had garments which seemed dipped in the dye of the topaz and the ruby, but the fifth wore a mantle that appeared, from its singular lustre and transparency, to be composed of filaments of spunglass, so flexible yet so bright were the foldings of the tissue. As these lovely figures wreathed themselves in their dance, they resembled flowers arranged in a well-chosen garland; and the king, powerfully affected with surprise and a sense of that kind of beauty which promises pleasure, asked Brandt if these were substances or shadows.

"Your Majesty sees," he answered, "the spirits of those gems which spring from mere alumine or clay—a substance the most stubborn in the world, yet its offsprings are brittle, brilliant, and pellucid. They have life and motion, but passions are unknown to them,—in this at least, they resemble their parent."

"For what purpose, then," interrupted Christian, "have they any existence?"

"They are visible only to those whose actions require judgment and fortitude. Princes and legislators have a right to their presence, but they can behold them only while their minds are occupied, as your Majesty's now is, in philosophic investigation, or in beneficent projects, such as have been suggested to you for the enfranchisement of your poor subjects."

The king paused earnestly with a serious gaze; and turning to Struensee, said—"Who is she that stands in the centre?"—It is the shape and stature of my wife."

"Your Majesty sees with the eyes of a young husband—the spirit of the diamond has no fixed complexion, and whoever is permitted to discern her always imagines that she resembles what he prizes best. Look again, and you will find in her face all the beauty that creates love."

"Ah!" said Christian, with the sudden light of intellect which sometimes breaks on idiotism, "that is the only true beauty,—but I see the face of Caroline-Matilda of England, not of my own Dina."

The figure on which the king gazed instantly dropped her shining veil, and wrapped herself in one, whose whiteness resembled that of the swan's down, but it concealed her features entirely. "I have told you," said Brandt, "the nature of these Gnomes. Still possessed of the properties of earth, they are incapable of social enjoyment, and cannot administer to ours. The fire that passed through your Majesty's fancy,—the feelings of youthful affection that revived as you spoke of a former favourite, have disturbed the sober and cold frame of mind requisite to discern these preternatural beings. Ah, Sir! their beauty cannot be wholly unfolded to you till you have completed that great effort which will prove and establish the independence of your spirit."—As the cabalist spoke, a sudden darkness covered the saloon; and when it vanished, nothing remained of the beautiful vision, except a leaf of laurel on which a diamond hung like a dew-drop, at the king's feet.

During the whole of this dialogue, Struensee had no eyes, except for the beautiful dancer who had worn the veil of remarkable whiteness without transparency. It had answered completely the purpose of a mask, but her person so resembled the Queen Matilda's that Struensee felt a kind of remorse mingled with the pleasure which her presence excited. That pleasure had not been invisible or unobserved. Count Moltke, the favourite confidante of the dowager-queen, had been placed among the audience to watch his conduct, and executed his office with the bitter zeal of a displaced minister and an ambitious woman's agent. Cowering among the trees that formed an avenue from the illuminated theatre to the queen's ball-room, he expected to see her pass without her veil, that he might identify her with the unknown actress, and fix the suspicions he had already roused in her duped husband. But he only saw the king leaning familiarly on the arm of Count Brandt, who led him into one of the lighted temples which the queen's taste had erected in her gardens. He followed secretly and closely, till he saw them seated at a table

on which Brandt spread a paper, and pointed to a place for the king's signature. "Sire," he heard him say, "you designed this night only to gratify philosophic curiosity,—you will render it an era in moral and political regeneration if you sign this decree. You have seen the secrets of Nature revealed by my humble means; recompense her for the discovery by liberating and enlightening her sons. I have made you acquainted with a being sprung only from the basest element,—from mere impenetrable clay,—deign, sire, to acquaint yourself with your fellow creatures,—your countrymen, your subjects, by elevating them from bondage, and giving them a portion of freedom and instruction. If that intelligent and fair creature came at my command to-night, what may not spring from your influence over the noblest race of men?"

The king cast his eyes, in which the hazy light of intoxication was visible, on a shaded recess between the pillars. Moltke himself was surprised to see the figure of the sylph-actress standing as if covered with a veil of transparent diamond. Christian rose to catch her, but some impenetrable substance seemed to resist his touch. "A Rosicrucian knows (said the cabalist) that the spirits of the elements can be approached only by those who resemble them. Your Majesty has not yet shewn the firmness of the gem in which that lovely spirit is embodied. There is only one act wanting to prove it."

Christian put his agitated hand to the official paper, and signed it almost illegibly; and Struensee, who entered almost at the same instant, exchanged a glance with his colleague which congratulated him on his success. But the veiled figure disappeared as he presented himself; and while their eyes and their credulous master's dwelt upon the space she had left, they did not perceive the hand that removed the paper from the table. When they looked round towards each other, they had no suspicion that another had been substituted. Count Brandt placed the false paper carefully in his portfolio, and returned with his sovereign and Struensee to join the gala. Moltke,

stealing from his hiding-place, made haste to seek the queen-dowager and shewed her an order for the arrest of Caroline-Matilda signed by the king's hand.

"This shall be executed to night," said the crafty statesman—"and Brandt has in his portfolio an absolute warrant to detain Struensee in close custody. Stupid contrivers!—while they performed their burlesque phantasmagoria to amuse your son, their precious act for the advancement of the peasantry was exchanged for one of more immediate benefit. And the best part of the machinery is, that each of these reforming ministers will think himself duped by the other. Thus we shall break both their alliance and their project."

Before the daybreak Caroline-Matilda was conveyed to prison with her infant son; and Brandt had unwarily delivered his portfolio into the hands of his secretary, a spy purchased by his enemy. This perfidious colleague instantly conveyed it to Count Moltke, who assembled proper officers, and, accompanied by his agent, entered Struensee's bed-chamber, and arrested him. At the sight of his friend's secretary, and of that paper which he had seen signed with such high hopes, the certainty of most deep fraud smote him. Count Moltke was not slow in enforcing the stroke. "You are charged," said he, "on evident proofs, of undue favour from the queen, and I am an eye-witness of your sinister attempts to distract the king by exhibitions of art-magic and cabalism. Give me that jewel which an infatuated woman has lavished on you from her husband's regalia, and thank my kindness for removing from your person a testimonial so decisive of your guilt."

Struensee was compelled to surrender the diamond, with a powerful feeling of disgust and indignation at the stratagem employed by Brandt to fix on him the strongest appearances of treason. And while they lodged him in that state-prison which he knew he should never leave, except to perish on the scaffold, he execrated and renounced the philanthropy whose excess had

tempted him to serve his countrymen and trust his colleague at the hazard of life and honour.

The day appointed for his execution came, and the tolling of a bell indicated the hour. It was scarcely dawn. By a dull lantern-light he was led into the yard of his prison, and put into a coach strongly guarded. His journey, he expected would terminate at the public place of execution, and he was surprised to see the coach turn through the city-gates into a lonely road. It stopped at the frontiers, and the commandant of his escort alighted, and entered with him into a miserable hut called a post house. "Struensee!—you are free—under your name, and in your attire, another state prisoner was executed this morning at Copenhagen. Take back this diamond, and do not ask me by what means it is restored to you as the means of your future fortune. Keep the seal of this packet unbroken seven years, and let its contents be known only to yourself."

Struensee was thunderstruck, and hardly sensible of joy at this dismissal. His ambition, his benevolence, even his capacity for friendship, were all destroyed by the deadly plot of which he had been the victim. But he was still young, rich in a jewel of immense value, conscious of innocence, and apparently secure from his public enemies. He retired to a small farm which he possessed in Silesia, and lived under an assumed name, entirely estranged from the world. If he could have regained those warm and active feelings which disappointment had crushed, he might have been useful and

happy. Nothing, however, could recal the trusting, hoping, and cheerful spirit of his youth. He had seen the woman he thought loveliest debased by artifice; his friend had betrayed him; and the people, for whom he would have hazarded his life and greatness, joined in the vilest libels* on his memory. But as the dryness and desolation of his heart increased, he became timid and avaricious, and hoarded the diamond with anxious care. He was not less tenacious of the secret packet: and when seven years had worn away, he found its contents in the hand-writing of Count Brandt, and in these few words:—

"April 27th, 1772.

"I shall expiate my political rashness to-morrow on the scaffold, and the queen's connivance in our dangerous drama will cost her liberty, perhaps her life. But I have done enough. I promised to make you acquainted with that preternatural thing,—a creature capable of reason, but destitute of all human or social feeling,—in other words, capable of no affection, no hope, and no effort. I am told your demeanour in the prison was that of sullen and determined apathy, which, if I understand your character, will soon transform you to the thing you desired to see. I told you truly,—the diamond has no power except over those who resemble it's hard and impenetrable nature. If the spirit which has entered your mind has debased you to a level with coarse earth, the gems it composes will be all you are now capable of valuing. Keep this as my legacy, and one of the *Secrets of Cabalism*." V.

(New Monthly Magazine.)

ON AN INFANT SMILING AS IT AWOKE.

AFTER the sleep of night, as some still Lake
Displays the cloudless Heavens in reflection,
And, dimpled by the breezes, seems to break
Into a waking smile of recollection,
As if from its calm depths the morning light
Cali'd up the pleasant dreams that gladden'd night:—

So does the azure of those laughing eyes
Reflect a mental Heaven of thine own;

* "*Malum Struens se ipsum perdidit*" was the motto usually annexed to Struensee's portrait by his enemies.

In that illumined smile I recognize
 The sunlight of a sphere to us unknown ;
 Thou hast been dreaming of some previous bliss
 In other worlds, for thou art new to this.

Hast thou been wafted to Elysian bowers,
 In some blest star where thou hast pre-existed,
 Inhaled th' ecstatic fragraney of flowers
 Around the golden harps of Seraphs twisted,
 Or heard those nightingales of Paradise
 Pour thrilling songs and choral harmonies ?

Perchance all breathing life is but an essence
 From the great Fountain Spirit in the sky,
 And thou hast dreamt of that transcendant presence
 Whence thou hast fall'n, a dew-drop from on high,
 Destined to lose, as thou shalt mix with earth,
 Those bright recallings of thy heavenly birth.

We deem thy mortal memory not begun,—
 But hast thou no remembrance of the past ;
 No lingering twilight of a former sun,
 Which o'er thy slumbering faculties hath cast
 Shadows of unimaginable things,
 Too high or deep for human fathomings ?

Perchance, while reason's earliest flush is brightening
 Athwart thy brain, celestial sights are given ;
 As skies that open to let out the lightning
 Disclose a transitory glimpse of Heaven ;
 And thou art wrapt in visions, all too bright
 For aught but Cherubim, and Infant's sight.

Emblem of heavenly purity and bliss,—
 Mysterious type which none can understand,
 Let me with reverence approach to kiss
 Limbs lately touch'd by the Creator's hand :—
 So awful art thou, that I feel more prone
 To claim thy blessing than bestow mine own.

ALI PASHA, VIZIR OF ALBANIA.

(Eclectic Review.)

HUGHES'S TRAVELS IN SICILY, GREECE, AND ALBANIA. CONCLUDED.

ALI was now wealthy ; and from this time he began to act upon the systematic preference of bribery to force of arms. His favourite maxim is, Get money, and that will procure all things. By means of his emissaries at Constantinople, he procured a commission for attacking Selim, pasha of Delvino, whom he cajoled, and then assassinated, seizing at the same time his son, by whose ransom he enriched himself to boot. By aid of large bribes, he next got himself nominated lieutenant to a new derven-pasha of Rumelia, exchanging the trade of highwayman for the functions of police-officer general ; but, instead of attempting to clear Rumelia of banditti, he traded in licenses, which he sold regularly to the kleftes, receiving, over and above the price, a share of their booty. The natural consequence was, that the country became absolutely impassable : the derven-pasha was recalled, and paid the penalty of his head, while his crafty lieutenant bought himself off. In the year 1787, when war broke out between Turkey and the allied powers of Austria and Russia, Ali got himself nominated to an important command in the army of the Grand Vizir, Usouf, under whom he established his character for military talent. His services were rewarded with the government of Triccala, and the title of a pasha of two tail.—His next manœuvre we must give in the words of his present biographer, premising, that the

pasha of Ioannina was dead, and that every rival chieftain was caballing to succeed him.

"When Ali thought affairs were ripe enough for his presence, he collected a considerable number of troops, passed the chain of Mount Pindus, and made his appearance on the plains to the north of Ioannina. This manœuvre occasioned great consternation in the city: the beys, in imminent danger, stifled their enmity towards each other, and advanced to meet the invader. In a great battle, which was fought at the head of the lake, they were beaten and driven back into the city by Ali, who encamped before it with his victorious troops. Not being strong enough to attempt it by storm, he employed a surer method for success. He had already gained a considerable number of adherents amongst the Greeks in the city; these by bribery and large promises, he engaged to enter into his views, and sent a deputation to Constantinople to solicit for him the pashalic. They acted as he requested; but the opposite interest proved too strong for them at the Porte, and they were made the bearers of an order to Ali to retire immediately to his own government and disband his troops. One of the deputies, most attached to his interest, rode forward night and day to give him early information, and on this occasion, Ali executed one of those strokes of policy which have given him such advantage over the imbecility of the Ottoman Porte. After a short consultation with his friend, he dismissed him to return and meet the deputies, who waited a few days on the road, and then proceeded to Ioannina. The beys, to whom its contents had been already intimated, advanced as far as the suburbs to meet the firman. It was then produced, and drawn out of its crimson case; when each reverently applied it to his forehead, in token of submission to its dictates. It was then opened, and to the utter consternation of the assembly, it announced Ali, pasha of Ioannina, and ordered instant submission to his authority.

"The forgery was suspected by many, but whilst they were irresolute and

undetermined, Ali entered the city amidst the acclamations of the populace: his chief enemies sought their safety by flight.—Ali's first care was to calm the fears of all ranks; to the people he promised protection, to the beys who remained rich offices and plunder; his friends were amply recompensed, and his enemies reconciled: in the mean time he put a strong garrison into the castron or fortress, and thus acquired firm possession of the pashalic before the imposture of the firman was discovered. It was now too late to dispossess him of his acquisition: his adherents increased daily: a numerous and respectable deputation carried a petition to Constantinople, and seconding it with bribes to a large amount, ultimately prevailed in establishing his usurped dominion."

Soon afterwards, Ali, doubtless by the same potent agency—gold, obtained from the Porte the important office of *derven-pasha* of Rumelia: whether he had a lieutenant, is not stated: but if he had, he took care that he should not trade in licenses to the *kleftes*. This office not only augmented his revenue, but gave him an opportunity to create an influence in many provinces of the Turkish empire. His next step was to pick a quarrel with his neighbour, the pasha of Arta, and to annex his territories, as well as the whole of Acarnania, to his own dominions. Then, in order to establish a free communication between Ioannina and his native territory, he attacked and took possession of Klissura, Premeti, Ostanizza, and Konitza, which secure the whole course of the *Voïussa*, from its source in Mount Pindus to Tepeleni.

The year 1792 is given as the date of Ali's first expedition against the *Suliot*s, a warlike tribe who, in their almost impregnable mountain fastnesses, braved his power, and did not scruple, when he was attacking some of his northern neighbours, to carry their incursions into the southern districts of his territory; and, worthy representatives as they might be of the ancient Greeks, fond as they were of their mountain homes, their wives and their wild freedom, it does not appear that

they were really any better than a clan of banditti. Mr. Hughes has made a very affecting story, however, of the heroic resistance by which they long succeeded in baffling their infuriated foe. Ali was at one time during this campaign in great personal danger. A detachment of these brave mountaineers, to the number of 200, marched out with the determination to take him alive or dead, and, but for the information conveyed to Ali by a traitor, would probably have succeeded, as the despot was at the time encamped with only his body guard at a distance from the main army. The women took an active part in the defence of the republic, and very materially contributed to the success which, in the first war, crowned the exertions of the mountain patriots. Ali was completely repulsed, with the loss of all his baggage and ammunition. The victorious Suliots pursued their enemies as far as the village of Vareatis, within 7 hours of Ioannina; and about 6000 of the Albanians are said to have been slain or taken prisoners. Ali himself killed two horses in his precipitous escape. At length, he concluded a peace with the Suliots on degrading conditions, and ceding to them a considerable territory. This was in 1792. His second expedition, eight years after, was not more successful, although he had by bribery won over to his interest, Botzari, one of the Suliote leaders; his loss in killed and prisoners far exceeding the sum total of the Suliote army. Despairing to subdue such valiant and determined enemies in open warfare, Ali turned the siege into a blockade, resolving to trust to famine and treachery; but his own troops began to desert, and while the Suliots are said by a Parghiote historian to have lost in nine months but 25 men, Ali lost by defection and in skirmishes within the same period, nearly 4000. In the desperate emergency to which the besieged were sometimes reduced, many stratagems were resorted to for provisions, among which the contrivance of Gianni Striviniotti deserves mention. "This man having received intelligence that the Turks had lately procured a large supply of cattle, dressed himself

in his white capote and camise, and concealing himself till the shades of evening had descended, walked out on all fours from his lurking place, and mingling with the herds, entered together with them into the stalls where they were shut up. In the dead of the night he arose silently, opened the doors, unloosened the oxen, and drove them towards a party of his friends who were in waiting to receive them. The Albanians heard the noise, but were so alarmed by suspicion of an ambuscade, that they lay still, and preferred the loss of their cattle to the danger of their lives."

About this time, Ali was called off by orders from the Porte to lead his contingent against Paswan Oglou, and the Suliots availed themselves of his absence to lay in provisions and arms. On his return he again had recourse to a false and treacherous proposal of peace, on the conditions of being allowed to build and garrison one tower within their district, and of their banishing of the brave Foto Tzavella from the Suliote territory. It does not appear that the former condition was complied with; yet the folly and infatuation which a compliance with it would have displayed, would not have been greater than the Suliots were absolutely guilty of in "requesting the secession" of their bravest captain, whose highest panegyric was conveyed by the insulting proposal. Ali's ambassadors on this occasion were, as usual, two traitors who had deserted their country's cause; and by dint of threats and promises they prevailed. Foto, on finding himself forsaken by his deluded followers, set fire to his house, declaring that no enemy of Suli should ever cross the dwelling of the Tzavellas; he then buried his sword, and left his countrymen "much in the same state as the silly sheep who were persuaded by the wolves to dismiss their guardians." After this act of folly and baseness, one really feels a diminished interest in the fate of the republic.

Whether a peace was or was not nominally concluded, or whether the Suliots were still in a state of blockade, is not very clear; but in May 1803,

the Suliots made a vigorous attack upon an Albanian fortress at Villa, which served as the principal magazine for Ali's army. This they succeeded in taking, and destroyed by fire and sword nearly the whole garrison. So daring an achievement could not but inflame their implacable enemy to the utmost height of fury. He issued proclamations calling upon every Mahommedan throughout his dominions to avenge this slaughter upon the heads of the infidels, and an immense army was again brought into the field against this small band of mountaineers. Treachery opened to the invaders the otherwise impenetrable passes, and the Suliots, worn down at length by war and famine, and strictly blockaded, were reduced to the necessity of accepting terms of capitulation which Ali never meant to fulfil. The treaty was ratified on the 12th of Dec. 1803, by which the whole population was to be allowed to emigrate and settle wherever they might please. Men, women, and children being gathered together, they separated into two bodies; one taking the direction of Parga, the other that of Prevesa. Both parties were waylaid by the troops of the perfidious tyrant: the former fought their way through, but the latter all eventually perished. A party of about a hundred women and children being cut off from the rest, fled, it is stated, to a steep precipice near the monastery of Zalongo: there, the children were first thrown over the rocks by their mothers and then the maïrons, joining hand in hand, and raising their minds to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by native songs, whirled round and round in a species of frantic dance, till they approached the edge of the cliff, from which they one and all threw themselves headlong.—The scattered remnant of the tribe took refuge, some at Santa Maura, others with the Albanian beys; but the greater part to Parga and Corfu. A number of them subsequently entered into the Russian service, and formed a regiment in the Albanian battalion. After the peace of Tilsit, this corps passed into the service of the French. Foto Tzavella and Mosco his *mother*, both held commis-

sions for some time, but resigned them from disgust at ill treatment. The former passed over to Ioannina, threw himself at the feet of the destroyer of his country, and was received into his service. Mosco, who accompanied him, married a second husband, and was living in the capital at the time of our author's visit. Their native mountains form now the strongest post in their conqueror's dominions.

The conquest of Suli cost the invader one year more than was occupied by the siege of Troy, and the struggle is not less worthy of an epic. But there is no Romaic Homer.

During this protracted series of operations against the Suliots, Ali did not lose sight of other means of consolidating his power. When the French gained possession of the Ionian Islands, Ali sent a confidential agent to Bonaparte's head quarters in the north of Italy, and, as the fruits of a secret alliance, gained permission for his flotilla to sail through the channel of Corfu. To establish himself on the coast he surprised the two independent towns of Aghio Vasili and Nivitzia on Easter Sunday, and massacred the inhabitants in the churches. His next acquisitions were the fishery at Santa Quaranta and the excellent harbour of Porto Palermo. All which acts, his agents at Constantinople represented as having for their meritorious object the extirpation of the infidels. He took care at the same time, to keep at a respectable distance from the court of his sublime sovereign. Once, during the campaign against Paswan Oglou, "the Grand Vizir, under pretence of bestowing public approbation upon his conduct, requested his attendance in full divan. Ali, conscious how much more he merited the bowstring than half the victims upon whom that punishment had fallen, went boldly, but surrounded the vizir's tent with 6000 faithful Albanians."

When the Porte declared war against the French republic, Ali, finding that it would not suit his purpose to maintain any longer his French alliance, seized upon Prevesa: it was given up to pillage, and the prisoners, according to his diabolical custom on similar oc-

asions, massacred in cold blood. He received the public thanks of the Porte for his eminent services, was presented with the *kelich-caftan* (a fine ermine pelisse) and a sword richly decorated with brilliants, and was made viceroy of Rumelia, by virtue of which title he acquired the high title of vizir.

Through the French minister at the Porte, when his influence was dominant, he procured the pashalics of Lepanto and Morea for his sons Mouchtar and Vely, a return for assisting Sebastiani in promoting a rupture between Turkey and Russia.—But the achievement in which he most exults, is his having wrested the last tract of Christian land from the hands of Christians, by the cession of Parga; the possession of which “makes him master of continental Greece from the Attic boundary of Parnes to the rugged mountains of Illyricum.”

In the personal character of this faithful servant of the Father of murderers, we should look in vain for any traits that might relieve the darkness of the portrait. To say that he is reported to be fond of his children, is only to ascribe to him just so much brute virtue as is compatible with the paramount selfishness of his character. That he is not wantonly savage, or rather that he is not so wantonly savage as some despots have shown themselves, proceeds more from his courage and his strength of intellect, than from any compunctious scruples, or from a want of taste for the pleasures of cruelty. Those tyrants who have taken the most delight in human suffering as a spectacle, have always been characterised by native imbecility and cowardice; or else have had recourse to that way of amusing themselves in the impotence of dotage. The powers of Ali's mind did not, at the time of our Author's visit appear to have become enfeebled by age, notwithstanding that he is upwards of seventy, and has for many years been the subject of an incurable disease. Since then, however, his increased bulk is said considerably to have soured his temper, and, as a consequence, to have urged him to many acts of wanton barbarity that have left

on his character stains of a much deeper dye than it had acquired from any of his former deeds. It has been his policy to exterminate all the independent Albanian chiefs whose struggles to regain their power, might interfere with the interests of his heir; and if he lives much longer, we are told, the whole race will be extinct.

In the year 1813, as he was inspecting some repairs in the great serai of the Castron, a large block of stone fell from a scaffold upon his shoulder, and laid him prostrate on the ground. Every one present thought he was killed, and a general alarm was spread: but Ali, though seriously hurt, ordered a horse to be equipped instantly, upon which he mounted and rode round the city, with a single Albanian attendant, without discovering the least mark of pain, though he had received a wound which confined him several weeks to his bed. After his recovery he told Mons. Pouqueville that he acted thus to assure his people of his safety, and to deprive his enemies of the pleasure of thinking he was likely to die. The consul replied, that every man had his enemies, but he could not think those of his highness went so far as to desire his death. “What?” said Ali, “there is not a minute of the day in which they do not offer up prayers to heaven for my destruction: how can it be otherwise? for forty years I have been doing every thing bad to every body: in this period I have caused 30,000 persons to be hung and put to death in various ways; and they know that if I live longer I shall do more: would you have them not hate me then? their hatred, however, will not affect my health.” And upon this he burst into his usual Sardonic laugh.

Torquemada, the first Spanish inquisitor-general, during the eighteen years of his administration, committed upwards of ten thousand victims to the flames, and sentenced upwards of ninety-seven thousand to confiscation and various penances. When Ali and Torquemada meet, the Mussulman vizir will be enraged to find himself outdone by a priest, and that priest a Christian. There is nothing extraordi-

nary in Ali's achievements as a destroyer. What is extraordinary in him, is, his wonderful cleverness, penetration, and physical energy. All the affairs of his government he transacts himself. He is his own prime minister, giving daily attention to all the concerns of his army, navy, and revenue, receiving petitions and deciding causes in person, and rarely calling for the services of his ministers. His quickness of perception and decision are equalled only by his perseverance. In like manner, all his deep-laid schemes of aggrandisement, all the ramifications of his policy, appear to have their origin in his own mind. The following anecdote, if authentic, is highly curious.

"He once gave a man a bouyouurdee to kill another who was obnoxious to him: the bloody deed was perpetrated, but the assassin found in the pocket of his victim a similar bouyouurdee for his own destruction. He carried it to the vizir, and expressed some signs of astonishment; when Ali, laughing, replied, "Hey murrie, if I had not given him this, he would never have put himself in your way, and you would have had no chance of effecting your purpose." In fact, the tyrant wished to get rid of both or either of them."

But although the character of Ali is without relief, and his crimes admit of no palliation, there are considerations which tend to reconcile the mind to the growth and prolonged existence of this monstrous despotism. One is at first almost at a loss to conceive what the previous state of that country must have been, to which the government of this ferocious autocrat should have proved on the whole, as it is on all hands agreed that it is, a very great advantage. Mr. Hughes tells us, that "he should pronounce the people of Albania comparatively happy, whether reference be made to their own state before the consolidation of Ali's power, or to that which *still exists in other parts of the Turkish empire*. In Albania, though all are subject to one mighty despot, no petty tyrants are suffered to exist, and protection is given equally to the Turk, the Greek, and the Albanian, against

the aggressions of each other. Religious toleration is freely granted, and the regularity of monarchical power has in some measure succeeded to the factions of aristocracies and republics. There exists at present a security in these dominions which we should seek in vain where the baleful influence of the Crescent elsewhere extends: a police is organized, robbers are extirpated, roads and canals are made or repaired, rivers are rendered navigable, so that the merchant can now traverse the Albanian districts with safety, and the traveller with convenience; agriculture in spite of all obstacles improves, commerce increases, and the whole nation advances perhaps unconsciously towards higher destinies and greater happiness."

The truth is, that, in this world, evil only can cope with evil on equal terms. In the moral system, as well as in physical nature, the urgency of storm and lightning is requisite to clear the atmosphere; and sometimes a calamitous conflagration shall be the only means of arresting a pestilence. If the Turkish government is doomed to fall, as no doubt it is, no circumstance could more directly tend in its ultimate consequences to hasten that event, than the consolidation of this extensive viceroyalty; by which so large a portion of the nominal empire of the Porte has been in effect so long abstracted from its dominion, and a revolution silently produced in the habits of the population, that will render it very difficult to make them relish the old system again. The dynasty of Ali, king of Epirus, will in all probability be as short-lived as that of Napoleon. The event which Mr. Hughes affirms to be "impossible," has, indeed, already taken place: the mountain barriers of Epirus have been scaled by the soldiers of the Porte, and Ioannina is in ruins. But still, should Ali perish—and the latest accounts left him shut up in Tepeleni in a very critical posture of his affairs—we should nevertheless confidently anticipate that the districts which have formed the extensive theatre of his exploits, would not permanently be retained by the im-

beile power that claims to be the sovereign proprietor. Ali does not appear to have had the talents of a general : he has conquered by perfidy, and maintained his acquisitions by intrigue. Defeated at Constantinople, he would not long, therefore, be able to reign at Ioannina. Conscious of the insecurity of his situation in case of his provoking the vengeance of the Porte, he has always discovered a strong anxiety to gain a footing in some one of the Ionian Islands, in order, as it is supposed, that he might have an insular retreat. By what means his present reverse of fortune has been effected, we are not informed ; but an old tyrant, hated by his subjects, and unsupported by an army, is an easy conquest. Ali's own sons may very possibly have lent their aid in bringing about his downfall. Vely Pasha, his second son, is described by Mr. Hughes as differing from the Vizir in being at once a strong bigot to the Mahomedan faith, and an attached and faithful subject of the Porte, on which account his pretensions to succeed his father were favoured by a large party of Osmanli Turks, and were thought likely to receive the support of the Sultan. It was not, therefore, in the line of hereditary succession, or of *legitimacy*, that we could have looked

for an efficient inheritor of Ali's dominion, even if he had been allowed to live out the dregs of his existence in security. He has cleared the ground, extirpated some half dozen tribes of ferocious marauders, and put down, at least for the time being, the old trade of klestes ; for all which he richly deserves the thanks of whoever succeeds him in his vizir-ship : but to lay the foundations of a new Grecian kingdom, will require talents of another order, and iron as well as gold. The high-protecting Sovereign of the Seven Islands, that has suffered for wise reasons its old Albanian ally to be reduced to his present exigencies, will do well to keep its eye on the neighbouring continent ; and we do not see why, if the people particularly wish it, that same Power should not one day take that section of Continental Greece also under its protection ; not failing, of course, to respect and perpetuate there the established religion of the Koran. One of the worst things about Ali, in the estimation of his Mussulman subjects, was, that he visited a mosque but once a year.

Our limits will not allow of our resuming the thread of our author's travelling narrative.

(Monthly Magazine.)

THE LATE MR. WEST AND NAPOLEON.

DURING the short peace of 1802, when Buonaparte was first Consul of the French Republic, the late President of the Royal Academy of England was amongst the crowd whom curiosity prompted to visit the gay metropolis of France. His eminent talents, however, and the distinguished character which they had so deservedly acquired, did not suffer him to remain long amid that crowd unnoticed. He was visited by every man of rank, or literature ; and, amongst the rest, by those ministers who were most in the confidence of the first consul. Mr. West had determined before his departure from England, for some private reasons of his own, to de-

cline any presentation at the Court of St. Cloud, to which he was given to understand he would have been a very welcome visitor. Before he was long in Paris, this determination was assailed by an host of polished and flattering remonstrances. The ministers were " sure that such a man as the English artist could not fail to meet from such a patron of the arts as Napoleon, a distinguished reception," and obscure hints, and complimentary insinuations, equally unavailing, were followed by a declaration, that the great Napoleon had condescended to express a wish upon the subject. Mr. West, however, remained inflexible, alleging some slight excuse

for his non-compliance, and evading the request as dexterously as possible. Solicitation at length became weary, and Mr. West appeared relieved from an embarrassment which some personal and prudential considerations had rendered sufficiently perplexing. The affair died away, and in about a week afterwards, he was surprised, while at breakfast, by a visit from one of the directors of the Louvre. After some desultory conversation, he was invited to be present at the gallery of the institution upon that day, to inspect some busts, which were about to be erected, and to favour the directors with his judgment as to their relative positions. There was no possible motive for a refusal, and they proceeded together to the gallery, where Mr. West was soon surrounded by a crowd of artists, all of whom appeared attired in some official costume; which, however, he was induced to attribute to the etiquette of the occasion. In a short time, he was most flatteringly, but most perplexingly undeceived—a bustle in the anti-chamber seemed to announce some unusual occurrence—in a moment, the doors were thrown open, and in walked Napoleon in his little cocked hat and simple uniform, followed by a gorgeous suite of thirteen generals, the future dukes, and viceroys, and monarchs of his creation! “Where is the President of the Arts in England,” was the abrupt and immediate interrogatory of the first Consul. The President more dead than alive, made a most disconsolate appearance, and was instantly saluted with—“Well, Mr. West, you

would not come to visit me, and therefore I have been obliged to come to visit you, as I should regret your return to England, without our being acquainted—there is an acquaintance of yours here already—a great favourite of mine I assure you,” and the first fine spirited sketch of Death on the Pale Horse was forthwith produced to its astonished author. Buonaparte enquired whether that sketch was ever to be completed on the scale it deserved, and for whom it was intended—on being informed it was for the late King,—“Ah, said he, the King of England is a good man—a very religious man.” They then proceeded through the Louvre, and when they arrived at the busts intended to be erected on that day, Buonaparte paused, folded his arms as he is represented in his statues, and after appearing to contemplate one of them with peculiar thoughtfulness, he turned to the English visitor—“Mr. West, if I had my choice, I would sooner be the original of that bust, than any man I ever heard or read of.”—“I was burning (said Mr. West, relating the anecdote to the writer,) to tell him that he had it at that moment in his power by sacrificing his ambition, and establishing the liberties of his country to be the very man,”—*it was the bust of Washington*. Napoleon no doubt did not forget that the English artist was himself an *American*. Such were the arts by which this extraordinary individual drew a circle round him wherever he moved, which none ever entered without being fixed as by fascination.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF FREDERICK WILLIAM I.

King of Prussia.

FREDERICK WILLIAM I. of Prussia, in the beginning of his reign, often wrote his cabinet orders himself. When erecting St. Peter's Church at Berlin, the king, to hasten the building of the steeple, ordered that the workmen should not keep holiday on Monday, but should work on that day. This caused a mutiny, among

them, which was not suppressed till the governor of Berlin, general Glasenapp, had them dispersed by the military, and several put in prison. He reported this circumstance to the king at Potsdam, from whom he received an answer in his own hand-writing. The general opened the note, which was written so illegibly, that notwithstanding all his

pains, he could not make out any more than the following words: 'you must hang Ring—— before I come.' The governor applied to every one about him for advice, but all to no purpose. At last he recollected that one of the officers of the Berlin garrison was named Ring. He was a brave, and worthy man; but as the king was to come to Berlin on the following day before noon, no time was to be lost in executing his orders. General Glasenapp had the officer taken into custody, and ordered him to prepare for death at nine o'clock on the following morning. The arrangements for the execution were all made, and the governor only waited the appointed hour, when, at the critical moment, the private secretary of the king, M. von Marschall, happily arrived at Berlin. The general asked him, quite unconcernedly, 'when will the king come?'—'At ten o'clock;' was the reply. 'Then I can give the poor devil, Ring, half an hour more to prepare himself better for death.' 'What do you mean by that?' asked Marschal surprised. 'I am ordered to have lieutenant Ring executed before the king comes.' 'Why?' 'I do not know; he may perhaps be innocent, but the king will have it.' 'I don't know a word of that,' replied the Marschal. 'I have my cabinet order to that effect.' 'Let me see it.' The general then showed the order to the secretary, who, after having perused it, said, 'There is not a word here, that an officer of the name of Ring is to be executed.' 'What then is in it?' 'It is a resolution, in reply to your report on the tumult of the workmen; and the king orders, you must proceed in a summary manner, and hang the ring-leader before he arrives to-morrow.' 'Well, that is another thing,' said the general, and gave orders that Ring should be set at liberty. The general had now learnt the real meaning of the king; his orders must be executed and not a moment was to be lost. In his zeal for his Majesty's service he was not long in coming to a resolution. Several workmen were in arrest, and general Glasenapp chose one of them, without enquiring into the degree of his

guilt, because he had red hair. He was led to the gallows and hung. No great penetration is necessary, to be sensible of the difference of the years 1720 and 1820, and the progress which has been made, in the interval, in humanity and moral improvement.

To the evening parties of Frederick William, a Major of the name of Jurgas had admission. Though possessing a very limited stock of knowledge, he affected the man of letters; and as the king, especially in the first years of his reign, had a great dislike to every thing that had the appearance of learning, this affectation was doubly displeasing to him, he said to the Major, 'You are a fool.' The Major, who was already a little intoxicated, replied, 'He is a rascal that says so!' and instantly left the room. All who were present were quite confounded, but the king was the most composed; and after thinking some time said, 'I have provoked him, and it is not to be wondered at if he falls into a passion. But I am an officer as well as he; as a brave soldier I cannot suffer an affront; I am ready to settle the affair either with sword or pistol.' Every one objected to the proposal. 'It is true, (said several) that your Majesty is a knight without fear and without reproach, as well as Bayard, but there is no proportion between a monarch at the head of a state, and another officer, when the question is to settle private differences.' 'But how shall I have satisfaction for my offended honour?' said the king, dissatisfied. 'Why, (said some) another officer may challenge Major Von Jurgas, for having offended his superior.' A duel with sabres was then proposed, to be fought by the officer next the king in the battalion of the guards. Lieutenant Colonel Von Emsiedel accordingly challenged Major Von Jurgas. They fought, and the Lieutenant Colonel received a slight wound in his arm. Immediately after the duel he went and gave an account of it to the king. There was a knapsack lying in the king's room; 'Look at that knap-sack,' said his majesty. Emsiedel took it up, examined it closely, and then hung it over

his shoulders. 'Would you be able to cross the street to your quarters, (asked the king,) if the knapsack were full of money?' 'Why not?' replied the Lieutenant Colonel. The king smiled and said, 'I will take you at your word. But I must really see it.' The Lieutenant Colonel then gave him the knapsack, which he took, and going into the next room, filled it with crown pieces; then calling Einsiedel, he asked him, 'Can you carry it now?' He was answered in the affirmative; when he assisted him up with the knapsack, which was extremely heavy, and then said, 'Go!' The Lieutenant Colonel set off, and the king, with ardent pleasure, looked out of the window after him, as bending under his load, he proceeded slowly to his quarters.

Nothing could vex Frederick William so much as when any person

whom he met in the street, strove to avoid him, because he thought that such a person had not a good conscience. One day when he was at Berlin, he saw a well-dressed man, who passed him quickly and ran into a house. The king instantly went after him: 'Why did you run away from me?' asked the monarch, angrily. 'I did not see your Majesty,' answered the man quite confused; 'I was in a hurry for fear of losing a lesson that I have to give in this house.' 'What are you then?' 'A dancing master.' 'Well then, dance a Saraband before me directly.' The dancing master obeyed, and after he had shown his skill, the king allowed him to depart, and said to him, 'Very well! I think you are an honest fellow. Now go and give your lesson.'

(Literary Gazette.)

LETTER FROM DR. GIMBERNAT,

RESPECTING THE FRENCH TRAVELLER, WHO PERISHED IN THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS.

Naples, 23d January, 1821.

THE last eruptions of Vesuvius, since the beginning of the new year, in the valley which separates it from the mountain Somma, have attracted a great number of curious persons and travellers, to examine the extraordinary sources of these burning streams. On the 16th of this month, one of them, a Frenchman, named Louis Gautret, perished in the new crater, which has lately opened at the foot of Vesuvius, a little above the hermitage. The day before, he had carefully examined the crater, and the stream of lava that flows from it: he passed the night of the 15th in the hermitage, employed in packing up stones which he had collected, and in writing. He left it at day-break, accompanied by a guide, and ascended a small hill, in the form of a sugar loaf, which has been formed on the lava itself, by the accumulation of the scorix. The guide saw him approach the edge of an opening on the summit of the little hill, where the eye looks down into a dreadful abyss, at the bottom of

which is a fiery stream. On a sudden, the intrepid traveller disappeared: he falls into this immense abyss, the powerful suffocating vapours of which must have deprived him of all consciousness, even before his body was burnt, though it must necessarily have been immediately consumed by the stream of lava.

As soon as this event was known at Resina, the guide was arrested, grave suspicions being conceived of him; but it was soon discovered, that the unfortunate Gautret had left in the album of the hermitage, a declaration in his own hand writing, which did not admit of any interpretation unfavourable to this person. This declaration was drawn up in the following terms:—"Before I undertake a second examination of the crater of Vesuvius, it is necessary to make this declaration, that no suspicion may attach to my guide or others, for I am resolved to examine quite closely, the dreadful phenomena of this mountain, without fearing to lose the frail remainder of a life, of which I have for a long time felt only the pains.—Jan 15,

1821. Louis Gautret of Clisson, near Nisines in France." I asked the hermit what remarks he had made on the deceased; and he assured me, that during two days and one night, which Gautret had passed upon Vesuvius, to collect materials and to make observations, he had shewn a sound understanding and composed mind, but no sign of melancholy or mental alienation. On leaving the hermitage, he gave him his watch, a sealed packet, with some stones and letters for his family, begging him to take care of these things. The letters, which have been examined, contain not a trace of deranged intellect, or of an intention to commit suicide. It therefore remains uncertain, whether this unfortunate man threw himself into the crater, or fell into it.

I had visited this dreadful opening four days before, and returned to it two days after this remarkable event, accompanied by the Duke de la Torre, who has frequently shared in the fatigues, the dangers, and the instruction, which this terrible volcano offers. In order to discover how the melancholy event might have taken place, I ascended the edge

of the gulph, and convinced myself, that all those who are bold enough to approach this horrid furnace, without having been accustomed to go near the openings of volcanoes run a great risk of falling in. This danger is the greater, for persons whom curiosity invites to see and examine every thing; such a passion causes absence of mind, very likely to be fatal at the mouth of a burning crater. Among other saline concretions, I have collected the muriate of copper, which is very rare among the productions that Vesuvius has afforded for some years past, and which I never found there before. Perhaps Gautret had also observed it, and fell in while he was endeavouring to collect it. This is, in my opinion, the more probable, as the muriate of copper is not to be found on the outside, but within the edge of the opening, from which the exhalations of the volcano issue. If I have succeeded in obtaining without accident, this rare product of the present eruption, I attribute it to my having either more skill and practice, or a less cruel fortune, than the modern Empedocles.

C. DE GIMBERNAT.

A TALE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—If the enclosed translation of an old French tale be deemed interesting enough for insertion, as relating to the subject of drinking cups formed from skulls, adverted to in one of your late Numbers, it is much at your service.

Yours, &c.

"Si toutes celles a qui pareille chose est arrivee: beuvoient a de semblables vaisseaux, je crains fort, mesdames, quil y auroit bien des coupes de vermeil qui deviendroient tetes de morts."

CHARLES VIII. sent into Germany a gentleman named Bernage, Seigneur de Civrè près d'Amboise, who proceeding night and day on his journey, arrived late one evening at a chateau, where he requested to remain till morning, but was refused; Monsieur L. the owner, however, learning from whom he came, ordered him to be admitted, and prayed his excuse for the incivility of his servants; adding, that certain relations of his wife, who wished evil to him, rendered the caution he had seen necessary. Bernage told him the purport of his journey, and received from him the offer of rendering to the King

his master, what service lay in his power. The supper hour arriving, Monsieur L. conducted Bernage into an apartment most richly hung with tapestry, from behind which, as soon as they were entered, there came one of the most beautiful women eyes could behold, but with her head shaved, and dressed entirely in black (et des habits noirs à l'Allemande.) After Monsieur had washed with Bernage, the water was carried to the lady, who did the same, and then took her place at the bottom of the table, without speaking to any person, or any one to her. Bernage regarded her attentively, and found her the most beautiful creature he had ever seen, save that her countenance was very pale, and her air extremely sorrowful. When she had eaten a short

time she asked for some wine, which was presented to her in a most extraordinary vessel—a skull mounted with silver. She drank two or three times out of the same cup; and when supper was ended, after making her obeisance to the master of the house, retired as she had entered, without uttering a syllable. Bernage was so surprised at what he saw, that he remained pensive; which his host perceiving, said to him, You are no doubt astonished at the scene you have witnessed; but the honour and candour I have found in you will not allow me to keep secret the cause of this seeming great cruelty, lest you should deem me capable of it, without a motive to warrant it. The lady you saw is my wife, whom I loved more than man ever loved woman; I risked every thing for her, and against the will of her parents married her; she also returned my love so ardently, that I would have hazarded a thousand lives for her. We lived for some time in so much enjoyment and pleasure, that I considered myself the happiest man in Christendom. But honour obliging me to make a journey, she forgot herself, her conscience, and the love she had for me, and threw herself into the embraces of a youth I had brought up in my house; and so great was my passion for her, that I was long ere I could bring myself to suspect her; till at last my eyes were opened, and my love was changed into fury and despair. Feigning one day to go into the country, I secreted myself in her chamber, where I had been only a short time when my wife and her paramour entered. I killed him in her arms; but as I thought death an insufficient punishment for her crime, I have inflicted one far more insupportable—imprisonment in the chamber, the scene of their wicked pleasures—in a cabinet of which I have hung the bones of her gallant. And that she may never lose the memory of it even at her meals, I cause her to drink opposite to me, out of the skull of the ingrate—thus seeing *living*, him whom she has made her mortal enemy, and kept in remembrance of him *dead*—for the love of her—whose friendship she preferred to mine.

In every other respect I treat her as myself, except having her hair cut off; for that is an ornament no more to be allowed to an adúlteress than a veil to a prostitute. This is the outline of her story; and should you wish to see her, I will lead you to her apartment. Bernage accepted his offer, and upon entering they found her sitting before a good fire, alone, and in deep sorrow. Bernage wished much to speak to her; but the presence of the husband withheld him, who perceiving by his looks what passed in his mind, said, You can speak to her if you desire it—she will reply. “If your patience, madam (then said Bernage to her,) be equal to your punishment, I regard you as the happiest woman in the world.” The lady, her eyes bathed in tears, and with the utmost grace and humility, answered, “I confess, Monsieur, my fault to be so great, that all the ills the Lord of this house, who I am no more worthy to call husband, can do to me, are nothing to the regret I have of my offence:” and she burst into a more violent paroxysm of tears. Monsieur L. took Bernage by the arm, and they quitted the apartment. The latter proceeded on his journey the next morning, and in taking leave of the former, spoke thus to him: “The esteem I feel for you, Monsieur, and the hospitality I have experienced under your roof, induce me to urge your attention to the great repentance of your good wife: look on her in pity—you are young and without children: consider the evil if a house such as yours should fall, or that perhaps those whom you dislike should become heirs to your wealth.” Monsieur L. who had resolved never to pardon his wife, remained long silent: at last, feeling the weight of what Bernage had said, promised, that if she continued in her humility he would at length pardon her. Bernage having returned to court, related what had happened to him to the King, who was so much struck, and especially at the account of her beauty, that he sent his painter Jean de Paris to take her portrait; which he did with the consent of her husband, who pardoned her and had a family by her.

EXPLOSION AT LEYDEN IN HOLLAND.

THOUGH this destructive accident was mentioned in the journals of the time when it took place, yet no connected narrative of it has hitherto appeared in any English publication. On the 12th of January, 1807, a vessel loaded with gunpowder entered one of the largest and finest canals of the city of Leyden, in the *Rapenburg*, a street inhabited chiefly by the most respectable families. This vessel was moored or made fast to a tree in front of the house of Professor *Rau*, of the university. Those who have been in Holland, or have read descriptions of that country, know that almost every street has a canal in the middle, faced with a brick wall up to the level of the street, and with lime trees planted on both sides, which produce a most beautiful effect, besides forming a delightful shade in hot weather. Vessels of all kinds are frequently moored to these trees, but Leyden being an inland town, the greater part of those which happened to be in the *Rapenburg* were country vessels. Several yachts belonging to parties of pleasure from the Hague and other places, were lying close to the fatal vessel, and as no person was aware of the destructive cargo it contained, all were in perfect security. It has never been ascertained what was the immediate cause of the explosion; as there was only one of the men on board, the rest having gone to a public house. The laws and regulations in Holland respecting gunpowder are very good, but no doubt were not attended to in this instance.

About a quarter past 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the awful catastrophe took place, as all the clocks in the surrounding houses and churches which were not destroyed were found standing with little variation at that time. It would be useless to attempt a description of the awful moment of the explosion; this has often been done, but has always come far short of the reality in the opinion of those who witnessed it.

A student of the university passing through a street from which there was a view of the *Rapenburg*, with the canal and vessels, related to us the following particulars.

“At that moment when every thing was perfectly tranquil, and most of the respectable families were sitting down to dinner in perfect security, at that instant I saw the vessel torn from its moorings, a stream of fire burst from it in all directions, a thick black cloud enveloped all the surrounding parts and darkened the Heavens, whilst a burst louder and more dreadful than the loudest thunder instantly followed, and vibrated through the air to a great distance, burying houses and churches in one common ruin. For some moments horror and consternation deprived every one of his recollection, but a universal exclamation followed, of, *O God what is it!* Hundreds of people might be seen rushing out of their falling houses, and running along the streets, not knowing what direction to take; many falling down on their knees in the streets, persuaded that the last day was come; others supposed they had been struck by lightning, and but few seemed to conjecture the real cause. In the midst of this awful uncertainty, the cry of *O God, what is it!* again sounded mournfully through the air, but it seemed as if none could answer the dreadful question. One conjecture followed another, but at last, when the black thick cloud which had enveloped the whole city had cleared away a little, the awful truth was revealed, and soon all the inhabitants of the city were seen rushing to the ruins to assist the sufferers. There were five large schools on the *Rapenburg*, and all at the time full of children. The horror of the parents and relations of these youthful victims is not to be described or even imagined; and though many of them were saved almost miraculously, yet no one dared to hope to see his child drawn alive from under a heap of smoking ruins.

“The flames now broke out from four different parts of the ruins, and threatened destruction to the remaining part of Leyden. The multitude seemed as if it were animated with one common soul in extricating the sufferers from the ruins, and stopping the progress of the flames. None withdrew from the awful task, and the multitude increased every moment by people coming from the surrounding country, the explosion having been heard at the distance of 50 miles. Night now set in, the darkness of which, added to the horrors of falling houses, the smothered smoke from the ruins, the raging of the flames, the roaring of the winds on a tempestuous winter night, produced a scene neither to be described nor imagined; while the heart-rending cries of the sufferers, or the lamentations of those whose friends or children were under the ruins, broke upon the ear at intervals. The various effects produced by the catastrophe on different tempers, were strikingly shown in the conduct of individuals; many were so entirely overcome with fear and astonishment, that they stared about them without taking notice of any thing, while others seemed full of activity, but incapable of directing their efforts to any particular object.”

“In the middle of the night, Louis Bonaparte, then King of Holland, arrived from the palace of Loo, having set out as soon as the express reached him with the dreadful tidings. Louis was much beloved by his subjects, and his name is still mentioned by them with great respect. On this occasion his presence was very useful. He encouraged the active and comforted the sufferers, and did not leave the place till he had established good order, and promised every assistance in restoring both public and private losses. He immediately gave a large sum of money to the city, and granted it many valuable privileges, besides exemption from imposts and taxes for a number of years.

Some degree of order having been restored, the inhabitants were divided into classes, not according to their rank, but the way in which they were em-

ployed about the ruins. These classes were distinguished by bands of different colours tied round their arms. The widely extended ruins now assumed the appearance of hills and valleys, covered with multitudes of workmen, producing to the eye an ever-varying scene of different occupations. The keel of the vessel in which the catastrophe commenced, was found buried deep in the earth at a considerable distance, together with the remains of of a yacht from the Hague, with a party of pleasure which lay close to it. The anchor of the powder vessel was found in a field without the city, and a very heavy piece of lead at the foot of the mast was thrown into a street at a great distance.

To relate every “tale of woe” connected with this terrible occurrence would exceed our limits, but certainly one of the most affecting was the fate of the pupils of the different schools on the *Rapenburg*. At the fatal moment, the wife of the principal of the largest of them was standing at the door with her child in her arms; she was instantly covered with the falling beams and bricks, the child was blown to atoms, and she was thrown under a tree at some distance. Part of the floor of the school-room sunk into the cellar and 12 children were killed instantly; the rest miserably wounded shrieked for help, and one was heard to call, “Help me, help me, I will give my watch to my deliverer.” Fathers and mothers rushed from all parts of the city to seek their children, but after digging five hours they found their labour fruitless, and some were even obliged to leave the spot in this indescribable state of suspense, to attend to other near relations discovered among the ruins. They at last succeeded by incredible efforts, in bring out some of the children, but in such a state that many of their parents could not recognize them, and not a few were committed to the grave without its being known who they were. It is very remarkable that many of these children, both among the dead and those who recovered, bled profusely, while no wound could be

discovered in any part of their bodies. Many of them were preserved in a wonderful manner, and taken out without the least hurt. Forty children were killed. In some houses large companies were assembled, and in one, a newly married couple from a distance, had met a numerous party of their friends. One person who was writing in a small room, was driven through a window above the door, into the staircase, and fell to the bottom without receiving much hurt. Many were preserved by the falling of the beams or rafters in a particular direction, which protected them, and they remained for many hours, some for a whole day and night. One remarkable fact of this kind happened, when the city of Delft was destroyed by an explosion of gun-powder in 1654, when a child, a year old, was found two days after, playing and sucking an apple, and sitting under a beam with just space left for its body. Two others at a little distance were found in their cradles quite safe. At that time almost the whole of Delft was destroyed.

Leyden is a large city, equal to, if not greater than Rotterdam, the second city in Holland, in size, but not so populous. Upwards of 200 houses were overthrown on this occasion, besides church-

es and public buildings: the Stadt or town-house, was among the latter.

One hundred and fifty-one dead bodies were taken from the ruins, besides many that died after, and upwards of two thousand were wounded more or less dangerously. It is somewhat remarkable that none of the students of the university were either killed or wounded, though they all lodge in different parts of the city or wherever they please. Contributions were immediately begun, and large sums raised. The King of Holland gave 30,000 gilders, and the Queen 10,000; a very large sum was collected in London.

Leyden suffered dreadfully by the former siege in 1573, and by the plague in 1624 and 1635, in which year 15,000 of the inhabitants were carried off within six months. In 1415 a convent was burnt, and most of the nuns perished in the flames. An explosion of gun-powder, 1481, destroyed the council-chamber when full of people, and killed most of the magistrates.

The misfortunes of this city have become proverbial, and its very name has given rise to a pun, "*Leyden is Lijden*;" *Leyden* the name of the city, and *Lijden*, (to suffer) have the same pronunciation in the Dutch language.

(Literary Gazette.)

PATENT PROVISIONS.

THE various applications of science to matters of common comfort and utility, are undoubtedly among the characteristic and most valuable features of the age. Steam, that "noble drudge," as it has been called, is now turned into almost a new element; it has become one of the prime movers of the mechanical world; it already makes almost every thing, from a pin to a ship; it digs our mines, tills our fields, and threshes our corn; it brews and bakes for us; it is our tailor and our shoemaker; it prints our newspapers, and it dresses our dinners. All this is very extraordinary; and to a man who a hundred, or even fifty years ago, saw our clumsy and circuitous efforts to ac-

complish the thousand things that we now leave to the mercy of cylinders and pistons, would have been incredible. But it is nevertheless the fact; and the use of which we are about to speak is, if not the most curious, perhaps among the most valuable of the wonders of this mighty magician, generated of the discordant families of fire and water.

About the year 1812, some experiments were made on the probability of preserving provisions without salt, under all trials of climate and time. It was obvious that a discovery of this kind must be of singular importance to the sea service, where provisions are, on many occasions, a necessary of life.

The success of the experiments resulted in a patent taken out by Messrs. Donkin, Hall & Gamble; and a well compiled *brochure* of authorities, displays the sanction of a crowd of imposing names,—the Victualling Board, Officers commanding squadrons and foreign stations, and ship captains—in various climates, all giving their witness to the excellence and completeness of the invention.

The first use of the discovery is to obviate altogether, the necessity of having *Live Stock* on board. The cost of this article is enormous, independently of its inconvenience. Taking its attendant expences, loss by death, &c. into account, it is from 2s. 6d. to 5s. a pound, on voyages of average length. But cooking, and the separation of the bone, diminish this weight by one half; thus the general cost is about 5s. the pound. The average price of the patent provisions is under 3s. the pound. These provisions are every kind of meat prepared so as to be eaten cold—a matter of great importance in cold weather; or to be heated in a few

minutes. To those they have added concentrated soups, and milk.

The letter of one of the East India Captains mentions the travels of some canisters of those meats, which were opened in London in perfect condition. They had gone from London to Batavia, thence to Sourabaya, then to Batavia again, to Calcutta, to Batavia, and thence to London—above 35,000 miles in the warmest climates! But perhaps the most interesting testimony, from all the circumstances, is the latest—that subjoined from the *Discovery Ships*. [*Here follow numerous recommendations from Capt. Parry, &c.*]

Our readers will remember, that we mentioned in the *Literary Gazette* several years ago, that Lieut. Kotzebue had shown us some of these preparations in a perfect condition, though they had gone round the world with him. We consider it a public service to make such things known, and it may add to the weight of our report, to declare that we have not the slightest acquaintance with the parties more immediately concerned.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

“What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully to rest?” CHILDE HAROLD.

CALMLY he died, the gallant youth,
When still'd was demon War's commotion,
When summer's trees were green, and smooth
The surface of the ocean:
Well for his sake may friendship weep,
Weep that, when battle toils were done,
When Glory's wreath was bravely won,
Too swiftly should descend his sun,
O'er being's western steep!

I heard the roll of muffled drum—
I heard the bugle's lonely wailing—
As to the church-yard they were come
With honours nought availing;
I saw the sad procession move,
With arms reversed, and looks of woe—
The pall, the bearers moving slow,
The sword, and helms with plumes of snow,
The coffin-lid above.

Prancing along with hoof of pride,
Unconscious of the sad disaster,
Unmounted, led on either side,
Behind its ancient master,
The gallant war-horse followed: oft
To battle had he borne his lord,
Nor started at the flashing sword,
When trumpets sung, when canaan roar'd,
And smoke-clouds gloom'd aloft.

Then slowly, 'mid the new-dug ground,
I saw the sable bier descending;
The grave fill'd up—his comrades round
With heads uncover'd, bending;
In pensive mood I turn'd away,
And from the mournful scene did steal—
Full sad and sore my heart did feel,
As thrice I heard the volley peal
Above his senseless clay!

Yes! there they left him!—daisies grow
Upon the turf that wraps his bosom,
And round the evening breezes strew
The hawthorn's silver blossom;
He hears no more the clarion sound—
No more, the helmet decks his head—
No more, in love, by him are led
His gallant troop,—but, in his stead,
Another now is found!

Yes! all must die, and pass away—
The fair—the noble—and the brave!
'Tis desolate—I dare not stay
To hear the breeze sigh o'er the grave!—
Well may the lonely bosom ache,
To mark the grey sepulchral stone,
And hear the melancholy moan,
As the long grass and weeds upon
The church-tower's summit shake!

(Blackwood's Magazine.)

(New Monthly Magazine.)

ON NOSES.

"And Liberty plucks Justice by the nose."—*Shaks.*

IT has been settled by Mr. Alison, in his "Essay on the Philosophy of Taste," that the sublimity or beauty of forms arises altogether from the associations we connect with them, or the qualities of which they are expressive to us; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, in discoursing upon personal beauty, maintains, that as nature, in every nation, has one fixed or determinate form towards which she is continually inclining, that form will invariably become the national standard of bodily perfection. "To instance," he proceeds, "in a particular part of a feature: the line that forms the ridge of the nose, is beautiful when it is straight; this, then, is the central form which is oftener found than either concave, convex, or any other irregular form that shall be proposed;"—but this observation he is careful to limit to those countries where the Grecian nose predominates, for he subsequently adds, in speaking of the Æthiopians, "I suppose nobody will doubt, if one of their painters was to paint the goddess of beauty, but that he would represent her black, with thick lips, flat nose, and woolly hair; and it seems to me that he would act very unnaturally if he did not; for by what criterion will any one dispute the propriety of his idea?" And he thus concludes his observations on the subject, "From what has been said, it may be inferred, that the works of nature, if we compare one species with another, are all equally beautiful; and that preference is given from custom, or some association of ideas; and that, in creatures of the same species, beauty is the medium or centre of all various forms." If this definition be accurate, we are not authorised in admiring either the Roman or the Jewish noses, both of which are too exorbitant and over-bearing—the high-born *ultras* of their class:—still less can we fall in love with the Tartarian notions, where the greatest beauties have the least noses, and where, according to

Ruybroock, the wife of the celebrated Jenghiz Khan, was deemed irresistible, because she had only two holes for a nose. These are the radical noses. *In medio tutissimus* seems to be as true upon this subject as almost every other, and, in the application of the dictum, we must finally give the preference to the Grecian form, of which such beautiful specimens have been transmitted to us in their statues, vases, and gems. Whether this were the established *beau idéal* of their artists, or, as is more probable, the predominant line of the existing population, it is certain that, in their sculptures, deviations from it are very rare. In busts from the living, they were, of course, compelled to conform to the original; but I can easily imagine, that if it did not actually break the Grecian chissel, it must have nearly broken the heart of the statuary, who was doomed to scoop out of the marble the mean and indented pug-nose of Socrates. Whence did that extraordinary people derive their noble figure and beautiful features, which they idealised into such sublime symmetry and exquisite loveliness in the personification of their gods and goddesses? If they were, indeed, as the inhabitants of Attica pretended, the Autochthones, or original natives, springing from the earth, it were an easy solution to maintain, that the soil and climate of that country are peculiarly adapted to the most faultless and perfect developement of the human form: but if, as more sober history affirms, they were a colony from Sais in Egypt, led by Cecrops into Attica, we must be utterly at a loss to account for their form, features, and complexion. Traces of this derivation are clearly discernible in their religion and arts; and the sources of their various orders of architecture are, even now, uncontestably evident in the ancient and stupendous temples upon the banks of the Nile; in none of whose sculptures, however, do we discover any approxi-

mation to the beautiful features and graceful contour of the Greeks. Æthiopians, Persians, and Egyptians, are separately recognisable, but there are no figures resembling the Athenians. The features of the Sphinx are Nubian; the mummies are invariably dark-coloured; and though their noses are generally compressed by the embalming bandages, there is reason to believe that they have lost very little of their elevation in the process. Leaving the elucidation of this obscure matter to more profound antiquaries, let us return to our central point of beauty—the Nose.

A Slawkenbergius occasionally appeared among the Greeks, as well as the moderns; but from the exuberant ridicule and boisterous raillery, with which the monster was assailed, we may presume that a genuine proboscis was of rare occurrence. Many of the lampoons and jokes, circulated by the wits of Athens, are as extravagant as the noses themselves, and enough has been preserved to fill a horse's nose-bag. Let the following, from the Greek Anthology, suffice as a sample:—

“ Dick cannot wipe his nostrils if he pleases,
(So long his nose is, and his arms so short;)
Nor ever cries “ God bless me !” when he sneezes;
He cannot hear so *distant* a report.”

Or this, which is attributed to the Emperor Trajan:—

“ Let Dick some summer's day expose
Before the sun his monstrous nose,
And stretch his giant-mouth to cause
Its shade to fall upon his jaws;
With nose so long and mouth so wide,
And those twelve grinders side by side,
Dick, with a very little trial,
Would make an excellent sun-dial.”

Many of these epigrams were derived by the Greeks from the oriental Facetiae; and if we could trace the pedigree of a joke, which even at our last dinner-party set the table in a roar, we should probably hunt it back to the symposia of Athens, and the festive halls of Bagdat. It must be confessed that, in several of these instances, if the wit be old, it is very little of its age; for Hierocles, like his successor Joe Miller, seems now and then to have thought it a good joke to put in a bad one.

Though a roomy nose may afford a good handle for ridicule, there are cases,

in which a certain magnificence and superabundance of that feature, if not abstractedly becoming, has, at least, something appropriate in its recundancy, according WELL with the characteristics of its wearer. It has advantages as well as disadvantages. A man of any spirit is compelled to take cognizance of offences committed under his very nose, but with such a promontory as we have been describing, they may come within the strict letter of the phrase, and yet be far enough removed to afford him a good plea for protesting that they escaped his observation. He is not bound to see within his nose, much less beyond it. Should a quarrel, however, become inevitable, the very construction of this member compels him to meet his adversary half way. Nothing could reconcile us to a bulbous excrescence of this inflated description, if we saw it appended to a poor little insignificant creature, giving him the appearance of the Toucan, or spoon-bill; and suggesting the idea of his being tied to his own nose to prevent his straying. But suppose the case of a burly, jovial, corpulent alderman, standing behind such an appendage, with all its indorsements, riders, addenda, extra-parochial appurtenances, and Taliacotian supplements, like a sow with her whole litter of pigs, or (to speak more respectfully) like a venerable old abbey, with all its projecting chapels, oratories, refectories, and abutments; and it will seem to dilate itself before its wearer with an air of portly and appropriate companionship. I speak not here of a simple bottle-nose, but one of a thousand bottles, a polypetalous enormity, whose blushing honours, as becoming to it as the stars, crosses, and ribbons of a successful general, are trophies of past victories, the colours won in tavern-campaigns. They recal to us the clatter of knives, the slaughter of turtle, the shedding of claret, the deglutition of magnums.

As there are many who prefer the arch of the old bridges to the straight line of the Waterloo, so there are critics who extend the same taste to the bridge of the nose, deeming the Roman handsomer than the Grecian; a feeling

which may probably be traced to association. A medallist, whose coins of the Roman emperors generally exhibit the convex projection, conceives it expressive of grandeur, majesty, and military pre-eminence : while a collector of Greek vases will limit his idea of beauty to the straight line depicted on his favourite antiques. The Roman form unquestionably has its beauties ; its outline is bold, flowing, and dignified ; it looks as if Nature's own hand had fashioned it for one of her noble varieties : but the term has become a misnomer ; it is no longer applicable to the inhabitants of the eternal city, whose nasal bridges seem to have subsided with the decline and fall of their empire.

While we are upon the subject of large noses, we must not forget that of the Jews, which has length and breadth in abundance, but is too often so ponderous, ungraceful and shapeless, as to discard every idea of dignity, and impart to the countenance a character of burlesque and ugly disproportion. It is not one of nature's primitive forms, but a degeneracy produced by perpetual intermarriages of the same race during successive ages. It is a deformity, and comes therefore more properly under the head of nosology.

Inest sua gratia parvis ; let it not be imagined that all our attention is to be lavished upon these folio noses ; the duodecimos and Elzevirs have done execution in the days that are gone, and shall they pass away from our memories like the forms of last year's clouds ? Can we forget "*Le petit nez retrous-é*" of Marmontel's heroine, which captivated a sultan, and overturned the laws of an empire ? Was not the downfall of another empire, as recorded in the immortal work of Gibbon, written under a nose of the very snubbiest construction ? So concave and intangible was it, that when his face was submitted to the touch of a blind old French lady, who used to judge of her acquaintance by feeling their features, she slapt it, exclaiming "Away, this is a nasty joke." Wilkes, equally unfortunate in this respect, and remarkably ugly besides, used to maintain, that in the esti-

mation of society a handsome man had only half an hour's start of him, as with-in that period he would recover by his conversation what he had lost by his looks. Perhaps the most insurmountable objection to the pug or cocked-up nose, is the flippant, distasteful, or contemptuous expression it conveys, such as that of the late William Pitt for instance. To turn up our noses is a colloquialism for disdain ; and even those of the ancient Romans, inflexible as they appear, could curl themselves up in the fastidiousness of concealed derision.

As a friend to noses of all denominations, I must here enter my solemn protest against a barbarous abuse, to which they are too often subjected, by converting them into dust-holes and soot-bags, under the fashionable pretext of taking snuff, an abomination for which Sir Walter Raleigh is responsible, and which ought to have been included in the articles of his impeachment. When some "*Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,*" after gently tapping its top with a look of diplomatic complacency, embraces a modicum of its contents with his finger and thumb, curves round his hand, so as to display the brilliant on his little finger, and commits the high dried pulvilio to the air, so that nothing but its impalpable aroma ascends into his nose, we may smile at the custom as a harmless and not ungraceful soppery : but when a filthy clammy compost is perpetually thrust up the nostrils with a voracious pig-like snort, it is a practice as disgusting to the beholders as I believe it to be injurious to the offender. The nose is the emunctory of the brain, and when its functions are impeded, the whole system of the head becomes deranged. A professed snuff-taker is generally recognisable by his total loss of the sense of smelling—by his snuffing and snorting—by his pale sodden complexion—and by that defective modulation of the voice, called talking through the nose, though it is in fact inability so to talk from the partial or total stoppage of the passage. Not being provided with an ounce of civet, I will not suffer my imagination to

wallow in all the revolting concomitants of this dirty trick ; but I cannot refrain from an extract, by which we may form some idea of the time consumed in its performance. " Every professed, inveterate, and incurable snuff-taker, (says Lord Stanhope) at a moderate computation takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute and a half. One minute and a half, out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff-taking day, amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of every ten. One day out of every ten amounts to thirty-six days and a half in a year. Hence, if we suppose the practice to be persisted in forty years, two entire years of the snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it." Taken medicinally, or as a simple sternutatory, it may be excused ; but the moment your snuff is not to be sneezed at, you are the slave of a habit which literally makes you grovel in the dust : your snuff-box has seized you as Saint Dunstan did the Devil, and if the red-hot pincers, with which he performed the feat, could occasionally start up from an Ormskirk snuff-box, it might have a salutary effect in check-

ing this nasty propensity among our real and pseudo-fashionables.

It was my intention to have written a dissertation upon the probable form of the nose mentioned in Solomon's song, which we are informed was like " the tower of Lebanon looking toward Damascus ;" and I had prepared some very erudite conjectures as to the composition of the perfume, which suggested to Catullus the magnificent idea of wishing to be *all nose* :

" Quod tu cum olfacies, Deos rogabis,
Totum ut te faciant, Fabulle, nasum."

But I apprehend that your readers will begin to think I have led them by the nose quite long enough ; and lest you yourself, Mr. Editor, should suspect that I am making a handle of the subject, merely that you may pay through the nose for my communication, I shall conclude at once with a

SONNET

TO MY OWN NOSE.

O nose ! thou rudder in my face's centre,
Since I must follow thee until I die ;—
Since we are bound together by indenture,
The master thou, and the apprentice I,
O be to your Telemachus a Mentor,
Tho' oft invisible, for ever nigh ;
Guard him from all disgrace and misadventure,
From hostile tweak, or Love's blind mastery.
So shalt thou quit the city's stench and smoke,
For hawthorn lanes, and copses of young oak,
Seenting the gales of Heaven, that have not yet
Lost their fresh fragrance since the morning broke,
And breath of flowers " with rosy May-dews wet,"
The primrose—cowslip—blue-bell—violet.

(Gentleman's Magazine.)

PHILOSOPHICAL INQUIRIES.—SYSTEM OF THE UNIVERSE.

BY W. COLQUITT.

THE galaxy or pure heavens being the everlasting and generating source of all matter, forms a perfect circle, by whose circulation the stars keep their places, (every particle of matter has a tendency to unite with its own species) this law of Nature being admitted, universal order and harmony must prevail throughout the whole. The fixed stars are equally supplied with electric fire in proportion as they emit forth the same into the planetary regions (no comets or planets falling into the sun, or destroying the earth). The sun, who

is near nine hundred thousand miles in diameter, is the most mighty, the most magnificent, the most splendid and pure body in the solar system, the Creator and Ruler of every thing contained therein, since nothing but what hath life, light, heat, and motion in itself, can impart form, and endue animals and plants with the same faculties. Hence the sun emits forth his vivifying light into the planetary regions. The sun and the stars consist of the most pure matter in Nature, by the accumulation of their respective ingredients. The

planets, the dross as it were of the heavens, are the accumulation of the more heavy and aqueous parts of terrestrial matter, as nothing but matter can act on matter, agreeable to truth and the orderly course of Nature ; so that the earth, like an onion, with strata over strata, hath, from her least magnitude, always had a rotation round her axis, and received the electric heat and light in every particle of matter she consists of, which was the cause of the various compounds and colours of minerals and metals. The Chinese, who make the age of the earth seven million five hundred and two thousand years, appear to have had a knowledge of geology before the Europeans, and a more natural edge of the nature of things.

By the rotary motion of the earth, and the sun's absorbing powers, light, heat, and electricity, doth grass, animals, and plants grow, producing their beautiful flowers and fruits. He, the joy of the whole earth, dispels the darkness that covers her (yet was there never darkness, except in the nocturnal shadow of a planet.) The sun is saluted in the morning by the wise and good, by the melody of birds and sweet opening flowers, and all things which adorn the surface of the earth ; he moderates the atmosphere with light, and in wisdom collects and dissipates the storms, dividing the interstices of dark clouds, producing lightning and thunder, and, by relaxation, pours the rains to fertilize the fields and woods, and then shews us the light of his countenance, and all is light and cheerfulness. At the brightness of his presence his clouds passed : hailstones and coals of fire.—*Psalm xviii. 12.*

In the more distant parts of the solar system, where the dense and more crowded particles of terrestrial matter were congregated, they have, at length, become a perfect sphere, and being crystallized, petrified, and consolidated by the sun, as she accumulates, in time becomes a planet ; in this gradual and orderly manner hath the earth, and all the planets been formed. After the sulphureous and volcanic matter near to, and on the surface of the earth, was in a great measure consumed, which was the

cause of gulphs, deep pits, and the uneven surface of the earth, heavy rains at seasonable times prevailed, until the hollow parts were filled with water, which covers three-fifths of the earth's surface.

The reason that our earth is encompassed with a more dense atmosphere than Mars and Jupiter, arises from their being a greater quantity of water in the orbit of the earth, than in the orbits of those planets. I shall not presume to confine Nature to time or place in the operation of her works, since Time is eternal, Space boundless, and Matter everlasting ; neither shall I make every star a sun, knowing that one star differeth from another star in lustre, magnitude, and solidity, and magnetic power : therefore, I shall only declare every star of the first magnitude a sun and the centre of a system, having from three to ten planets circulating round him.

Exclusive of the dark planets, which are formed, illumined, moved, and preserved by the sun, and in order turn round him ; there are other bodies of superior elements and composition, as comets, which are capable of enduring as much heat as would immediately consume this or any other planet, and are endued with greater power of motion than that of any other body throughout the starry firmament. Comets are luminous bodies, independent of the solar powers, and always emit forth their electric fire, forming a tail of great length, directed in opposition to the sun. Hence do I conclude, that a comet is a solid, inflammable, living body : for if a snake, with only one member, the head, hath power to move with velocity on this heavy mass, how much more fit is it that a comet must have life, strength, and power, and these qualities in a superior degree, to move in his own proper district, and to leave this our system to visit the nearest fixed star of the first magnitude.

Therefore, as such order and harmony prevail among the fixed stars and planetary regions, I conclude, (as I well know) that the same order prevails among the comets ; that if we were visited with a comet every year, and there were more planets in our system, not one of them would be impeded in her

motion, as the comets, as well as the planets, have their own particular tracks and boundaries, accelerating his motion as he draws near to the sun. The want of a diurnal parallax, shews that comets move beyond the orbit of the Georgian.

There never was a beginning of light, or a vacuum throughout the universe. If otherwise, the fixed stars could not keep their places, neither could the planets (subservient to them) perform their annual orbits, and that universal affinity, order, and harmony prevail, which I perceive do prevail throughout the whole, adjusted with that regularity of parts as the best time-piece.

With respect to the heavenly bodies, of which this earth is one, none can be suddenly formed—none can be suddenly destroyed.

As all planets contract their orbits in the insensible progress of time, Mercury must be the oldest planet in the solar system, and the ages of the other planets in proportion to their distances from the sun. Hence may Mercury be in her consuming state; the nearer any planet is to the sun, the greater will be her motion in her orbit; and the slower her diurnal rotation, and the more distant, the slower in their orbits, and faster round their axes.

Venus, like this earth, is subject to much rain and change of seasons.

The surface of Mars appears covered with extensive plains and mountains, issuing volcanic fire (like as our earth formerly was,) therefore may have not received rain and torrents to finish and accommodate her with seas and lakes.

The seas of Jupiter, called his belts, frequently change their parallelism in

consequence of his rapid motion round his axis, once in ten hours. If I now lived in this planet near the sea, I should see it ebb and flow like our sea, only with double the motion, and should find that it was high water every five hours; and at that part of his body where his nearest moon was, I should perceive an inequality of the tides, and the water rising higher; this planet being eighty-eight thousand miles in breadth.

The use of Saturn's ring, which consists of two solid circles, one within the other, appears to be a crystallization of similar matter to the planet, of a bright yellow colour, for the purpose of reflecting and refracting a strong light every fifteen years, when in opposition to the sun, and to reflect the solar light and heat in alternate order over every part of the planet, and to confine and moderate his atmosphere and his seasons at the distance of nine hundred millions of miles from the sun; seventy-nine thousand miles in breadth, having six moons that circulate round him.

The moon, like all the planets, is an opaque globe, and always contracting her orbit; and being, like the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn, without clouds and atmosphere, reflects a greater quantity of light to the earth. The inequality of the moon's motions arises from the rapid motion of the earth in her orbit round the sun, while the moon circulates round the earth, and which causes an equality of the tides, called spring and neap tides, three-fifths of the earth's surface being overflowed, and the moon being an arid dry body, causes that mutual attractive power between them.

NORTHERN EXPEDITIONS.

"Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes"——

IN 1777 the ship *Wilhelmina*, one of the Dutch Greenland fleet, was moored to a field of ice on the 22d of June, in the usual fishing station, along with a large fleet of other whalers. On the 25th, the ice having closed rapidly around, the *Wilhelmina* was closely beset. The pressure of the ice was so

great, that the crew was under the necessity of working almost incessantly for eight days, in sawing a dock in the field wherein the ship was at that time preserved. On the 25th of July the ice slackened, and the ship was towed by the boats to the eastward. After four days laborious rowing, they reached the

extremity of the opening, where they joined four ships, all of which were again beset by the ice. Shortly afterwards they were drifted within sight of the coast of Old Greenland, about the parallel of $75\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ north. On the 15th of August, nine sail were collected together; and on the 20th, after sustaining a dreadful storm, and being subjected to an immense pressure of the ice, which accumulated around them 20 or 30 feet high, two of the ships were wrecked. Two more were wrecked four or five days afterwards, together with two others at a distance from them. On the 24th Iceland was in sight; some of the ice was in motion, and two ships seemed to escape. Another was lost on the 7th of Sept. and on the 13th the *Wilhelmina* was crushed to pieces, by the fall of an enormous mass of ice, which was so unexpected, that those of the crew who were in bed had scarcely time to escape on the ice half-naked as they were. One ship now alone remained, to which the crews of four, and the surviving part of the crew of a fifth, that was wrecked on the 30th

Sept. repaired. By the beginning of October, they had drifted to the latitude of 64° ; and on the 11th, the last ship was overwhelmed by the ice and sunk.

By this termination of the series of their disasters, upwards of 300 men were exposed on the ice, nearly destitute of food and clothing, and without shelter from the inclemencies of the sky. On the 30th of October, they separated; the larger division took to the land, while the remainder suffered themselves to drift with the ice as low as the south point of Greenland, and then coasting along in their boats. About 140 reached the Danish settlements on the western shore, but upwards of 200 individuals perished. Imagination can scarcely picture to itself a lengthening chain of severer or more protracted suffering. From the 25th of July to the 30th of October, without reckoning their subsequent miseries, were these unfortunate men helplessly exposed to the horrors of the Frozen Ocean in its most terrific aspect, and during that time were drifted about 1,300 miles.

(European Magazine.)

SPECIMENS OF RUSSIAN POETS.

In our critical rambles thro' the extensive and diversified garden of literature, so many objects are continually pressing upon our attention, that we are necessitated, however reluctantly in some instances, to pass over, unheeded, many beautiful productions. To analyze every flower which the son of Genius dedicates to his favourite muse, would be a task too comprehensive for the labours even of a *Linnaeus*. It is our gratifying duty at this time to exhibit few choice exotics from the snow-clad mountains of Russia. As the products of a soil whose natural sternness and sterility have not yet entirely submitted to the powerful operations of genius, they come with strong claims upon our consideration, both on account of their promise of future excellence, and the possession of much comparative elegance and beauty. To drop the metaphor; we cannot but presage, from the specimens Mr. Bowring has selected from the most eminent Russian poets, an effectual and important change in the character and institutions of that country. The spirit of civilization is already abroad, softening the asperities of it's natural aspect, and considerably enlarging the hitherto contracted sphere of the social system. Genius, in it's collision with society, has deduced the first elements of refining grace, has arranged and embodied them, and then returned them to ameliorate the soil from whence they sprung, as the morning sun extracts the dew from the bosom of the earth, only to lavish it in grateful return of soft descending rain. The following is selected from *Karamsin*:

THE CHURCH YARD.

First voice.

How frightful the grave! how deserted and drear!
With the howls of the storm-wind—the creaks of the bier,
And the white bones all clattering together!

Second voice.

How peaceful the grave! its quiet how deep:
Its zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its sleep,
And flow'rets perfume it with ether.

First voice.

There riots the blood-crested worm on the dead,
And the yellow skull serves the foul toad for a bed,
And snakes in its nettle weeds hiss.

Second voice.

How lovely, how sweet the repose of the tomb:
No tempests are there:—but the nightingales come
And sing their sweet chorus of bliss.

First voice.

The ravens of night flap their wings o'er the grave:—
'Tis the vulture's abode:—'tis the wolf's dreary cave!

Where they tear up the earth with their fangs.

Second voice.

There the coney at evening disports with his love,

Or rests on the sod ;—while the turtles above,

Repose on the hough that o'erhangs.

First voice.

There darkness and dampness with poisonous breath,

And loathsome decay fill the dwelling of death,

The trees are all barren and bare !

Second voice.

• soft are the breezes that play round the tomb,

And sweet with the violet's wafted perfume,

With lilies and jessamine fair.

First voice.

The pilgrim who reaches this valley of tears,

Would fain hurry by, and with trembling and fears,

He is launched on the wreck-covered river !

Second voice.

The traveller outworn with life's pilgrimage dreary,

Lays down his rude staff, like one that is weary,

And sweetly reposes for ever.

THE INEXPERIENCED SHEPHERDESS.

A Popular Song.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF BOGDANOVICH.

I'm fourteen summers old I trow,

'Tis time to look about me now :

'Twas only yester-day they said,

I was a silly, silly maid ;—

'Tis time to look about me now.

The shepherd-swains so rudely stare,

I must reprove them I declare ;

This talks of beauty—that of love—

I'm such a fool I can't reprove—

I must reprove them I declare.

'Tis strange—but yet I hope no sin :

Something unwonted speaks within :

Love's language is a mystery,

And yet I feel, and yet I see—

O what is this that speaks within ?

The shepherd cries, 'I love thee, sweet ;'

'And I love thee,' my lips repeat :

Kind words, they sound as sweet to me

As music's fairest melody ;

'I love thee,' oft my lips repeat.

His pledge he brings,—I'll not reprove ;

O no ! I'll take that pledge of love :

To thee my guardian dog I'd give,

Could I without that guardian live :

But still I take thy pledge of love.

My shepherd's crook I'll give to thee ;—

O no ! my father gave it me—

And treasures by a parent given,

From a fond child should ne'er be given—

O no ! my father gave it me.

But thou shalt have yon lambkin fair—

Nay ! 'tis my mother's fundest care ;

For every day she joys to count

Each snowy lambkin on the mount ;—

I'll give thee then no lambkin fair.

But stay, my shepherd ! wilt thou be

For ever faithful—fond to me ?

A sweeter gift I'll then impart,

And thou shalt have—a maiden's heart,

If thou wilt give thy heart to me.

(London Magazine.)

STANZAS ON VIEWING THE SEA IN A LUMINOUS STATE.

Behold, on the bosom of Ocean, how fire

With flame lights the foam of each kindling wave ;

And let us this magic of nature admire,

Which bids fiery water the strand thus to lave !

Dark, dark is the surface, like Julia's eye :

Yet where the oars dash, golden lustre appears ;

As in that deep azure we oft may desery

All the flash of the lightning as seen through her tears.

Though silence and gloom all encircle around,

These rays vivid lustre to night can impart ;

Like that eye, which in sadness, however profound,

Can irradiate my hopes, while its beams cheer my heart.

Yes ! such were the fires that, the main erst illuming,

Burst forth when fair Venus arose from the waters ;—

And now, all the charm of that moment resuming,

They sport on the waves where still bathe her fair daughters.

These flames are the traces which beauty hath left

Behind in the flood to enchant and delight ;

For when earth is of sun and its radiance bereft,

Still, like beauty, they glow in the darkness of night.

CORNUCOPIA

OF LITERARY CURIOSITIES AND REMARKABLE FACTS.

(From the English Magazines, April 1821.)

HISTORY OF THE COVENTRY LOAF.

A POOR weaver passing thro' Devizes, without money or friend, being overtaken by hunger, applied to a baker, who gave him a loaf. The weaver made his way to Coventry, where, after many years of industry, he acquired a fortune; and by his will, in remembrance of the above circumstance, bequeathed a sum in trust for the purpose of distributing on the anniversary day where he was so relieved, a half-penny loaf to every person in the town; and to every traveller that should pass through the town a penny loaf. The will is faithfully administered. The Arch-Duke of Austria and his suite passing through the town on the day of distributing the Coventry loaf, in their way from Bath to London, a few years ago, a loaf was presented to each of them, which the duke and duchess accepted, and partook of with much pleasure at breakfast.

EFFECT OF MUSIC ON ANIMALS.

On a Sunday evening, five choristers were walking on the banks of the river Mersey, in Cheshire; after some time, they sat down on the grass, and began to sing an anthem. The field in which they sat was terminated at one extremity by a wood, out of which, as they were singing, they observed a hare to pass, with great swiftness, towards the place where they were sitting, and to stop at about twenty yards distance from them. She appeared highly delighted with the music, often turning up the side of her head to listen with more facility. This uncommon appearance engaged their attention; and being desirous to know whether the creature paid them the visit to partake of the music, they finished the piece, and sat still without speaking to each other. As soon as the harmonious sound was over, the hare returned slowly towards the wood: when she had reached nearly the end of the field, they began the same piece again, at which the hare stopped, turned about,

and came swiftly back again to about the same distance as before, where she seemed to listen with rapture and delight till they had finished the anthem, when she returned, by a slow pace, up the field, and entered the wood.

SHORT DIALOGUES.

A. Pray will you have the complaisance to take my great coat in your carriage to town? B.—With pleasure; but how will you get it again? A.—Oh, very easily; I shall remain in it.

Clergyman. Really, my good friends, it is a pity that you, so lately married too, should quarrel as you do. You ought, besides, to recollect, that you are properly but one.

Husband. One, Sir! I wish, when you happen to be passing this way, you would just stop and listen for a moment under our window; you would imagine we were twenty.

The Paris births last year amount to 24,858; of which only 8,870 were natural children! Of the deaths, in number 24,211, no more than 149 men, and fifty women, have been stretched, as unowned suicides, at the Morgue!

MAGNANIMITY.

M. de Cortois was a very respectable clergyman, who endeavoured conscientiously to fulfil the duties of his profession. But he was a very handsome man, and in the prime of life, and was generally known in Paris by the name of "the Abbé with the handsome legs." This agreeable outside was sufficient for the bishop of Mirepoix to form a very unfavourable opinion of him; and when he waited on him, he sought to humble him, and had firmly resolved never to give him a benefice.

The Abbé de Cortois once made a journey from Lyons to Paris in a stage-coach. He had taken the name of Quincey, which was given him by his family to distinguish him from his brothers, and by which he was known in his native place, Dijon.

There were several passengers in the coach, who knew as little of him as he

did of them. Most probably they had reason to be dissatisfied with M. de Mirepoix. They spoke of him with much acrimony, and painted him in very unfavourable colours. The Abbé Quincey mixed in the conversation, and defended the bishop very zealously, and with very good arguments. He warmly praised his virtues, his good qualities, his irreproachable character, but without offending his opponents by violent contradiction, and succeeded in silencing the censurers.

Among the passengers there was an old clergyman, who had taken no part in the dispute, and did not even seem to notice it. In fact, he scarcely spoke ten words during the whole journey; but he very attentively observed the Abbé Quincey, and when they had arrived at Paris, and the travellers were getting out of the coach, the old priest familiarly pressed the Abbé's hand, and said to him:

"I beg you, Abbé, to visit me in three days hence, at the convent of the Theatines, where I am a monk. Perhaps I may be so fortunate as to be of service to you, and to show you my gratitude for having taken the part of my brother, the bishop of Mirepoix."

The Abbé de Cortois was much surprised that he had unconsciously acquired so powerful a patron, and did not fail to call on the Abbé Boyer on the third day. The latter cordially embraced him, and said, "Go to my brother, and thank him for having applied to the King in your favour. His Majesty has appointed you Bishop de Belloy."

The Abbé de Cortois instantly waited on the bishop of Mirepoix, who was much surprised at finding that the Abbé Quincey, who had been so strongly recommended by his brother, was no other than the Abbé de Cortois with the handsome legs, whom he had always viewed in so unfavourable a light, and so often unjustly humbled.

THE FEAST OF CHERRIES.

There is a feast celebrated at Hamburg, called the Feast of Cherries, in which troops of children parade the streets, with green boughs ornamented with cherries, to commemorate a victo-

ry obtained in the following manner. In 1432 the Hussites threatened the city of Hamburg with immediate destruction, when one of the citizens, named Wolf, proposed that all the children of the city, from seven to fourteen years of age, should be clad in mourning, and sent as supplicants to the enemy. Procopius Nasus, chief of the Hussites, was so touched with this spectacle, that he received the young supplicants, regaled them with cherries and other fruits, and promised them to spare the city. The children returned crowned with leaves, holding cherries, and crying "*victory*."

SINGULAR ROBBERY.

The following adventure, which has lately happened at Mara, near Langres, would make no bad figure in a melo-drame. A person passing through a wood towards night-fall, was stopped by a man, who presenting a pistol, demanded his money or his life: the traveller gave him twelve francs, declaring it was all he had about him. The robber took the money that was offered, and the traveller made off as fast as his legs could carry him; half dead with fright, yet happy at having got away so cheaply. He soon reached a farm-house, where, believing himself to be in safety, he requested hospitality, after having related his unlucky adventure; imprudently adding, that he had contrived to save a considerable sum from the rapacity of the robber. The mistress of the house, who was at this time alone, offered him an asylum, but said he would be obliged to sleep in the hay-loft; this offer was accepted with gratitude, our traveller preferring an uncomfortable bed to dangerous *rencontres*. He had scarcely laid himself down in the hay-loft when he heard the master of the house; the latter related to his wife, that fortune had not been very favourable to him this time; that he had met with but one traveller, from whom he had got no more than twelve francs. From the circumstance of his narrative, his wife was persuaded that the person whom she had taken in, was the very same whom her husband had stopped; she informed him of it, and they agreed

that during the night the man should go up into the hay-loft and push the traveller down, while he slept, and that the wife armed with an axe, should immediately despatch him. Very luckily, our traveller had not lost a word of this conversation: he kept himself upon his guard, and at the moment when the assassin mounted the ladder into the hay-loft, to execute his project, struck him a blow on the head, so that he fell quite stunned to the floor below, where his wife instantly cut off his head with her axe. The traveller fled to the neighbouring village, and gave information of the circumstance; the officer of police repaired to the spot, and the woman was arrested.

POPE SIXTUS V.

Sixtus, in order to surprise some banditti, went out in the woods disguised like an old man, with an ass laden with wine. The robbers, of course seized him, and made him turn the spit in their cave while they examined the wine. Sixtus muttered to himself that he saw them do that with much pleasure.—“What say you?” said they. “Only that I shall eat with pleasure when the roast is done.”—“So you may, but we shall drink all the wine ourselves.” “Alas! gentlemen, wine is not made for a poor man like me, who only carry it about for others, and who will, perhaps, be put in prison for my misfortune in losing this, which is precious.” So saying, he returned to his office by the fire. At length the meat was done, the supper eaten, and the wine drank, to the great delight of Sixtus, who had mixed opium in it; and, as soon as he saw the band fairly asleep, he whistled; his soldiers came up, and the thieves were every one taken.

CARLTON HOUSE CONVIVIALITIES.

A noble Lord, remarkable for his convivial talents, was one day dining with his present majesty, when Prince of Wales, in company with several persons of distinction. The prince observing one of the company passing the wine, politely urged him to drink, to which the gentleman replied, “Please your royal highness, I never take more than

two glasses of wine.” On this, the prince turned to a nobleman, and enquired how many glasses of wine he was in the habit of taking? His lordship, after a pause and a little hesitation, said, “Sir, I was apprehensive of giving a rash answer, for I am not a good accountant.”

SEA-SICKNESS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

Having occasion, about eighteen months ago, to take a sea voyage for the first time in my life, I felt of course very desirous to avoid, if possible, that disagreeable companion, sea sickness. I found that so long as I could persuade myself to yield freely to the motion of the vessel, so long I was entirely free from disagreeable feelings, but the moment I began to resist the *swing*, immediately qualmishness commenced, and subsequent experience, in small vessels, in all kinds of weather, has confirmed me in the idea, that this resistance is the occasion of the sickness; one remarkable proof of it is, that those who are habitually affected with sickness at sea, find on their awaking out of sleep, that they are perfectly well, but as soon as awake, although the position may not be at all changed, they begin again to rebel against the circumstances in which they are placed, in which their stomach speedily co-operates. My principal reason for making this communication, is a hope that it may be the means of preventing to some the exceeding great misery of sea sickness, for although I do not by experience know its extent, yet, that must certainly be extreme suffering which can induce a wish, as it has done in many instances, to be thrown overboard rather than endure it; and I would therefore submit a few minor precautions.

1st. As the seat of the affection appears to be in the organs of digestion, a small quantity of neat brandy should be taken as a stimulus whenever a disposition to qualmishness appears.

2nd. Keep on deck, and to windward as much as possible.

3rd. By no means sit down in the cabin, particularly of a crowded packet, for there not only the closeness of the air and the sickness of the other passengers are alone likely enough to turn a squeamish stomach; but the motion of the vessel will be found to affect the sufferer in a greater degree than in any other situation in the vessel.

4th. Eat little, but often; the extremes of a full and empty stomach are equally to be avoided; but, above all, *go with the vessel*, when she descends a wave, descend with her, and when she rises again rise with her, as if you enjoyed the motion. C. F. H.

POPULATION OF SPAIN.

According to the last census taken in Spain, it results that the actual population amounts to 13 millions, including the Balearic Isles and the Canaries. The population of Madrid 280,000, exclusive of the Clergy; of Barcelona, 15,000; of Cadiz, 75,000; the kingdom of Grenada 485,000; the Balearic Isles, 278,000; the Canaries, 520,000.

Paragraphs.

NEW VOLCANO.

We hear from Portugal, that a new Volcano has burst out in the highest summit of a ridge of mountains near Leira. This extraordinary phenomenon occurred at the period of the high rise of the Dooro, mentioned in most of the Journals. The Volcano was in full action when the latest accounts came away, but had happily taken a direction which threatened to do little damage. The country is sterile, and it may be recollected as that through which Wellington passed in pursuit of Massena.

EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF THE GOUT.

St. Goar, in the Circle of Coblenz, Feb. 7.

The following circumstance, which lately occurred in a neighbouring town, is the more worthy of being made public, as the truth of it is certified by the physician residing there.

A man of 45 years of age, of a robust constitution, having caught a severe cold, was seized with the gout in such a degree, that he was deprived of the use of all his limbs; and medicine afforded but a slight palliation, without removing the disorder. This man did not live happily with his wife, by whom he had no children. The addition of six weeks illness, and the entire loss of the usual profits of his labour, occasioned frequent disputes, in which the wife was the more vituperative, as she knew her husband had no weapon but his tongue. One day her passion rose so high, that depending on the defenceless condition of her husband, she struck him on the hand with a yard measure (of walnut tree wood) so that the blood flowed abundantly. Then saying, "Now I will give it you for a whole year," she continued to beat him till his head, arms, and legs, were all covered with bruises and wheals.

The lamentable cries of the man, and his entreaties for mercy, were unavailing. Distracted with pain and indignation, he tried to raise himself up, but in vain. At length he felt himself as if inspired with new life; he was able to raise himself, to move his arms, and to sit up: he perceived also motion and strength in his legs. On a sudden he leaped out of bed, snatched the wooden sceptre of Hygeia from the hand of his panic-struck wife, and returned the blows he had received with such well applied skill and vigorous retaliation, that she is now forced to keep her bed, while her husband goes merrily about his work. Thus the wonderworking yard has made one well and the other sick, by the same means; though it may be safely asserted, that the good man knows nothing of the new system of Homopathy.

PERSEVERANCE.

We have had occasion to advert to several of the works of the celebrated naturalist Huber, and especially to his treatise upon Bees. So extraordinary was the perseverance of this excellent man, that he devoted eight years to the exclusive study of this one favourite subject; and to such lengths would he carry his restless zeal in the cause, that he would lie for whole days together before

a beehive, making his observations; nor till darkness broke in upon this favourite occupation, did he begin to be sensible, either of hunger or thirst. An enthusiasm of a similar kind was shewn by Swammerdam, who once sat for many hours before a beehive in the burning heat of the sun, with his head uncovered, because his hat, he said, occasioned a shade which was an obstacle to his observations.

THE WOLF.

(From a Journal of the enterprising traveller, Mr. William Barton)

"In the evening, I made a safe harbour, in a little lagoon, on the sea shore. I drew up my light vessel on the sloping coast, that she might be safe from the beating waves in case of a sudden storm of wind in the night. Having collected a sufficiency of dry wood to keep up a light during the night, and to roast some trout which afforded me a wholesome supper, I hung the remainder of my broiled fish on the snags of some shrubs over my head. I at last, after reconnoitering my habitation, returned, spread abroad my skins and blanket upon the clean sands by my fire-side, and betook myself to repose.

"All now being silent and peaceable, I suddenly fell asleep. At midnight I awoke; when, raising my head erect, I found myself alone in the wilderness of Florida, on the shores of a Lake: alone indeed, but under the care of the Almighty, and, protected by the invisible hand of my guardian angel. When quite awake, I started at the heavy tread of some animal; the dry limbs of trees upon the ground cracked under his feet; the close shrubby thickets parted and bent under him as he rushed off. I rekindled my sleepy fire. The bright flame ascended, and illuminated the ground and groves around me; when looking up, I found my fish carried off, though I had thought them safe on the shrubs, just over my head; but their scent, carried to a great distance by the damp night breeze, I suppose were too powerful attractions to resist.

"Perhaps, it may not be time lost, to rest awhile here, and reflect on the unexpected and unaccountable incident; which however pointed out to me an extraordinary deliverance or protection of my life, from the rapacious wolf that stole my fish from over my head.

"How much easier and more eligible might it have been for him to have leaped upon my breast in the dead of sleep, and torn my throat, which would have instantly deprived me of life, and then glutted his stomach for the present with my warm blood, and dragged off my body, which would have made a feast afterwards for him and his howling associates! I say, would not this have been a wiser step, than to have made protracted and circular approaches, and then, after espying the fish over my head, with the greatest caution and silence rear up, and take them off the snags one by one, then make off with them, and that so cunningly as not to awaken me until he had fairly accomplished his purpose?"

WRENS LEARNING TO SING.

A wren built her nest in a box, so situated that a family had an opportunity of observing the mother bird instructing the young ones in the art of singing peculiar to the species. She fixed herself on one side of the opening in the box, directly before her young, and began by singing over her whole song very distinctly. One of the young then attempted to imitate her. After proceeding through a few notes, its voice broke, and it lost the tune. The mother immediately recommenced where the young one had failed, and went very distinctly thro' with the remainder. The young bird made a second attempt, commencing where it ceased before, and continuing the song as long as it was able; and when the note was again lost the mother began anew where it stopped, and completed it. Then the young one resumed the tune and finished it. This done the mother sang over the whole series of notes a second time with great precision; and a second of the young attempted to follow her. The wren pursued the same course with this as with the first; and so with the third and fourth. It sometimes happened that the young one would lose the tune three, four, or more times in the same attempt; in which case the mother uniformly began where they ceased, and sung the remaining notes; and when each had completed the trial, she repeated the whole strain. Sometimes two of the young commenced together. The mother observed the same conduct towards them, as when one sang alone. This was repeated day after day, and several times in a day.

DANGEROUS PRACTICE.

We regret to learn, by a private letter from Paris, that the celebrated Madame Mainville Fodor, whose powers of song will be fresh in the recollection of all frequenters of the Italian Opera, is at present in the last stage of a decline. Her physicians have declared it as their opinion, that she has herself principally contributed to bring on this disorder by a too frequent use of acids, and more especially vinegar, which she has been accustomed to take in large quantities, for the purpose of reducing her shape. This injurious practice is, we believe, resorted to by many ladies in our own country; but we trust the unfortunate effects resulting from it in the present instance, will serve as a check, to prevent its recurrence for the future.

WANT OF A NAME.

Certainly the notice of a fifth quarter to the globe is repugnant to the grammar of language, and the import of words; yet so it is that late discoveries in geography have imposed a necessity on the learned of giving name to a division which properly belongs to neither of the four acknowledged quarters. As it consists mostly of islands, some among us have proposed to call it *Polynesia*—Many isles; others have preferred *Australasia*; but neither has proved satisfactory. Continental writers have lately endeavoured to fix on it the name of *Oceanica*; but though it must be confessed that the ocean occupies a great portion of it, yet the same may be said of the other parts of the globe; and therefore this term which is, and ought to be, common to all, cannot specifically distinguish any one. In strict propriety, perhaps, the appellations *New-Holland*, *New-South Wales*,

&c. are liable to equal exception; for, what have those islands in the South, in common with the *Holland* and the *South Wales* of the North? What can be done under circumstances so distressing? Why not assemble a congress of geographers, invested with full power to nominate and denominate—to correct, change, alter, and substitute—to issue edicts; and to enforce obedience: any thing to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding?

....
The daughter of an opulent farmer in the country being attached to a young gentleman whose visits her father had forbidden, hit upon an artifice lately by which he gained admission to the object of his affection, and was enabled to elope with her:—"Never admit that red-haired man," was the order given.—The young man, by the use of Rowland's Essence of Tyre, changed his hair to coal black, thro' which disguise he was enabled to have a successful interview with the lady.

The New Comet is now visible to the naked eye in the West, till eight o'clock in the evening. It is a little to the westward of Algenib, and nearly the height of Saturn, at a distance to the right of him.

By a recent legal decision, the Corporation of Cork have lost the right of taking a Toll, which they have enjoyed ever since the reign of King John, and which produced a revenue of 2,800*l.* a year.

A farm servant, near Perth, was robbed a few nights since of a pound note by some men, who afterwards followed him, and took his coat from him, giving him a worse one of their own in exchange. On reaching his destination and examining the coat they had made him a present of, he found 15*l.* in one of the pockets.

LITERARY.

The author of the celebrated northern novels is again in the press, with the *Buccaneer*.

In April, the Rev. C. Bradley will commence publishing an edition of select British Divines. Bishop Beveridge's *Private Thoughts* are to open the work, in which biography, and occasionally portraits, are to be given. From 30 to 50 volumes, are anticipated.

Sir R. K. Porter's travels during the last four years in Georgia, Armenia, Persia, &c. are looked for with much interest. The drawings, and accurate copies of inscriptions, must render this publication of infinite value, in oriental literature.

Dr. SOUTHEY, will publish in the course of April, the Expedition of Orgua, and the Crimes Lope de Aguirre, of whom Baron Humboldt, in his travels, says, "the crimes and adventures of Lope de Aguirre, form one of the most dramatic episodes in the History of the Spanish Conquests."

Dr. REEDER announces a practical Treatise on Diseases of the Heart.

St. Aubin; or, the Infidel. 2 vols.

The Fair Witch of Glaslyn, a Romance. Traits and Trials; by an American. 3 vols. Geraldin; or, Modes of Faith and Practice; by a Lady. 3 vols.

The Fatalists; or Records of 1814 and 1815; by Mrs. Kelly. 5 vols.

Favourite of Nature, a Novel, in 3 vols.

Mr. C. BELL's Illustrations of the Great Operations of Surgery, will be completed in a few days by the publication of the 5th part.

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HANS HEILING'S ROCKS. A BOHEMIAN LEGEND.

BY KORNER.

THERE lived many ages ago, in a little village on the Eger, a rich farmer. The name of the village, tradition has not handed down to us, but it is generally believed to have been situated on the left bank of the Eger, opposite the village of Alch, which is well known to all the invalids of Carlsbad. VEIT, such was the name of the farmer, had a pretty and amiable daughter, the joy and pride of the surrounding country.

ELSBETH was really very handsome; and, besides that, so good and well educated, that it would not have been then easy to find her equal.

Near Veit's house stood a little cottage which belonged to the young ARNOLD, whose father had lately died. He had learnt the trade of a mason, and was just returning home for the first time after a long absence, at the period of his father's death. Like an affectionate son, he dropped tears of unfeigned grief upon the old man's grave, for he had received as his patrimony nothing but a miserable cottage. Arnold, however, enjoyed, in the stillness of his own bosom, a most valuable inheritance—truth and probity, and a lively sense of every thing good and beautiful. The elder Arnold was already in a declining state of health, when his son arrived at the village, and his physical strength was not sufficient for the joy of again beholding him. The young man sedulously attended

him, and in fact never stirred from his side, so that, previously to his father's decease, he saw none of his early friends and companions, except those who visited him as he sat by the bed of sickness.

Of all the other villagers there was none that took so lively an interest in Veit's daughter Elsbeth, as Arnold; for they had grown up together, and he still entertained a pleasurable remembrance of the kind-hearted little maid, who had been so fond of him, and wept so bitterly when he was obliged to set out for the dwelling of his master, who resided at Prague. He was now a fine slender youth, and he had often said within himself, that Elsbeth must also be now full grown, and exceedingly handsome.

The third evening after his father's death, Arnold was musing in sorrow, upon the new-made grave, when he heard a light step entering the churchyard behind him. He looked up, and saw a lovely girl gliding among the grave-hillocks with a basket of flowers upon her arm. An elder-bush concealed him from the eyes of Elsbeth, for it was she who was coming to adorn with garlands the resting-place of her venerable neighbour.

She bent in tears over the turf, and spoke in a low tone as she folded her hands together: "Rest in peace, virtuous man! may the earth be less burdensome to thee than thy life!—though no flowers were strewed along thy path,

yet shall thy grave at least be bedecked with them!"—Here Arnold sprang forward through the bushes—"Elsbeth!" cried he, as he pressed the terrified maiden in his arms, "Elsbeth, do you know me?"—"Ah! Arnold! is it you?" stammered she, blushing; "it is very, very long since we have seen one another."—"And you are so handsome, so mild, so amiable—and you loved my father, and still cherish such an affectionate remembrance of him. Dear, delightful girl!"—"Yes, worthy Arnold, I loved him with all my heart," said she, gently disengaging herself from his embrace; "we have often conversed together about you—the only joy he knew was the possession of such a son."—"Was I really a source of joy to him?" interrupted Arnold, hastily; "then do I thank thee, God, for having preserved me in probity and virtue! But, Elsbeth, only think how every thing is altered. Formerly we were little, and, as my father sat before the door, we played about his knees—you were so fond of me—and we could not live asunder—and now the good old man slumbers beneath us—we are grown up; and, though I have not had it in my power to be with you, yet have I often thought of you."—"And I also of you," whispered Elsbeth, softly, as she tenderly gazed upon him with her large friendly eyes.

Then Arnold exclaimed with animation:—"Elsbeth, we already loved in childhood!—I was obliged to quit you—but here, on the grave of my father, where I once more behold you, where we both came to meditate in silence upon him,—I feel as if we had never been separated. The sentiment of a child awakens within me, fostered into the passion of a man.—Elsbeth, I love you—here, on this sacred spot, I declare it to you for the first time, I love you! and you?"—But Elsbeth hid her glowing face in his breast, and wept heartily—"And you?" repeated Arnold, in a mournful and imploring tone. She gently raised her head, and looked full upon him through her tears, but with an expression of satisfaction. "Arnold, from the bottom of my heart, I am yours—I have ever, ever loved

you!" He again pressed her to his bosom, and they sealed with kisses the confession of their hearts.

When the first transport of reciprocal affection was over, they sat in an ecstasy of bliss upon the grave. Arnold related his adventures, and longings for his home, while Elsbeth again dwelt upon his father, and their early childhood, those days of unclouded enjoyment. The sun was already a considerable time below the horizon, but they had not observed it. At last a bustle in the adjoining street awoke them from their reverie, and Elsbeth, after a hasty parting kiss, flew from the arms of Arnold towards her father's house. At the dead of the night, Arnold was still sitting upon the old man's grave, sunk in blissful recollections; and the morning was already dawning, when, with an overflowing and thankful heart, he entered his paternal cottage.

On the morrow, as Elsbeth was preparing her father's morning repast, the old Veit began to speak of Arnold. "I pity the poor youth," said he, "from my heart—you must certainly remember him, Elsbeth, for ye have often played together."—"How should I not?" stammered she, reddening. "I should be sorry if it were not the case—it would appear as if you were too proud to think of the poor lad. It is true, I have become rich, and the Arnolds have always continued poor creatures,—but they have always been honest, at least the father, and I also hear very favourable accounts of the son."—"Really, father," interrupted Elsbeth, hastily, "he is an excellent young man."—"Ho, Elsbeth," retorted the father, "how have you learned that with such certainty?"—"They say so in the village," was the faltering answer. "I am glad of it; if I can assist him in any way, my exertions shall not be wanting."

Elsbeth, in order to terminate the conversation, during which her cheeks exhibited one continued blush, set about some of her household affairs, and thus escaped the scrutinizing glances of the suspicious old man. Before mid-day, Arnold met his beloved by appointment in the garden behind

Veit's house. She related to him the entire conversation, which inspired him with the most favourable expectations. "Yes," said he in conclusion, "I have been considering all night what is best to be done. I shall go this very day to your father, openly declare to him our love, and desire to be united. I shall acquaint him with my pursuits, produce the testimonials which I have obtained from my master, and implore his blessing. He will be pleased with my candour, and consent; I shall then cheerfully depart on my travels, amass a little competence, return a faithful and joyous lover, and we shall then be happy. Is it not true, sweet good Elsbeth?"—"Yes," cried the transported maid, as she hung upon his neck, "yes, my father will certainly give his consent—he is so fond of me!" They separated, full of the most sanguine hopes.

In the evening Arnold put on his best attire, once more visited his father's grave, fervently invoking his blessing, and then, with a beating heart, took the way to Veit's house. Elsbeth, trembling with joy, welcomed him, and forthwith introduced him to her father. "Neighbour Arnold," cried the old man, anticipating him, "what have you to offer me?"—"Myself," answered he. "That means?"—"inquired Veit. "Sir," began Arnold, with a voice tremulous at first, but afterwards more resolute and animated, "Sir, let me recover myself a little, and you will then understand me better. I am poor, but have been regularly brought up to business, as these testimonials will certify. The whole world lies open before me; for it is not my intention to confine myself to the mechanical part of my profession, but to pursue the theory of it: I shall one day become a skilful architect—this promise I have given to my deceased father. But, sir, all human efforts must centre in some object, and labour must be directed towards some fixed end. The houses which I build are not projected for the purpose of *erection* merely, but of *utility*; so is it with my profession. I do not devote myself to it for the mere sake of *study*, but with a view of de-

veloping some *profit* from it, and that reward which I have proposed to myself it rests with you to bestow. Promise me that it shall be mine, as soon as I shall have earned a competence, and I will devote myself to my profession with the utmost avidity."—"And what then do I possess," answered Veit, "which can be of such importance to you?"—"Your daughter—we love one another—I have, like an honest man, applied in the first instance to her father, and also refrained from saying much about the girl herself, as is the habit of many. No, I come to you alter the good old fashion, and solicit a promise, that if, at the end of three years, I return home from my travels, and with some little property realized, you will not deny me your paternal blessing,—and that you will, in the mean time, suffer your daughter to continue for three years my betrothed bride."

"Young man," replied the father, "I have let you speak on—do you permit me to do the same, and I shall plainly and fairly declare to you my resolution. That you love my daughter gives me unfeigned pleasure, for you are an honest youth; and I am still more pleased that you have openly applied to her father, which conduct indeed merits my decided approbation. Your principals term you a clever young man, and inspire you with hopes of advancement: I wish you joy of this; but hope is an uncertain good, and shall I rest the future prospects of my Elsbeth on so frail a foundation? It is possible, that, during these three years, proposals may be offered, which shall be more agreeable to my daughter, or at least to me. Shall I refuse such, because there is a possibility of your return? No, young man—I shall do no such thing. If, however, you return while Elsbeth is still disengaged, and with your fortune already made, I shall not oppose your wishes. For the present, not a word more on the subject."—"But neighbour Veit," faltered Arnold imploringly, and seized the old man's hand, "only reflect——"—"There is no need of fur-

ther reflection," interrupted Veit, "and therefore God bless you,—or, if you wish to remain longer, you are welcome; but not a word more of Elsbeth." "And this is your final resolve?" stammered Arnold. "My final one," returned the old man coldly. "Then God help me," cried the youth, and was rushing out of the room; Veit caught him quickly by the hand, and detained him. "Young man, do not commit an indiscretion. If you are a man, and possessed of strength and fortitude, be collected, and suppress your feelings. The world is wide—seek to engage yourself in busy life, and your breast will recover its tranquillity. Now, farewell, and may good fortune accompany you in your wanderings." With these words he let go his hold, and Arnold tottered to his cottage. Weeping bitterly, he packed up his bundle, bid adieu to his little patrimony, and then directed his steps towards the churchyard, in order to pay a parting visit to his father's grave.

Elsbeth, who had through the door partially overheard the conversation, sat drowned in tears. She had indulged in dreams of future bliss, and now, even hope itself seemed to be annihilated. Wishing to get a last sight of Arnold, she had stationed herself at the window of her apartment, and waited until he stepped out of the cottage, and bent towards the churchyard. She flew quickly after him, and found him praying on the grave. "Arnold, Arnold, you will then depart," cried she, embracing him, "ah! I cannot let you go!" Arnold started up, as if awakened out of a dream—"I must, Elsbeth, I must. Forbear to break my heart with your tears, for I must go."—"Will you ever return, and when?"—"Elsbeth, I will labour as much as man can do—I will not squander a moment of my time—in three years I return again. Will you continue true to me?"—"Until death, dear Arnold," cried she sobbing. "Even though your father should endeavour to compel you."—"Let them drag me to the church—even at the foot of the altar I will cry—no. Yes, Arnold, we will

remain true to one another, here and above yon sky. Somewhere we shall meet again!"—"Then let us part," cried Arnold, while a ray of hope beamed through the tears which filled his eyes, "let us part. No longer do I shrink before any obstacles—no enterprize shall be too great, or too audacious for me. With this kiss I pledge my troth to you, and now—farewell! in three years we shall be happy."—He tore himself from her arms. "Arnold," cried she, "Arnold, do not forsake your Elsbeth!" but he was already gone. His white handkerchief waved from afar a last adieu, and he at length disappeared in the obscurity of the wood.

Elsbeth flung herself down upon the grave, and prayed fervently to God. Being confident that Arnold would be true to her, she became more calm, and appeared more collected in the presence of her father, who fixed his eyes sharply upon her, and inquired into the most minute particulars.

Early every morning she performed a little pilgrimage to the spot where she had last embraced her Arnold; the old Veit was well aware of this circumstance, but made no comment upon it, and was rather glad that Elsbeth could be so tranquil, and even at times cheerful.

A year passed away in this manner, and, to Elsbeth's great satisfaction, no suitor who had yet announced himself had met with the approval of her father. About the end of the second year, a person returned to the village after a long absence, who had left it early on account of some acts of gross libertinism, and had seen a great deal of the world. HANS HEILING had departed in extreme indigence, but returned in very opulent circumstances. It seemed as if he had come back to the village for the mere purpose of displaying his wealth to those who had formerly been inimical to him. It was at first believed that he would spend only a short time in it, as he was continually speaking of important affairs which required his presence; he appeared, however, shortly after, to be making preparations

for a longer stay. Marvellous reports were spread throughout the village concerning him. Many an honest man shrugged his shoulders; and there were some who gave broad hints that they knew how he had amassed all his riches.

Be that as it might, Hans Heiling visited the old Veit daily, and amused him by relating his travels; how he had been in Egypt, and sailed into regions still more remote; so that the old man enjoyed a great deal of pleasure from his acquaintance; and that evening seemed to him very tedious, of which Heiling did not pass some part in his chamber. He heard, to be sure, many whispers among his neighbours, but shook his head incredulously at them; still there was one circumstance which excited some surprise in him,—that Hans Heiling shut himself up every Friday, and remained at home alone during the entire day. He put the question, therefore, to him straightway, how he employed himself on such occasions; “I am bound by a vow to spend every Friday in private prayer,” was the answer. Veit was satisfied: Hans went in and out as before, and his views with regard to Elsbeth became every day more apparent. But she entertained an unaccountable aversion for this man, insomuch that the blood seemed to curdle in her veins at the mere sight of him. Nevertheless, he made formal proposals to the old man, and received as an answer, that he should first endeavour to discover the sentiments of the girl herself. He therefore took advantage of an evening, on which he knew that Veit was not at home, to sound her feelings.

Elsbeth was sitting at her spinning-wheel, as he stepped in at the door, and shuddered as she stood up to inform him that her father was not within. “O then, let us chat a little together, my charming girl,” was his reply; and with these words he sat down by her side. Elsbeth quickly moved away from him. Hans, who considered this to be merely the effect of maiden timidity, and held the principle, that he who wishes to succeed with women must act with boldness, caught her sud-

denly round the waist, and said, in a flattering tone, “Will the fair Elsbeth not sit beside me?” But she tore herself out of his arms with an expression of aversion; and, with the words—“It is not becoming that I should remain alone with you,” made an effort to quit the room. But he followed, and embraced her more boldly: “Your father has assented to my proposals, fair Elsbeth; will you not then be mine? I shall not release you, until you make me that promise.” She vainly struggled to avoid his kisses, which burned upon her cheek, and increased her terror; in vain did she cry out for assistance,—his passion was in the highest state of excitement, and he was proceeding to take further liberties, when his eyes rested upon a little cross, which Elsbeth had from a child worn about her neck, as a token of remembrance received from her mother, who died early. Seized by some strange emotion, he let her go, appeared convulsed, and rushed out of the apartment. Elsbeth returned thanks to God for her deliverance; and when her father came home, related to him the outrageous behaviour of Heiling. Veit shook his head, and seemed much irritated. At his next meeting with Hans, he animadverted strongly upon his conduct; and the latter offered, as an apology, the impetuosity of his love. The occurrence, however, was so far fortunate for Elsbeth, that it released her for a long time from his assiduities. She wore openly upon her breast the cross which had, she knew not how, been her protection on that occasion; and observed that Heiling never addressed a single word to her whenever he found her so provided.

The third year was hastening to a close. Elsbeth, who had always employed some artifice to divert or interrupt the conversation, whenever her father spoke on the subject of a union with Heiling, became more and more cheerful. She daily visited old Arnold's grave, and then, crossing the Eger, ascended a height which lay on the road to Prague, silently indulging the hope of one time desecrating her

true-love on his way back to the village.

About this time, she one morning missed the little cross which was so dear and precious to her. She thought it must have been taken from her neck as she slept, for she never left it off; and her suspicions rested upon one of the maids, whom she had on the preceding evening overheard whispering with Heiling behind the house. In tears, she told it to her father, who laughed at her mistrust, asserting, that Heiling could set no such value upon the cross; that he was not a man for such amorous toying, and that she had certainly lost it in some other manner. Notwithstanding this, she remained unshaken in her opinion, and observed very plainly, that Heiling renewed his addresses with great seriousness and circumspection. Her father, too, became every day more urgent, and at last declared openly, that it was his firm and unalterable will, that she should give her hand to Heiling,—that Arnold had certainly forgotten her, and the three years were besides already past. Heiling, on his part, swore eternal love to her, in the presence of her father, adding, that he was not, like perhaps many others, actuated by any mercenary motive,—no, she herself was the object of his affection, for he had money in abundance, and would make her richer and happier than she had ever dreamed of becoming. But Elsbeth despised him and his wealth; being, however, strongly importuned by both parties, and tortured by reflections on the supposed infidelity or death of her Arnold, she saw no other course before her, but that which lies open to all those in despair; she accordingly begged for a respite of three days, for, alas! she still cherished the idea, that her beloved would return. The three days were granted; and her two persecutors, full of the hope that they would soon behold the accomplishment of their wishes, quitted the cottage, as Veit was going to accompany his intended son-in-law on a walk. Just at this inoment, the priest of the village, preceded by the sacristan, was coming down the street, on his way to adminis-

ter the final consolation to a person who was at the point of death. Every one bowed before the image of the crucified Redeemer, and Veit, in particular, fell prostrate; but his companion sprang into the nearest house with an expression of horror. Veit looked after him astonished, and not without shuddering, and then shaking his head, returned to his home. Presently a messenger from Heiling entered, who informed him, that his master had just been seized with a sudden giddiness, and hoped that he would come to him, without forming any unfavourable surmises. But Veit replied, crossing himself:—"Go, tell him I shall be happy to hear, that nothing worse than a mere giddiness has befallen him."

Elsbeth, meanwhile, sat weeping and praying on a hill at the entrance of the village, which commanded a view to a great extent along the road to Prague. A cloud of dust became visible in the distance; her heart throbbed violently; but as soon as she could distinguish objects, and descried a party of persons on horseback, in rich attire, her fond hopes were again blasted. In front of the train, there rode on the left of a venerable old man, a handsome youth, for whose eagerness the rapid pace of the horses seemed much too slow, and it was with difficulty that the old man could prevent him from galloping forward. Elsbeth was abashed at the number of men, and cast down her eyes, without looking any longer on the procession. On a sudden, the youth sprung from his steed and knelt before her:—"Elsbeth, is it possible? my dear beloved Elsbeth!" The terrified maid started up, but sunk in an ecstasy into the arms of the youth, exclaiming,—"*Arnold, my Arnold!*" They continued for a long time in a paroxysm of delight, lip to lip, and heart to heart. The companions of Arnold stood around the entranced pair, full of joyful emotion: the old man folded his hands in thankfulness to God; and never had the departing sun shone upon a happier groupe.

When the tumult of joy had in some measure subsided, it was a question between the lovers, which should first

commence a recital of their adventures. Elsbeth began at last, and explained in a few words, her unhappy situation, and the terms on which she stood with Heiling. Arnold was shocked at the idea of the bare possibility of losing his Elsbeth; while the old man made accurate inquiries concerning Heiling; and finally exclaimed,—“Yes, my friends! it is the same wretch, who, in my native town, was guilty of these abominable acts, and escaped the hand of justice, only by the rapidity of his flight. Let us thank God that we are here, to frustrate his villainous intentions.” Amid such discourses respecting Heiling and Elsbeth, they at length reached the village, but at rather a late hour.

Arnold triumphantly led Elsbeth to her father, who could hardly believe the evidence of his eyes, when he saw a number of rich-clad persons entering his cottage.—“Father of my Elsbeth,” began Arnold, “I am here to solicit the hand of your daughter. I have become an opulent man—am in favour with individuals of exalted rank, and able to do even more than I promised.”—“How!” cried the astonished Veit, “can you be the once poor Arnold, son of my deceased neighbour?”—“Yes, it is he,” replied the old man joining in the conversation, “the same, who three years ago left this place in poverty and despair. He applied to me,—I immediately perceived that he would become a master of his profession, and consequently received him into my employment. In the discharge of his duty he invariably gave the utmost satisfaction; and I was, in a short time, able to entrust the most important matters to his superintendence. He has permanently established a character for himself in many great towns; and is at present engaged in executing a work which promises to be a master-piece. He has become rich,—been admitted to the society of dukes and counts, and shared their munificence. Bestow your daughter upon him, in performance of your promise. The wretch to whom you were about to sacrifice your Elsbeth, has a thousand times merited the gallows,—I know the villain well.”—

“Is this all true that you relate to me?” enquired Veit. “It is! it is!” repeated all present. “Then I should be sorry to oppose your wishes,” said Veit, turning to Arnold; “distinguished artist, the girl is your’s; and may the blessing of God be upon you.” Unable to express their gratitude, the happy pair threw themselves at his feet: he folded them to his bosom,—and constancy at last met its reward.

“Friend Veit,” began the old man, after a long silence, interrupted only by the exclamations of joy which proceeded from the lovers, “Friend Veit, I should wish to make one request more of you.—Unite your children to-morrow morning without delay, that I may have the pleasure of seeing my Arnold completely happy, whom I love as a son; for Heaven has bestowed upon me none of my own. The day after to-morrow I must return to Prague.” “Well, well,” answered Veit, quite exhilarated, “if it is so very agreeable to you, we shall so arrange it.—Children,” said he, addressing himself to the young couple, “to-morrow is the day. Yonder, at my farm on the Egerberg, I shall make preparations for the wedding. I will immediately apprise the priest;—do you, Elsbeth, attend to your household concerns, and prepare to entertain your guests suitably to their dignity.” Elsbeth obeyed; and that Arnold slipped out a moment after, and both remained in the garden, engaged in confidential dalliance, we find very natural.

The first thought which occurred to the good son, when he had recovered from his ecstasy, rested upon the grave of his father; and he and Elsbeth went, therefore, arm in arm to the spot, which they had, at their last visit, quitted in despair.

At the grave they again plighted their troth, both inspired with a feeling of religious awe. “Does not,” whispered Arnold, embracing his betrothed with ardour, “does not this moment of blessedness overbalance three whole years of pain? We have attained the summit of our wishes,—life has no higher enjoyment to bestow,—it is only above that any purer bliss awaits

us!"—"Ah, that we could once die thus, arm on arm, heart on heart," sighed Elsbeth.—"Die!" repeated Arnold; "yes, on your breast! Gracious Providence! lay it not to our charge, that, even in the overflowing of our present joy, we entertain a feeling of something still higher. With grateful hearts we acknowledge the abundance of thy bounty! Yes, Elsbeth, let us pray here on our father's grave, and offer thanksgiving for the beneficence of Heaven!" It was a silent prayer but fervent and sincere; and the lovers returned home in indefinable emotion.

The morrow was a fine clear day; it was Friday, and the Festival of St. Laurence. There was a bustle through the whole village; at the door of every cottage stood youths and maidens in their holiday attire; for Veit was rich, and every suitable preparation had been made for the nuptials. Heiling's door alone was shut, for it was Friday; and it will be recollected, that he never let himself be seen on that day.

The procession to the church was presently set in motion, for the purpose of conducting the joyful pair to the loveliest of all solemnities. Veit and Arnold's principal walked together, and shed tears of unfeigned joy, on witnessing the happiness of their children. Veit had chosen an open place under a large linden in the middle of the village, for the celebration of the marriage-feast. Thither the train proceeded when the rites were at an end. The light, as it were, of heaven, shone from the eyes of the loving pair. The festive meal continued for several hours, and goblets crowned with flowers often rung to the toast, "Long live Arnold and his lovely bride!"

At last, the new-married couple, with the two fathers, Arnold's friends, and some of Elsbeth's companions, forsook the linden for the farm on the Egerberg. The house was beautifully situated among the foliage which crowns the rocky precipice that rises out of the valley; and, surrounded by a circle smaller in number, but consisting of more confidential friends, the hours flew by like minutes, for the enraptured

Arnold and his Elsbeth. The adorned bridal-chamber had also been prepared in the farm-house, and a cheerful evening meal stood ready, under bowers of fruit-trees, with which the garden was enriched. The most costly wines sparkled in the cups of the guests.

Twilight had already darkened the valley, but unnoticed by the joyful circle. At length the last faint glimmer of day disappeared, and a serene starry night saluted Arnold and his bride. The old Veit began even to speak of his youthful years, and entered so warmly into the subject, that midnight now approached, and Arnold and Elsbeth eagerly awaited the end of his speech. At last Veit concluded; and, with these words, "Good night, dear children," was preparing to escort them to the door of their chamber. At this moment the clock of the village below them struck twelve,—a fearful hurricane arose from the depth of the valley,—and Hans Heiling stood in the midst of the terrified assembly, with his countenance hideously distorted. "Satan," cried he, "I release you from your thralldom—but first annihilate these!"—"On that condition thou art mine!" answered a voice which issued from the howling blast.—"Thine I am, though all the torments of hell await me! but annihilate these!" A sort of fiery vapour now enveloped the hill, and Arnold, Elsbeth, Veit, and the guests, stood transformed into rocks; the lovers tenderly embracing each other, and the rest with their hands folded, in the attitude of prayer. "Hans Heiling," thundered a fiendish voice through the howling blast, "they are blest in death, and their souls are flown to heaven; but the term of thy contract is expired, and thou art mine!" Hans Heiling flew from the top of the rock down into the foaming Eger, which hissed as it received him, and no eye ever beheld him more.

Early on the following morning came the female friends of Elsbeth, with nosegays and garlands, to deck the new married pair; and the whole village flocked after them. But the hand of destruction was visible every

where ;—they recognized the features of their friends in the group of rocks ; and the maidens, sobbing aloud, wreathed their flowers around the stony forms of their once beloved friends. After this, all present sank upon their knees, and prayed for the souls of the departed. “Peace be with them,” a venerable old man at length broke the deep silence with these words :— “Peace be with them,—they passed a way in love and joy together—arm on arm and heart on heart they died. Be their graves perpetually adorned with fresh flowers, and let these rocks remain, as a memorial to us, that no evil spirit has power over pure hearts—that true love is approved even in death itself.”

After that day, many an enamoured pair performed a pilgrimage to Hans

Heiling’s rocks, and invoked the blessing and protection of the souls in bliss. This pious usage has died away, but the tradition still lives in the hearts of the people ; and, even at this day, the guide who conducts strangers up the fearful valley of the Eger, to HANS HEILING’S ROCKS, pronounces the names of Arnold and Elsbeth, and points out the forms of stone into which they were metamorphosed, together with the father of the bride, and the remainder of the guests.

It is reported, that there was heard, some years since, a frightful and unaccountable roaring of the Eger, at the part where Hans Heiling had precipitated himself into it ; and no one passed by at that time, without crossing himself, and commending his soul to the Lord.

(Literary Gazette.)

SURPRISE OF THE SCHOOL OF TERRACINA, *by the* ROMAN BANDITTI.

The following relation gives a frightful picture of the state of Italy.

DURING the night of the 23d of Jan. 1821, this school was attacked by banditti, eighteen in number, from the Neapolitan territory. One of them knocked at the gate, and demanded to speak to some of the youths, and to the Rector or Sub-rector. The porter answered, that neither of the latter were within, and then went to give information of the circumstance. Meantime, the voice of the Sub-rector returning home was heard : the banditti fell upon him, and holding a knife to his throat, forced him to have the door opened. Some of them immediately rushed in, while others remained to keep guard over their prisoner. The youths of the academy were obliged to get up, and, together with their professor and attendants, fifteen persons in all, to leave the house two by two, and to set out with the robbers for the mountains. They had gone only a few steps, when the brave Carabineer Ercolani singly and heroically attacked the band. Several shots were fired ; one of them killed the Carabineer, and

mortally wounded the Sub-rector, who died the following day : several of the boys were slightly wounded. During this combat, one of the boys, with a professor and attendant, had the good fortune to escape. The other prisoners were now obliged quickly to ascend the mountain ; on their way, another of the boys escaped. As soon as the affair was known at Terracina, the Captain of that district collected his troops, who, united with the yagers, followed the robbers ; but the papal troops not being allowed to pass the frontiers, gave the band an opportunity of escaping into the Neapolitan mountains. Application was however made to the Neapolitan authorities, for leave to pursue them and deliver the young prisoners. Already, on the 24th, the band had released two of the pupils and the porter, and gave them letters to the parents of the young people, in which they demanded 72,000 crowns in gold for their ransom, which was soon reduced to 30,000 crowns and some provisions.

The parents immediately sent a sum of money, as well as a quantity of provisions: upon this four of the youngest of the boys were released. Through the mediation of the Bishop, 8000 crowns more were sent, in return for which the freedom of nine more pupils was obtained. They had now only three boys, for whose ransom they wanted 2400 crowns; and deputies

had just arrived to pay them this imposition, when the Neapolitan troops appeared. The barbarians murdered two of the boys in the presence of the persons who had got the money to release them; the third, however, luckily escaped death by flight. Every exertion was making to apprehend the assassins.

(Edinburgh Magazine.)

STANZAS ON VISITING A SCENE OF CHILDHOOD.

“ I came to the place of my birth and said, ‘ The friends of my youth, where are they ? ’ and Echo answered, ‘ Where are they. ’ ”

Long years had elapsed since I gazed on the scene,
Which my fancy still robed in its freshness of green;
The spot where, a school-boy all thoughtless I stray'd
By the side of the stream, in the gloom of the shade.

I thought of the friends who had roam'd with me there,
When the sky was so blue, and the flowers were so fair;
All scatter'd—all sunder'd, by mountain and wave,
And some in the cold silent womb of the grave!

I thought of the green banks that circled around,
With wild-flowers, with sweet-briar, and eglantine crown'd.—
I thought of the river, all stirless and bright
As the face of the sky on a blue summer night.

And I thought of the trees under which we had stray'd,
Of the broad leafy boughs with their coolness of shade;
And I hoped, though disfigur'd, some token to find
Of the names, and the carvings, impress'd on the rind.

All eager I hasten'd the scene to behold,
Render'd sacred and dear by the feelings of old,
And I deem'd that, unalter'd, my eye should explore
This refuge, this haunt, this Elysium of yore!

'Twas a dream—not a token or trace could I view
Of the names that I loved, of the trees that I knew,
Like the shadows of night at the dawning of day,
Like a tale that is told—they had vanish'd away!

And methought the lone river that murmur'd along,
Was more dull in its motion, more sad in its song,
Since the birds, that had nestled, and warbled above,
Had all fled from its banks, at the fall of the grove!

I paused,—and the moral came home to my heart,—
Behold how of earth all the glories depart!
Our visions are baseless—our hopes but a gleam,
Our staff but a reed, and our life but a dream!

Then, oh! let us look—let our prospects allure
To scenes that can fade not, to realms that endure,
To glories, to blessings, that triumph sublime
O'er the blightings of Change, and the ruins of Time!

(Literary Gazette, April 14.)

THE BEAUTIES, HARMONIES, AND SUBLIMITIES OF NATURE.

BY CHARLES BUCKE.*

THEY who are happy enough to possess a taste for reading nature in her own works, will recognize one of her devoted worshippers in the author of these volumes. He seems to have looked on the world from a pastoral solitude, endeavouring to explore the hearts of men, and to bring their better nature into a high relief. The variety of subjects which he has connected with the proximate or remote operations of nature, is immense ; and it is manifest that he must have dedicated a great portion of his life to the observance of her laws, and to the admiration of her influence. We shall merely endeavour to give some idea of the general design, by taking a few specimens of the subjects, prefixing to them their appropriate titles.

GROTTOES.

"The names of deities were given to grottoes as well as to fountains. The serenity of an Italian sky served to render those occasional retreats peculiarly agreeable to the Roman nobility ; hence were they frequently to be found in the shrubberies and gardens of that accomplished people. The poets, at all times willing to celebrate whatever adds to their enjoyments, have left us some elegant descriptions of those recesses, formed in the sides of rocks, at the feet of mountains, or on the banks of rivulets. Many of these still remain in Italy ;* containing multitudes of small paintings, representing vases, festoons, leaves, butterflies, shells, and fruits.

"Pausanias gives a remarkable account of a grotto at Corycium ; and Statius describes an elegant one in his third *Sylva* ; but that, which was most celebrated in ancient times, was the grotto of Egeria ; still existing, though in a state of ruin.† When this grotto

was first made by Numa, it was formed with such skill, as to appear totally untouched by art : in the reign of one of the emperors, however, it entirely lost its simplicity ; and, being adorned with marble and other splendid ornaments, it acquired a magnificence totally foreign to its original character. This provoked the satire of the indignant Juvenal. It is now said to have returned to its primitive simplicity ; being adorned with moss, violets, sweet-briars, honey-suckles, and hawthorns.

"The grotto, which Pope formed at Twickenham, was one of the most celebrated ever erected in this kingdom. In the first instance, it was remarkable for its elegant simplicity : as the owner, however, advanced in years, it became more and more indebted to the refinements of art ; but the recollection of its having amused the last years of that illustrious poet atones to the heart of the philanthropist, for what it loses to the eye of imagination and taste. The inscription he wrote for this fountain, seems to have been conceived from the following laconic fragment :—

"*Nymphae . loci . bibe . lava . tace .*"

It may be well to apprise the reader that the author, with a modesty peculiar to himself, seldom describes his own feelings in the first person. He seems generally averse to mentioning himself directly ; though there are some instances to the contrary, in which, philosophic as he is, he permits the *irritabile genus* to appear, and which we would wish had been omitted. But, generally, he disguises his own feelings under a fictitious name, Colonna ; and he also surrounds himself with his friends, to whom he has assigned names which they alone know how to appropriate.

‡ Author of *Philosophy of Nature, Amusements in Retirement*, &c. See *Ath.* vol. I. p. 67, &c.

* *Diverse Maniere d'adornare i Cammini Roma*, p. 23, fol. 1769.

† The Latian peasantry believed that Egeria was so afflicted at Numa's death, that she melted into a fountain of tears.

A HARVEST SCENE.

"In the retired parish of Aberystwith, are three valleys and six dingles. Strawberries are in the woods, bilberries on the sides, and grouse upon the summits of the mountains. In the rivulets are, occasionally, found specimens of pyrites; and in the church-yard are several antique yew-trees, out of one of which grows a mountain ash. The church was built in the reign of Henry V. These valleys are so remote, and the access to them so difficult, that there never was a castle, a monastery, nor even a manor-house, built in either of them. The serpentine direction prevails here: as it does in the veins of plants; in the veins of minerals and animals; in the flowing rivers; in the motion of clouds; in the disposition of countries; and in the ever-varying progress of the moon.

"O, that this lovely vale were mine!
That, from glad youth to calm decline,

My years might gently glide,
Hope would rejoice in endless dreams,
And memory's oft returning gleams
By peace be sanctified.

"There would unto my soul be given,
From presence of all gracious Heaven,
A piety sublime:
And thoughts would come, of mystic mood,
To make, in this deep solitude,
Eternity of Time!

"Colonna once passed a day in these valleys: sometimes ascending the summits, sometimes sitting on the margin of the rivulets, and at others reclining under the shade of the coppices. It was the middle of September, and the very scene of repose, which Homer has described in one of the compartments of his hero's shield, was present. Flocks feeding over a valley, whose peace required no dogs to guard them: every soul of the village engaged in the harvest: some cutting the corn with sickles, others with scythes; some binding the sheaves; others picking up the shocks, which had fallen; boys taking the corn in their arms and carrying it to the binders; and others driving wicker sledges to the spot, where men and women were forming stacks. Groups of gleaners* finished the picture. As

he gazed, Colonna could not avoid contrasting this scene with those in the counties of Worcester and Kent, where the men were, probably, at that very moment, drawing the hop-poles out of the earth; the women taking their loaded stems; and, with their children, picking the clusters off the plants, and throwing them into baskets: the whole enlivened by the occasional song of hope and merriment.

"Such have I heard, in Scottish land,
Rise from the busy harvest band;
When falls before the mountaineer,
On lowland plains, the ripened ear."

Scott.

BEAUTY OF COLOURS.

"Nothing in nature is more beautiful than her colours. Every flower is compounded of different shades; almost every mountain is clothed with herbs, different from the one opposed to it; and every field has its peculiar hue.

"Colour is to scenery what the en-tablature is to architecture, and harmony to language. Nature, therefore, delights in no fixed colour: for even her green is so well contrasted, that the foliage of woods presents to our sight all the shades of an emerald, and all the combinations of innumerable chaplets. Colours are, indeed, so fascinating to the eye, that, in the East, there has long prevailed a method of signifying the passions, which is there called the love-language of colours. This rhetoric was introduced into Spain by the Arabians. Yellow expressed doubt; black, sorrow; green, hope; purple, constancy; blue, jealousy; white, content; and red, the greatest possible satisfaction. In regard to mourning, it may not be irrelevant to remark that, though most Europeans mourn in black, the ancient Spartans, Romans, and Chinese, mourned in white; the Egyptians in yellow; the Ethiopians in brown; the Turks in violet; while kings and cardinals indicate their grief in purple.

"With as much facility may we number the leaves of the trees, the billows of the ocean, or the sands of the beach, as describe the various blendings

* In ancient times persons were allowed to glean in orchards and vineyards, as well as in the corn-fields. Esdras seems to allude to this custom, II. ch. xvi. v. 29, 30, 31.

of colours in stones, just washed by the waves: or the gradations and successions of tints, in shells, minerals, and flowers. These meltings of various hues may, not inaptly, be styled the melody of colours. Sir Isaac Newton having remarked, that the breadths of the seven primary colours were proportional to the seven musical notes of the gamut; Father Cashel conceived that colours had their harmonies as well as music; and he, in consequence, constructed an instrument,† which he called an ocular harpsichord. The office of this instrument, says Goldsmith, was to reflect all the combinations of the primary colours in regular succession; the prismatic rays furnishing the notes, and their shades the semitones.

"In Japan, clouds frequently assume the shapes of irregular fortifications; giving great richness and variety to the vast etherial concave. At the tropics, they roll themselves into enormous masses, as white as snow; turning their borders into the forms of hills: piling themselves upon each other; and frequently exhibiting the shapes of caverns, rocks, and mountains. There, as may be collected from St. Pierre, may be perceived, amid endless ridges, a multitude of valleys, whose openings are distinguished by shades of purple and vermillion. These celestial valleys exhibit, in their various colours, matchless tints of white, melting into shades of different colours. Here and there may be observed torrents of light, issuing from the dark sides of the mountains, and pouring their streams, like ingots of gold and silver, over rocks of coral. These appearances are not more to be admired for their beauty, than for their endless combinations; since they vary every instant. What, a moment before was luminous, becomes coloured; what was coloured mingles into shade; forming singular and most beautiful representations of islands and hamlets,

bridges stretched over wide rivers, immense ruins, huge rocks, and gigantic mountains."

THE RAINBOW.

"The poets feigned the rainbow to be the residence of certain ærial creatures, whose delight it is to sport and wanton in the clouds. Milton, in his exquisite pastoral drama of *Comus*, thus alludes to this platonic idea:—

I took it for a fairy vision
Of some gay creature in the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds.

"Shakspeare is the only writer, who has alluded to the colours, which are reflected on the eyes when suffused with tears. The rainbow, which, not improbably, first suggested the idea of arches, though beautiful in all countries, is more particularly so in mountainous ones; for, independent of their frequency, it is impossible to conceive anything more grand, than the appearance of this fine arch, when its points rest upon the opposite sides of a narrow valley, or on the peaked summits of precipitate mountains. The Scandinavians believed it to connect earth with heaven; and gave it, for a guardian, a Being, called *Heimdaller*.

"It is impossible to see a rainbow without feeling admiration towards the Power that forms it! One of the glories which are said to surround the throne of Heaven, is a rainbow like an emerald. In the *Apocalypse* it is described, as encircling the head of an angel; in *Ezekiel*, the four cherubim are compared to a cloud arched with it."

These extracts, brief though they are, will shew the scope of the author's design, and the tendency of his mind. He appears to be an amiable, kind-hearted individual, and we trust that his work will find friends among the lovers of nature and of humanity.

† The powers of expressing colour by sound is fancifully illustrated in Mons. Bombet's *Lives of Haydn and Mozart*:—

"*Wind Instruments*.—Trombone, deep red; trumpet, scarlet; clarionette, orange; oboe, yellow; bassoon, deep yellow; flute, sky blue; Diapason, deeper blue; double diapason, purple; horn, violet.
"*Stringed instruments*.—Violin, pink; viola, rose; violoncello, red; double bass, deep crimson red."

SUPERNATURAL APPEARANCES.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette,

THE following extraordinary relation of a supposed supernatural appearance I received from the mouth of a man of veracity, and a scholar. It was related by a professor of physic in the University of Strasburgh, in which my informant was a student. The professor was a man of the strictest probity, and an eye-witness of the mysterious, and, as it proved, fatal occurrence to which I allude. On his death-bed he solemnly avowed to a party of students, who interrogated him whether he had related the story merely to excite their wonder, or whether what he asserted was a fact? that the affair was undoubtedly true, but that the agency by which it was performed was to him inexplicable. If you think proper to lay it before your readers it is at your service. I am respectfully, Sir, yours, &c.* Δ.

Professor K——, of the University of Strasburgh, in the former part of his life resided at Frankfort on the Main, where he exercised the profession of a physician. One day being invited to dine with a party of gentlemen, after dinner, as is the custom in Germany, coffee was brought in; an animated conversation commenced, various subjects were introduced, and at length the discourse turned upon apparitions, &c. K—— was amongst those who strenuously combated the idea of supernatural visitations, as preposterous and absurd in the highest degree. A gentleman, who was a captain in the army, with equal zeal supported the opposite side of the question.

The question was long and warmly contended, both being men of superior talents, till in the end the attention of the whole company was engrossed by the dispute. At length the captain, proposed to K—— to accompany him that evening to his country house, where, if he did not convince him of

the reality of supernatural agency, he would then allow himself, in the estimation of the present company, to whom he appealed as judges of the controversy, to be defeated. The professor, with a laugh, instantly consented to the proposal, if the Captain, on his honour, would promise that no trick should be played off upon him: the Captain readily gave his word and honour that no imposition or trick should be resorted to, and here for the time the present matter rested. Wine and tobacco now circulated, briskly, and the afternoon passed in the utmost harmony and conviviality. The Captain took his glass cheerfully, while K—— prudently reserved himself, to be completely on his guard against any manœuvre that might be practised in order to deceive him, or, as he properly observed, ‘to be in full and sober possession of his faculties, that whatever should be presented to his sight, might be examined through the medium of his reason.’ The company broke up at rather an early hour, and the Captain and K—— set out together on their *spiritual* adventure. When they drew near the Captain’s house, he suddenly stopped near the entrance to a solemn grove of trees. They descended from their vehicle, and walked towards the grove. The Captain traced a large circle on the ground, into which he requested K—— to enter. He then solemnly asked him if he possessed sufficient resolution to remain there alone to complete the adventure; to which K—— replied in the affirmative. He added further, ‘whatever you may witness, stir not, I charge you, from this spot, till you see me again; if you step beyond this circle, it will be your immediate destruction.’ He then left the professor to his own meditations, who could not refrain from smiling at what he thought the assumed solemnity

* We insert this account with pleasure, as a pleasing miscellany; though its resemblance to the Ghost Seer of Schiller will strike many of our readers. ED.

of his acquaintance, and the whimsical situation in which he was placed. The night was clear and frosty, and the stars shone with a peculiar brilliancy : he looked around on all sides to observe from whence he might expect his ghostly visitant. He directed his regards towards the grove of trees : he perceived a small spark of fire at a considerable distance within its gloomy shade. It advanced nearer ; he then concluded it was a torch borne by some person who was in the Captain's secret, and who was to personate a ghost. It advanced nearer and more near ; the light increased ; it approached the edge of the circle wherein he was placed. 'It was then,' to use his own expressions, 'I seemed surrounded with a fiery atmosphere : the heavens and every object before visible were excluded from my sight.' But now a figure of the most undefinable description absorbed his whole attention ; his imagination had never yet conceived any thing so truly fearful. What appeared to him the more remarkable, was an awful benignity portrayed in its countenance, and with which it appeared to regard him. He contemplated for a while this dreadful object, but at length fear began insensibly to arrest his faculties. He sunk down on his knees to implore the protection of heaven ; he remarked, for his eyes were still riveted on the mysterious appearance, which remained stationary, and earnestly regarded him, that at every repetition of the name of the Almighty, it assumed a more benignant expression of countenance, whilst a terrific brilliancy gleamed from its eyes. He fell prostrate on the ground, fervently imploring heaven to remove from him the object of his terrors. After a while he raised his head, and beheld the mysterious light fading by degrees in the gloomy shades of the grove from which it issued. It soon entirely disappeared, and the Captain joined him almost at the same moment. During their walk to the Captain's house, which was close at hand, the Captain asked his companion, 'Are you convinced that what you have now witnessed was supernatural?' K—— replied, 'he could

not give a determinate answer to that question ; he could not on natural principles account for what he had seen, it certainly was not like any thing earthly, he therefore begged to be excused from saying any more on a subject which he could not comprehend.' The Captain replied, 'he was sorry he was not convinced ;' and added, with a sigh, 'he was still more sorry that he had ever attempted to convince him.' Thus far it may be considered as no more than a common phantasmagorical trick, played off on the credulity of the Professor ; but in the end the performer paid dearly for his exhibition : he had, like a person ignorant of a complicated piece of machinery, given impetus to a power which he has not the knowledge to controul, and which in the end proves fatal to him who puts it in motion. K—— now assumed a gaiety which was very foreign to his feelings ; his thoughts, in spite of his endeavours, were perpetually recurring to the events of the evening ; but in proportion as he forced conversation, the Captain evidently declined it, becoming more and more thoughtful and abstracted every moment. After supper K—— challenged his friend to take a glass of wine, hoping it would rouse him from those reflections which seemed to press so heavy on his mind. But the wine and the Professor's discourse were alike disregarded : nothing could dispel the settled melancholy which seemed to deprive him of the power of speech. I must observe, that immediately after supper, the Captain had ordered all his servants to bed. It drew towards midnight, and he remained still absorbed in thought, but apparently not wishing to retire to bed. K—— was silently smoking his pipe, when on a sudden a heavy step is heard in the passage ; it approaches the room in which they are sitting,—a knock is heard : the Captain raises his head and looks mournfully at K——. The knock is repeated—both are silent : a third knock is heard, and K—— breaks the silence by asking his friend why he does not order the person in. Ere the Captain could reply, the room door was flung wildly open, when behold !

the same dreadful appearance which K——had already witnessed stood in the door way. Its awful benignity of countenance was now changed into the most appalling and terrific frown. A large dog which was in the room crept whining and trembling behind the Captain's chair. For a few moments the figure remained stationary, and then motioned the Captain to follow it; he rushed towards the door, the figure receded before him, and K——, determined to accompany his friend, followed with the dog. They proceeded unobstructed into the court yard; the doors and gates seemed to open spontaneously before them. From the court yard they passed into the open fields; K—— with the dog were about 20 or 30 paces behind the Captain. At length they reached the spot near to the entrance of the grove, where the circle was traced; the figure stood still, when on a sudden a bright column of flame shot up, a loud shriek was

heard, a heavy body seemed to fall from a considerable height, and in a moment after all was silence and darkness. K—— called loudly on the Captain, but received no answer. Alarmed for the safety of his friend, he fled back to the house, and quickly assembled the family. They proceeded to the spot, and found the apparently lifeless body of the Captain stretched on the ground. The Professor ascertained, on examination, that the heart still beat faintly; he was instantly conveyed home, and all proper means were resorted to to restore animation; he revived a little, and seemed sensible of their intentions; but remained speechless till his death, which took place in three days after. Down one side, from head to foot, the flesh was livid and black, as if from a fall or severe bruise. The affair was hushed up in the immediate neighbourhood, and his sudden death was attributed to apoplexy.

(Literary Gazette, April 1821.)

NEW (ANTARCTIC) LAND.

RESPECTING this country, the discovery of which was first announced in our work,* the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal has obtained some further interesting accounts. They occur in a notice of a second voyage, under E. Barnfield, master of the *Andromache*, who was dispatched in the brig which originally visited New Shetland, (the *William*) in order to ascertain the truth of the statements brought by Mr. Smith and his crew. The writer says, "We sailed from Valparaiso on the 20th of December 1819, but did not arrive on cruising ground till the 16th of January 1820, having been almost constantly harrassed with baffling winds and calms till we arrived in a high southern latitude. On that day, however, we had the good fortune to discover the land to the south-eastward, extending on both bows as far as the eye could reach. At a distance, its limits could scarcely be distinguished from the light white clouds which floated on the tops of the mountains. Upon a nearer approach, however, every object became distinct. The whole line of coast appeared high, bold, and rugged; rising abruptly from the sea in perpendicular snowy cliffs, except here and there where the naked face of a barren black rock shewed itself amongst them. In the interior, the land, or rather the snow, sloped gradually and gently upwards into high hills, which appeared to be situated some miles from the sea. No attempt was made to land here, as the weather became rather threatening, and a dense fog came on, which soon shut every thing from our view at more than a hundred yards distance. A boat had been sent away in the mean time to try for anchorage; but they found the coast completely surrounded by dangerous sunken rocks, and the bottom so foul, and the water so deep, that it was not

* See in our volume for the last year, (Ath. vol. 8. p. 115,) an account given of the voyage of the *William*, of Blythe, Smith master.

thought prudent to go nearer the shore in the brig, especially as it was exposed to almost every wind. The boat brought off some seals and penguins which had been shot among rocks; but they reported them to be the only animated objects they had discovered. The latitude of this part of the coast was found to be $62^{\circ} 26' S.$ and its longitude to be $10^{\circ} 54' W.$ †

“Three days after this, we discovered and anchored in an extensive bay, about two degrees farther to the eastward, where we were enabled to land, and examine the country. Words can scarcely be found to describe its barrenness and sterility. Only one small spot of land was discovered on which a landing could be effected upon the Main, every other part of the bay being bounded by the same inaccessible cliffs which we had met with before. We landed on a shingle beach, on which there was a heavy surf beating, and from which a small stream of fresh water ran into the sea. Nothing was to be seen but the rugged surface of barren rocks, upon which myriads of sea-fowls had laid their eggs, and which they were then hatching. These birds were so little accustomed to the sight of any other animal, that, so far from being intimidated by our approach, they even disputed our landing, and we were obliged forcibly to open a passage for ourselves through them. They consisted principally of four species of the penguin; with albatrosses, gulls, pintadoes, shags, sea-swallows, and a bird about the size and shape of the common pigeon, and of a milk-white plumage, the only species we met with that was not web-footed. We also fell in with a number of the animals described in Lord Anson's voyage as the Sea-Lion, and said by him to be so plentiful at Juan Fernandez, many of which we killed. Seals were also pretty numerous; but though we walked some distance into the country, we could observe no trace either of inhabitants, or of any terrestrial animal. It would be impossible, indeed, for any but beasts of prey to subsist here, as

we met with no sort of vegetation except here and there small patches of stunted grass growing upon the surface of the thick coat of dung which the sea-fowls left in the crevices of the rocks, and a species of moss, which occasionally we met with adhering to the rocks themselves. In short, we traced the land nine or ten degrees east and west, and about three degrees north and south, and found its general appearance always the same, high, mountainous, barren, and universally covered with snow, except where the rugged summits of a black rock appeared through it, resembling a small island in the midst of the ocean; but from the lateness of the season, and the almost constant fogs in which we were enveloped, we could not ascertain whether it formed part of a continent, or was only a group of islands. If it is insular, there must be *some* of an immense extent, as we found a gulf nearly 150 miles in depth, out of which we had some difficulty in finding our way back again.

“The discovery of this land must be of great interest in a geographical point of view, and its importance to the commercial interests of our country, must be evident, from the very great numbers of whales with which we were daily surrounded; and the multitudes of the finest fur-seals and sea-lions which we met both at sea and on every point of the coast, or adjacent rocky islands, on which we were able to land. The fur of the former is the finest and longest I have ever seen; and from their having now become scarce in every other part of these seas, and the great demand for them both in Europe and India, they will, I have no doubt, become, as soon as the discovery is made public, a favourite speculation amongst our merchants. The oil procured from the sea-lion is, I am told, nearly equal in value to that of the spermaceti whale. And the great number of whales we saw every where near the land, must also be an important thing to our merchants, as they have lately been said to be very scarce to the northward.

“We left the coast on the 21st of March, and arrived at this on the 14th

† Within a few minutes of the first discovery.

of April, having touched at Juan Fernandez for refreshment."

It is a singular coincidence, that the biography of Capt. Cook closes (by way of summary) with the declaration, that the illustrious navigator had deci-

ded two great problems—namely, that there was no antarctic land, and no passage into the arctic polar sea. These unlucky assertions are, by a strange chance, both negatived in the same year. (1820.)

(English Magazines, April 1821.)

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.*

FREDERICK WILLIAM always called General Peter Von Blankensee by his Christian name. He once said to one of his pages, 'Tell Peter to come.' The page went and returned with the answer, that it was impossible for him to come, as he had the gout in his feet. 'Return to him instantly, (said the king,) and tell him, if he don't come directly, he shall ride the wooden horse.' The page delivered his message word for word; the General dressed himself hastily, and entered the king's chamber looking extremely cross. 'Why do you look so sour?' was the first thing that the king said to him. 'I don't know, (said the General,) why your Majesty threatens me with the wooden horse, if I did not appear before you instantly. Is that a treatment for an old and faithful servant and general, who lies ill in bed?' 'I didn't think of such a thing, (said the king,) don't be angry; it is a sheer mistake; I only wanted my gunsmith Wannery.' Wannery's Christian name was also Peter, and he commonly went by that name.

The Duke of Lorrain, afterwards Emperor Francis I, paid a visit to Frederick William in February 1732, at Berlin. There were with the king at that time, Ferdinand Albrecht Duke of Brunswick, and Eberhart Louis, Duke of Wirtemburgh, with his cousin and successor Charles Alexander. All these foreign princes were invited to the evening parties. Every evening at 9 o'clock, the officer on duty brought the king a written report, telling him at the same time, if any thing remarkable had happened. One evening he stated that

two soldiers had deserted. The king tried to suppress his anger, but said, 'What countrymen are they?' Prince Charles Alexander did not wait for the answer of the person questioned, but said, 'Frenchmen!' 'How does your Highness know that?' asked the king, astonished. 'All foreigners here are certainly very curious to know what has brought us foreign Princes to Berlin, but they have patience enough to wait the result quietly. This, however, is not the case with the French; they immediately sally forth on such occasions, to brag of what they have seen, and to make others feel that they have been witnesses, of what few or none can boast of.' They all laughed at this observation; but the deserters being taken and brought back, the king was very much surprised, when by the questions which he put to them he not only learnt that they were Frenchmen, but also that they had run away for the reasons which the Prince had assigned.

CHATTERTON.

The unfortunate Chatterton had written a political essay for "the North Briton," which opened with the flourish of "A spirited people freeing themselves from insupportable slavery." It was, however, though accepted, not printed, on account of the Lord Mayor's death. The patriot thus calculated the death of his great patron.

Lost by his death in this essay £1 11 6
Gained in elegies .. £2 2 0
— in essays .. £3 3 0

5 5 0

Am glad he is dead by £3 13 6

* See p. 137.

"GOING YOUR WAY."

Paul Hefferman was a man of learning and genius, notwithstanding the scurrility of Tom Davis, the bookseller, who did not dare while he lived to look *uncivilly* at him. The eccentricity of Paul was remarkable; he was always *going your way*. To try the experiment as far as it would go, a gentleman of his acquaintance, after treating him with a good supper at the Bedford Coffee House, took him by the hand, saying, "Good night, Paul." "Stay," says he, "I am going your way." His friend stepped onward, out of his own way, with Paul to Limehouse; when contriving to amuse him with the certain success of his tragedy, the Heroine of the Cave, afterwards performed with *no* success, he brought him back to Carpenter's Coffee House, in Covent Garden, at three o'clock in the morning: where, after drinking some coffee and punch, a new departure was taken, with, "Good morning, Paul; I am going to the Blue Boar, in Holborn." "Well," said Hefferman, "*That's in my way*;" and upon leaving his friend at the gate, he took his leave a second time, about five in the morning, and afterwards walked leisurely home to his lodgings, in College Street, Westminster.

AMANUENSES.

The Earl of Peterborough could dictate letters to nine amanuenses together, as (says Pope) I was assured by a gentleman who saw him do it, when ambassador at Turin. He walked round the room, and told each in his turn what he was to write. One was, perhaps, a letter to the Emperor; another, to an old friend; a third, to a mistress; a fourth, to a statesman; and so on; and yet he carried so many and so different connexions in his head, all at the same time.

A voluminous author was one day expatiating to Goldsmith, on the advantages of employing an amanuensis, and thus saving the trouble of writing. "How do you manage it?" said the doctor. "Why," replied the other, "I walk about the room and dictate to a clever man, who puts down very correctly all that I say, so that I have

nothing more to do, than just look over the manuscript, and then send it to the press." Goldsmith was delighted with the information, and desired his friend to send the amanuensis to him the next morning. The scribe accordingly waited upon the doctor, placed himself at the table with the paper before him, and his pen ready to catch the oracle. Goldsmith paced round and round the room with great solemnity for some time; but after racking his brain to no effect, he put his hand into his pocket, took out a guinea, and giving it to the amanuensis, said, "It won't do, my friend; I find that my head and my hand must go together."

ANECDOTE OF MAJOR VON SCHILL.

Major Schill, in his campaign, in 1806 and 1807, had taken with his volunteer corps, four extremely fine horses, intended for Buonaparte; who, when he heard of the circumstance, wrote to the Major to return them, engaging to pay him 1000 crowns in gold for each. This letter however was directed thus: "To the Captain of Bandidi Schill." Schill's answer to this letter is as follows.

"Dear Brother,—I am the more pleased at having taken four of your horses, as I see by your letter, that you put so great a value upon them. But I cannot accept your 4000 crowns in gold for them; I am not at all in want of money; and besides I do not covet other people's property. If however instead of this, you will replace the four horses which you stole from the Brandenburg Gate at Berlin, you shall have the horses again which I have taken from you, without further payment."

RETURNING A FEE.

Some years ago, an unsuccessful candidate for the borough of Berwick upon Tweed, preferred a petition to the House of Commons, and retained an eminent counsel with a fee of fifty guineas. Just before the business was about to come before the house, the barrister, who had in the interval changed his political sentiments, declined to plead. The candidate immediately waited on his advocate, mildly expostulated and remonstrated, but all in

vain ; he would not by any means consent either to plead or return the money ; adding, with a sneer of professional insolence, that the law was open, and he might have recourse to it, if he felt himself injured. ‘ No, no, sir,’ replied the spirited client, ‘ I was weak enough to give you a fee, but I am not quite fool enough to go to law with you, as I perceive my whole fortune may be wasted in retaining fees alone, before I find one honest barrister to plead for me. I have therefore brought my advocate in my pocket!’ Then taking out a brace of pistols, he offered one to the astonished counsellor ; and protested that before he quitted the room, he would either have his money or satisfaction. The money was accordingly returned ; but for want of so able an advocate, the justice of his cause did not prevent his losing it.

“ THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.”

In the year 1736, two smugglers, of the names of Wil-on and Robertson, robbed the Collector of the Customs at Kirkaldy of a considerable sum of money, which was the property of government. They were both taken, brought to trial, and condemned to death. The fate of these men was universally pitied ; but Wilson, by an act of extraordinary resolution, generosity, and fidelity, exalted the general sympathy to ardent admiration, and fixed it solely on himself. The two criminals under sentence of death were, according to custom, carried on a Sunday after their condemnation, to join in the weekly public services of religion. Four soldiers of the town guard of Edinburgh were their conductors ; and they entered the church before the congregation had fully assembled, and before the commencement of the service. The prisoners were entrusted without fetters to the custody of their guard. In these circumstances, the church door being open, and the persons who were present not unfavourably disposed towards the criminals, Wilson, by a sudden effort of astonishing strength, grasped with each of his hands one of the attending soldiers, seized a third with his teeth, held them inextricably fast, and called

to his comrade Robertson to run for his life. Robertson did run, and made his escape. Wilson, overjoyed in having delivered his friend, remained patiently behind to suffer for his crimes.

Such is the historical fact of which the “ *Mysterious Unknown*” has made such admirable use in his romance of “ *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*.”

WRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

Among the peculiar circumstances attending the dreadful wreck of the French vessel, the *Medusa*, on the Coast of Africa, the following is not among the least worthy of being recorded. After passing thirteen days on a raft, subject to every privation, and exposed to a parching heat which produced madness in all its hideous forms ; they at length were relieved from this perilous situation, having lost one hundred and thirty-five out of one hundred and fifty men. On shore they were crowded into an hospital, where medicaments, and even the common necessities of life, were wanting. An English merchant, who does good by stealth, and would blush to find it fame, went to see them. One of the poor unhappy wretches made the signal of a Freemason in distress ; it was understood, and the Englishman instantly said, “ my brother, you must come to my house and make it your home.” The Frenchman nobly replied, “ my brother, I thank you, but I cannot leave my companions in misfortune.” “ Bring them with you,” was the answer ; and the hospitable Englishman maintained them all until he could place them beyond the reach of misfortune. M. Correard, bookseller of Paris, was one of the objects of this gentleman’s noble hospitality.

ANECDOTE.

In one of the poems of Calidasa (who flourished at the court of Viera-maditya, fifty-seven years before Christ, and from whose productions Sir William Jones has translated some favourable specimens) is to be found a couplet which has been thus rendered. “ The intoxicated bee shines and murmurs in the fresh blown *Milica*, like him who gives breath to the white conch in the procession of the God with five ar-

rows." A critic to whom the poet repeated this verse observed, that the comparison was not exact: since 'the bee sits on the blossom itself, and does not murmur at the end of the tube, like him who blows a conch.' 'I was aware of that,' replied Calidasa, 'and therefore described the bee as *intoxicated*: a drunken musician would blow the shell at the wrong end.' This was a very proper rebuke, and doubtless annihilated for a space the arguments of the hypercritic. It was probably in this spirit that our divine Milton observed, in reply to the importunities of a friend, as to some assumed contradictions and inconsistencies in the

speeches of Satan to his peers, in *Paradise Lost*; that, admitting the fact to be as was represented, it would have been improper and out of character, for the devil, who is the *father of lies*, to have delivered several long speeches without any deviation from truth or consistency! As we have not seen this anecdote quoted in any of the published lives of the poet, it may not be improper to state the source from whence we derived it. It is written in latin, in a cramped and curious hand, on a fly leaf of Fenton's *Life of Milton*, in the possession of a gentleman now on the continent. We have no further means of vouching for its authenticity.

(Literary Gazette.)

A NARRATIVE OF TRAVELS IN NORTHERN AFRICA,

Accompanied by Geographical notices of Soudan, and of the Course of the Niger, &c. &c.

BY CAPT. G. F. LYON, COMPANION OF MR. RITCHIE.

CAPTAIN Lyon commences with a modest preface, honourable to his deceased fellow traveller, Ritchie, and to his own heart; and this is followed by a chart of his route, on a good plan, and well executed. After narrating the circumstances which led him to volunteer his services, the gallant author carries us with him; Mr. Ritchie; a French artist, called Dupont; and a shipwright named John Belford, (who formed the expeditionary party) to Tripoli, where, to facilitate their enterprize, they assumed the dress and appellation of Moslems.

Arabian Horses.—"The Arabs consider a large belly as very handsome; and some horses, from the nature of their food, acquire such rotundity in this respect, that they appear like mares in foal. A light mane and tail on a chesnut horse is considered unlucky: the colour, though common, is not much admired, and the feet of such animals are accounted soft and tender. Bay is the favourite colour next to grey, which is much in request, the Bashaw generally riding horses of this description. Much importance is attached to the manner in which the legs

are coloured, stockinged horses being in the extremes of good or bad luck, according to the disposition of the white. If both fore-legs are marked, it is good; if one hind, and one fore-leg are marked on the same side, it is very unlucky; or if one alone is white, it is equally unfortunate; but if opposite legs (off-fore and near-hind) are light, nothing can be more admired. Ridiculous as these fancies may appear, they nevertheless influence the price of horses, sometimes to even a sixth of their value."

Captain Lyon does not seem to be aware, that like most other nations apparently superstitious, these opinions on horse-flesh, may have their origin in a shrewd observance of nature. Many old freaks and ancient follies, as they are thought, have begun in this way, and been sanctified, as it were, by some religious association, in order to obtain for them a more general assent among the multitude. And even in our own country, this very prejudice about the colour of a horse's legs, is as firmly rooted as in Africa; and, according to the rhyme, a Yorkshire groom is as prone to believe as an Arab devotee—

One white foot, buy a horse;
 Two white feet, try a horse;
 Three white feet, look well about him;
 And four white feet, go without him.

"On the 22d of April we left Sockna in company with the Sultan. At 11. 30. we were attended clear of the town by a great multitude of people, and a prayer being recited the horsemen all stopped, holding their open hands with the palms towards heaven. After this, each one kissed the Sultan's hand, and returned home. At one we passed a small spring, the only one in the country, of about two feet in diameter, in which the water was pretty good. The Sultan here told us, with an air of firm belief, that a Maraboot once travelling this way, was overcome by thirst, and that by striking the ground with his stick (in the name of God), this water arose. At 3. 30. we entered a wadey in the Soudah mountains, called Octooffa, bearing from Sockna south by west, and at six encamped near a well of tolerably good water, called Gutfa. Our place of encampment was a small plain, without any other vegetation than a few prickly bushes of talbh. This spot was surrounded on every side by high mountains of basalt, which gave it the appearance of being in the crater of a volcano. We here presented our Bouzaferr, which is a kind of footing paid by all travellers on entering Fezzan, and is attended with ceremonies something similar to those on crossing the line. Should any person refuse the necessary distribution of food, the Arabs dig a grave, telling him it is made expressly for him, and howling as for a dead person, with many other ridiculous pranks which generally produce the wished for feast. We took with us for this purpose, two sheep and a quantity of meal, and distributed portions to all the tents, much to the satisfaction of our fellow travellers. Lilla Fatma also paid her footing, as did one or two others, who had never before passed these mountains."

Having arrived at Mourzouk on the 4th of May our countrymen established their quarters there as Mamlukes, and to support the character went regu-

larly to Mosque, performed the Mahometan prostrations, repeated the prayers, and acted in every point as became the Faithful.

He saw many of the Taurick tribe or nation.

"The manner of riding among these people is very singular. They have swift tall camels, called Maherry (the Haric of travellers,) with which they perform extraordinary journeys. The saddle is placed on the withers, and confined by a band under the belly. It is very small, and difficult to sit, which is done by balancing with the feet against the neck of the animal, and holding a tight rein to steady the head. They manage these creatures with great dexterity, fighting when mounted on them, and firing at marks when at full speed, which is a long trot, in which the maherry can continue at about nine miles an hour for many hours together. They do not much esteem horses, and never buy them but for the purpose of exchanging them for slaves in Soudan."

"In August, a large Kafflé of Arabs, Tripolines and Tibbo, arrived from Bornou, bringing with them 1400 slaves of both sexes and of all ages, the greater part being females. Care was taken that the hair of the females should be arranged in nice order, and that their bodies should be well oiled, whilst the males were closely shaven, to give them a good appearance on entering the town."

"The Tibboo, who bring the slaves from Bornou, are of the tribes on the road; and some are from Fezzan. They are more careful of their horses than of their families, sparing no expense to fatten them; this is done by cramming them with large balls of meal or dough, which are considered highly nourishing. A fine horse will, in the Negro country, sell for 10 or 15 negroes; each of which, at the Barbary ports, is worth from 80 to 150 dollars.

"All the traders speak of slaves as farmers do of cattle. Those recently brought from the interior were fattening, in order that they might be able to go on to Tripoli, Benghazi, or Egypt: thus a distance of 1600 or 1800 miles is to be traversed, from the time these

poor creatures are taken from their homes, before they can be settled; whilst in the interior they may, perhaps, be doomed to pass through the hands of eight or ten masters, who treat them well or ill according to their pleasure.

"*Tombuctoo*—is about 90 days journey from Morzouk, and the road thence is through Tuat. From the account given by merchants, it appears that it is not so large a town as has been imagined; and indeed some agree in saying that it is not more extensive than Morzouk. It is walled; the houses are very low, and with the exception of one or two small streets, are built irregularly. Huts of mats seem to be in greater numbers than the houses.

"The merchants to whom I suggested the idea, generally agree with me, that the immense population which is said to exist there may be thus accounted for. Many of the kaffles from Morocco, Ghadams, Tripoli, and the Negro states along the banks of the Nil, are obliged to remain there during the rainy season, or until their goods are sold. During their stay, they find it necessary to build huts, or houses, to shelter themselves and their merchandise. These buildings are got up in a few days; and thus perhaps ten or fifteen thousand inhabitants may, in the course of a month, be added to the population, which occasions *Tombuctoo* to be thought an immense town by those who are only there at the same time as other strangers; but when the causes which detain the travellers cease, the place appears (what in reality it is said to be) insignificant. Thus it is that the accounts of it differ so much."

Buffalo and Ostrich.—"There is a chain of mountains, a few miles east of the town, called Wadan, on account of the immense number of buffaloes to be found there, and which are of three species; viz. the Wadan, an animal of the size of an ass, having very large horns, short reddish hide, and large bunches of hair hanging from each shoulder, to the length of eighteen inches, or two feet: they have very large heads, and are very fierce. The Bogra el Weish, which is a red buffalo, slow in its motions, having large horns,

and being of the size of an ordinary cow; and the white buffalo, of a lighter and more active make, very shy and swift, and not easily procured. The calving time of these animals is in April or May. There are also in these mountains great quantities of ostriches, by hunting which many of the natives subsist. All the Arabs here agree respecting the manner in which these birds sit on their eggs, and which I was not before aware of. They are not left to be hatched by the warmth of the sun, but the parent bird forms a rough nest, in which she covers from fourteen to eighteen eggs, and regularly sits on them in the same manner as the common fowl does on her chickens; the male occasionally relieving the female. It is during the breeding season that the greatest numbers are procured, the Arabs shooting the old ones while on their nests. At all the three towns, Sockna, Hoon, and Wadan, it is the custom to keep tame ostriches in a stable, and, in two years, to take three cuttings of their feathers. I imagine, from what I have seen of the skins of ostriches brought for sale, that all the fine feathers sent to Europe are from tame birds; the wild ones being generally so ragged and torn, that not above half a dozen good perfect ones can be found. The white feathers are what I allude to; the black, being shorter and more flexible, are generally good."

Of the sultan's children at Mourzouk, the author gives a curious account.

"I was," says he, "much struck with the appearance of his daughters, one of three, the other of one year and a half old, who were dressed in the highest style of barbarian magnificence, and were absolutely laden with gold. From their necks were suspended large ornaments of the manufacture of *Tombuctoo*, and they had massive gold armlets and anklets of two inches in breadth, and half an inch in thickness, which, from their immense weight, had produced callous rings round the legs and arms of the poor infants. They wore silk shirts, composed of ribbons sewed together in stripes of various colours, which hung down over silk trowsers. An embroidered waistcoat and cap

completed this overwhelming costume. Their nails, the tips of their fingers, the palms of their hands, and the soles of their feet, were dyed dark brown with henna. I had viewed with amazement and pity the dress of these poor little girls, borne down as they were by finery; but that of the youngest boy, a stupid-looking child of four years old, was even more preposterous than that of his sisters. In addition to the ornaments worn by them, he was loaded with a number of charms, enclosed in gold cases, slung round his body; in his cap were numerous jewels, heavily set in gold in the form of open hands, to keep off the effects of the 'Evil Eye.' These talismans were sewn on the front of his cap, which they entirely covered. His clothes were highly embroidered, and consisted of three waistcoats, a shirt of white silk, (the women only wearing coloured ones,) and loose cloth, silk, or muslin trowsers. * *

Apropos des bottes—talking of marriages, Capt. L. proceeds—

"One singularity I must remark of Fezzan, which is that fleas are unknown there, and those of the inhabitants who have not been on the sea coast cannot imagine what they are like. Bugs are very numerous, and it is extraordinary that they are called by the same name as with us. There is a species of them which is found in the sands, where kaffés are in the habit of stopping; they bite very sharply, and fix in numbers round the coronet of a horse: the animals thus tormented often become so outrageous as to break their tethers."

Old Hadje was a great story-teller, and entertained our countrymen with his relations over their evening fire.

"Religion was generally the subject of these tales, which, when related by the old Hadje, were usually prefaced thus: 'When a man has been three times to the holy house, as I have been, he begins to know something, thank God!' He repeated many marvellous stories of the country of Sindi, or Persia, in which is the bed of the sun, and where grows a tree bearing a fruit resembling a coffin. This growing daily larger until ripe, at last bursts, and out

of it a man drops to the ground, who cries 'Wauk, wauk; in the name of the merciful God,' and instantly expires, sinking suddenly into the earth. He told me that in Paradise the prophets are permitted by God to ride on animals of extraordinary beauty, called Borak, whose form is something like that of an antelope, and their swiftness such, that in the twinkling of an eye they can spring out of sight. All the prophets ride on the bare backs of these animals, but Allah, out of love for Sidna (our Lord) Mohammed, gave him a golden saddle, on which he parades before the faithful. Many more stories equally extraordinary are told and believed all over the country; and in Mourzouk are a few copies of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and the voyages of Sindèbad the Sailor, which are as fully accredited as the Koran itself."

"There are no written records of events amongst the Fezzanners, and their traditions are so distorted, and so strangely mingled with religious and superstitious falsehoods, that no confidence can be placed in them; yet the natives themselves look with particular respect on a man capable of talking of 'the people of the olden time.' Several scriptural traditions are selected and believed. The psalms of David, the Pentateuch, the books of Solomon, and many extracts from the inspired writers, are universally known, and most reverentially considered. The New Testament translated into Arabic, which we, (says Capt. L.) took with us, was eagerly read, and no exception made to it, but that of our Saviour being designated as the Son of God. St. Paul, or Baulus, bears all the blame of Mohammed's name not being inserted in it; as they believe that his coming was foretold by Christ, but that Paul erased it: he is, therefore, called a Kaffir, and his name is not used with much reverence."

"I never before had an opportunity of observing how water is procured from the belly of a camel, to satisfy the thirst of an almost perishing Kafflé. It is the false stomach which contains the water and undigested food. This is strained through a cloth, and then drank."

(Literary Gazette, April 21.)

SPRING IN ENGLAND, 1821.

[We are indebted for the following lines to the author of *The Harp in the Desert*, &c. Ismael Fitzadamis, known so advantageously to the public as the *Sailor Poet*.]

*To Miss — who promised to bring me a Snow-
Drop.—Written during Sickness.*

THOU saidst thy hand would gently shed
Spring's first-born child, the snow-drop dear,
From shelterless and lonely bed,
And bring the herald-blossom here—
I would have kissed the lucid thing,
Redeem'd from winter's icy wing,
And call'd thee Love's soft queen protecting timid
Spring.

Yet March hath own'd a better day,
And nymphs begin to braid the bower :
Yet longing weeks have lagged away,
Nor hast thou come, nor other flower—
And is it, Mary, sadly true,
That women's words are but as dew,
Descending all as soft, as soon exhaling too ?

Time was, and memory weeps that time,
With other step when wont to move,
I met young spring on mountain cline,
Or roamed the rocks in quest of love.
Then sang my wild harp welcome wild,
Health's sun rose bright, and beauty smiled,
I was a weak, indeed, but happy, happy child.

That sun hath fled my riper day,
Or feebly gleams, eclips'd and dim ;
And who will sooth the sick man's way ?
Nor Spring revives, nor flower, for him,
Nor beauty lights his lonely bower ;
He weeps away his vernal hour,
Nightly and lone he weeps, like that rath snow-drop
flower.

On earth the wretch can lose no more,
O blessed health ! who loseth thee :
A nuisance cast on life's lee shore,
Like shattered bark, unworthy sea—
The war-ship's streamers flaunt on high,
The merry pinnace dances by,
Unheeding all of him, there laid alone to die.

Even she, whose sweetly-artless wile
Might wake a dawn round dark decree,
Withdraws the spring that waits her smile,
Nor deigns to cull a flower for me ;
From sickness, beauty turns her ray,
And love as lightly wings away,
No solace left me now but harping simple lay.

OMENS.

IN the days when the belief in omens flourished in England, the following were deemed lucky. If, on setting out on a journey a sow with pigs were met, the journey would be successful ; to meet two magpies, portended marriage ; three, a successful journey ; four, unexpected good news ; and five, that the person would soon be in the company of the great. If in dressing, a person put his stockings on wrong side out, it was a sign of good luck ; but the luck would be changed, if the stockings were turned the right way. Nothing could ensure success to a person going on important business more effectually, than throwing an old shoe after him when he left the house. If a younger sister were married before the elder ones, the latter should dance at her wedding without shoes, otherwise they will never get husbands. To find a horse-shoe is deemed lucky, and it is still more so, if it be preserved

and nailed upon the door, as it thus prevents witchcraft.

In England, and more particularly in Wales, according to Pennant, it is a good omen if the sun shine on a married couple, or if it rains when a corpse is burying. According to the old distich,

Happy is the bride that the sun shines on,
Happy is the corpse that the rain rains on.

The unlucky omens in England are, to see one magpie, and then more ; to kill a magpie is a terrible misfortune. It is also unlucky to kill a swallow, or more properly the house-martin. If, on a journey, a sow crosses the road, the person, if he cannot pass it, must ride round about, otherwise bad luck will attend his journey. If a lover presents a knife or any thing sharp to his mistress, it portends that their loves will be cut asunder, unless he takes a pin, or some other trifling article, in

exchange. To find a knife or a razor, portends disappointment; a piece of coal starting from the fire, of a hollow form, portends death. To spill the salt, or lay the knife and fork across each other at table, is very ominous; if there be in company thirteen, some misfortune will befall one of them. The noise of the small insect called a death-watch, foretells death; and the screech-owl at midnight, some great misfortune.

If the cheek burns, or the ear tingles, it is a sign that some person is talking of one; and the coming of strangers is foretold by what is called "a thief in the candle." Friday is an unlucky day to be married, and yellow is an ominous colour for an unmarried woman to wear; in plucking a "merry-thought," the person who gets the largest share will be married before the other.

In the highlands of Scotland omens are very numerous; it is unlucky to stumble at the threshold, or to be obliged to return for any thing forgot. To step over a gun, or a fishing-rod, spoils sport. If, when the servant is making a bed, she happens to sneeze, the sleep of the person who is to lie in it will be disturbed, unless a little of the straw (with which most beds in the Highlands were, till very lately, filled) is taken out, and thrown into the fire. If a black cloud on New Year's eve is seen, it portends some dreadful calamity, either to the country, or to the person over whose estate or house it appears. The day of the week on which the third of May falls, is deemed unlucky throughout the year. Friday is considered as unlucky for many things, especially for digging peat, or taking an account of the sheep or cattle on the farm. Under the persuasion, that whatever is done during the waxing of

the moon, grows; and whatever is done during her waning, decreases and withers; they cut the turf which they intend for fences, and which of course they wish to grow, when the moon is on the increase; but the turf which they intend for fuel, they cut when she is on the wane, as they wish it to dry speedily. If a house takes fire during the increase of the moon, it denotes prosperity; if during her wane, poverty. In the Island of Mull, the first day of every quarter is deemed fortunate; and Tuesday is the most lucky day for sowing their corn. The lucky omens in the Highlands are not many, and in general they are the same as those in other countries; one, however seems peculiar to them—it is deemed lucky to meet a horse. In the Orkneys, Friday, which in most other places is reckoned an unfortunate day for this purpose, is generally chosen for marriage; next to it, Thursday is fixed upon; and the time when the moon is waxing is the most fortunate. When an Orkney fisherman is setting off from the shore, he takes special care to turn his boat in the direction of the sun's motion; if he neglected this, he would not expect good luck. In the lowlands of Scotland, good or bad fortune throughout the year is thought to depend greatly upon the person who is first seen on New-Year's morning, or the "first foot," as it is called; if the "first foot" be that of a friend, and fortunate person, the subsequent year will be fortunate. Under this idea, as soon as ever twelve o'clock at night announces the commencement of the New Year, it is customary, even in Edinburgh, to secure a lucky "first foot" of one's friends, even though it should be necessary to enter their chamber when they are fast asleep.

(Literary Gazette.)

ANIMAL FIDELITY.

ON the 8th February, 1821, a cause was tried by the Court of Assize of Ais in France, in which the assassin of a man named Fleuret was condemn-

ed on evidence not unlike that of the famous *Dog of Montargis*. The circumstances were these. The wife of Fleuret was anxiously looking for the

return of her husband, whose unusual absence filled her with fear, when about ten o'clock his dog arrived covered with wounds and stabs, especially in the belly, whence his bowels protruded. He laid his fore paws on his mistress, whined mournfully, licked her, and went to the door as if inviting her to follow him. The woman instantly conceived that her husband had been murdered, and gave herself up to the guidance of the dog, which conducted her to the place where the crime had been committed, and expired. The next

morning, the hat of Fleurot was found near the Rhone. The spot where he had had his last contest with the assassin was much trodden; the traces of men and of a dog struggling, were very evident; the rags with which the ground was strewn, bore testimony to the courage with which the dog had fought for his master; and his wounds and death showed, that after having defended him at the expense of his life, this faithful animal employed his last moments in avenging him.

(New Monthly Magazine.)

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

OF AUTOMATA.

WHILE political economists amuse themselves and the public with the nicely balanced powers of man as a propagating and eating *animal*, and philosophers and divines often assure us that he is, in other and higher respects, but a *machine* of a superior description; we, in especial deference to the latter grave authorities, have been entertaining ourselves with the notion of his mechanical construction, as contrasted with the various *imitations* of it, that have been occasionally offered to the world. We take it for granted, in this paper, that man is a machine, and shall not presume to arrogate for him any higher pretensions. We know nothing of his impulses as an animal, nor of the duties or influences to which he is subject as a rational being (if such he be;) we only propose to introduce to our readers a variety of claimants for the honour of having made a part of him—of imitating portions of his organs, in their actual exercise—and insulated actions of his very mind. What wonder, if, in the progress of these efforts; our artists should occasionally have struck off a complete and clever duck, a learned fly, or a royal eagle!

Automata* have been favourite objects of mechanical contrivance from a very early period. If the term, indeed,

may be allowed to include what some writers have considered under it, their history would quickly swell into a volume. The celebrated Glanvil, for instance, speaks of "the art whereby the Almighty governs the nations of the great *automaton*" of the universe! Bishop Wilkins ranks the sphere of Archimedes amongst the *αὐτομάματα*, or "such as move only according to the contrivance of their several parts, and not according to their whole frame." It was in fact, an early orrery, according to Claudian:

Jupiter in parvo cum cerneret æthera vitro,
Risit, et ad superos talia dieta dedit;
Hucce mortalis progressa potentia curæ?
Jam meus in fragili luditur orbe labor, &c.

The learned prelate has even extended the application of the term to machines moved (in consequence of their peculiar construction) by external forces or elements, as mills, ships, &c. Its modern acceptation, however, and that to which we shall restrict ourselves, will not include all machines that are self, or internally moved. It is confined to the mechanical imitation of the functions and actions of *living animals*, and particularly those of man.

The celebrated story of the statue of Memnon (one of the wonders of Ancient Egypt) has some pretensions to lead the way in this historical sketch. We have positive testimony to the

* A self-excited, or self moving machine.

circumstance of the most beautiful sounds being emitted from this statue, at the rising and setting of the sun ; and from the pedestal after the statue was overthrown. What was the contrivance in this case, it may be vain to conjecture ; but automata are, by profession, a puzzling race. If a certain disposition of strings, exposed to the rarefaction of the air, or to the morning and evening breezes, after the manner of our *Æolian* harps, produced these sounds ; or if any method of arranging the internal apertures so as to receive them from a short distance, were the artifice, a considerable acquaintance with the science of music, and with acoustics generally, will be argued. Wilkins quotes a musical invention of Cornelius Dreble of similar pretensions, which "being set in the sunshine, would, of itself, render a soft and pleasant harmony, but being removed into the shade would presently become silent."

The statues and the flight of *Dædalus* are equally famous—and, perhaps, fabulous. Aristotle, however, speaks of the former in his treatise *De Anima*, l. i. c. 3, as successful imitations of the human figure and human functions in walking, running, &c. and attempts to account for their motions by the concealment of quicksilver.

Archytas' flying dove (originally mentioned in *Favorinus*) is another of the ancient automata. The inventor is said to have flourished about B. C. 400, and was a Pythagorean philosopher at Tarentum. It was made of wood, and the principal circumstance of its history, which *Favorinus* mentions, is, that like some other birds of too much wing, when it alighted on the ground, it could not raise itself up again.

Friar Bacon, we all know, made a brazen head that could speak, and that seems to have assisted, in no small degree, in proclaiming him a magician. Albertus Magnus is also said to have devoted thirty years of his life to the construction of an automaton, which the celebrated Thomas Aquinas broke purposely to pieces. Men, treated as these were by the age in which they

lived, had no encouragement to hope that any details of their labours would reach posterity.

Amongst the curiosities of his day, *Walchius* mentions an iron spider of great ingenuity. In size it did not exceed the ordinary inhabitants of our houses, and could creep or climb with any of them, wanting none of their powers, except, of which nothing is said, the formation of the web. Various writers of credit, particularly *Kircher*, *Porta*, and *Bishop Wilkins*, relate that the celebrated *Regiomontanus*, (*John Muller*) of Nuremberg, ventured a loftier flight of art. He is said to have constructed a self-moving wooden eagle, which descended toward the Emperor Maximilian as he approached the gates of Nuremberg, saluted him, and hovered over his person as he entered the town. This philosopher, according to the same authorities, also produced an iron fly, which would start from his hand at table, and after flying round to each of the guests, returned, as if wearied, to the protection of his master.

An hydraulic clock, presented to the Emperor Charlemagne, by the Caliph Haroun al Raschid, merits record in the history of these inventions. It excited the admiration of all Europe at the period of its arrival. Twelve small doors divided the dial into the twelve hours, and opened successively as each hour arrived, when a ball fell from the aperture on a brazen bell and struck the time, the door remaining open. At the conclusion of every twelve hours, twelve mounted knights, handsomely caparisoned, came out simultaneously from the dial, rode round the plate and closed the doors. Dr Clarke, in his last volume of *Travels*, mentions a similar contrivance, in a clock at Lubeck, of the high antiquity of 1405. Over the face is an image of Jesus Christ, on either side of which are folding-doors, which fly open every day as the clock strikes twelve. A set of figures, representing the twelve apostles, then march forth on the left hand, and, bowing to our Saviour's image as they pass in succession, enter the door on the right. On the termination of

the procession the doors close. This clock is also remarkably complete (for the age) in its astronomical apparatus ; representing the place of the sun and moon in the ecliptic, the moon's age, &c.

Similar appendages to clocks and time-pieces became too common at the beginning of the last century to deserve particular notice. We should not, however, omit some of the productions of the Le Droz family, of Neufchatel. About the middle of the century, the elder Le Droz presented a clock to the King of Spain, with a sheep and dog attached to it. The bleating of the former was admirably correct, as an imitation ; and the dog was placed in custody of a basket of loose fruit. If any one removed the fruit, he would growl, snarl, gnash his teeth, and endeavour to bite until it was restored.

The son of this artist was the original inventor of the musical boxes, which have of late been imported into this country. Mr. Collinson, a correspondent of Dr. Hutton, thus clearly describes this fascinating toy in a letter to the Doctor.

"When at Geneva I called upon Droz, son of the original Droz of La Chaux de Fords (where I also went,) He shewed me an oval gold snuff-box, about, if I recollect right, four inches and a half long by three inches broad, and about an inch and a half thick. It was double, having an horizontal partition ; so that it may be considered as one box placed on another, with a lid, of course, to each box. One contained snuff ; in the other, as soon as the lid was opened, there rose up a very small bird, of green enamelled gold, sitting upon a gold stand. Immediately this minute curiosity wagged its tail, shook its wings, opened its bill of white enamelled gold, and poured forth, minute as it was (being only three quarters of an inch from the beak to the extremity of the tail) such a clear melodious song as would have filled a room of twenty or thirty feet square with its harmony."

"In Ozanam's *Mathematical Recreations*, we have an account, by the inventor, M. Camus, of an elegant

amusement of Louis XIV. when a boy. It represented a lady proceeding to court, in a small chariot drawn by two horses, and attended by her coachman, footman, and page. When the machine was placed at the end of a table of proper size, the coachman smacked his whip, the horses started off with all the natural motions, and the whole equipage drove on to the farther extremity of the table ; it would now turn at right angles in a regular way, and proceed to that part of the table opposite to which the prince sat, when the carriage stopped, the page alighted to open the door, and the lady came out with a petition, which she presented with a courtesy to the bowing young monarch. The return was equally in order. After appearing to await the pleasure of the prince for a short time, the lady courtesied again and re-entered the chariot, the page mounted behind, the coachman flourished his whip, and the footman, after running a few steps, resumed his place.

About the same period, M. Vaucanson, a member of the *Academie Royale* of France, led the way to the unquestionable superiority of modern times, in these contrivances, by the construction of his automaton duck, a production, it is said, so exactly resembling the living animal, that not a bone of the body, and hardly a feather of the wings, seems to have escaped his imitation and direction. The radius, the cubitus, and the humerus had each their exact offices. The automaton ate, drank, and quacked in perfect *harmony* with nature. It gobbled food brought before it with avidity, drank, and even muddled the water after the manner of the living bird, and appeared to evacuate its food ultimately in a digested state.

Ingenious contemporaries of the inventor, who solved all the rest of his contrivances, could never wholly comprehend the mechanism of this duck. A chemical solution of the food was contrived to imitate the effect of digestion.

This gentleman is also celebrated for having exhibited at Paris, in 1738, an

ANDROIDES,* a flute player, whose powers exceeded all *his* ancestry ; and the liberality and good sense with which he communicated to the Academy, in the same year, an exact account of its construction.

The figure was nearly six feet in height, and usually placed on a square pedestal four feet and a half high, and about three and a half broad. The air entered the body by three separate pipes, into which it was conveyed by nine pair of bellows, which were expanded and contracted at pleasure, by means of an axis formed of metallic substances, and which was turned by the aid of clock-work. There was not even the slightest noise heard during the operations of the bellows : which might otherwise have discovered the process, by which air was conveyed *ad libitum* into the body of the machine. The three tubes, into which the air was sent by means of the bellows, passed again into three small reservoirs concealed in the body of the automaton. After having united in this place, and ascended towards the throat, they formed the cavity of the mouth, which terminated in two small lips, adapted to the performance of their respective functions. A small moveable tongue was inclosed within this cavity, which admitted or intercepted the passage of the air into the flute, according to the tune that was executed, or the quantity of wind that was requisite for the performance. A particular species of steel cylinder, which was turned by means of clock-work, afforded the proper movements to the fingers, lips, and tongue. This cylinder was divided into fifteen equal parts, which caused the ascension of the other extremities, by the aid of pegs, which pressed upon the ends of fifteen different levers. The fingers of the automaton were directed in their movements by seven of these levers, which had wires and chains attached to their ascending extremities ; these being fixed to the fingers, caused their ascension in due proportion to the declension of the other extremity, by

the motion of the cylinder ; and thus, on the contrary, the ascent, or descent, of one end of the lever, produced a similar ascent, or descent, in the fingers that corresponded to the others ; by which one of the holes was opened or stopped agreeably to the direction of the music. The entrance of the wind was managed by three of the other levers, which were so organized as to be capable of opening or shutting, by means of the three reservoirs. By a similar mechanical process, the lips were under the direction of four levers : one of which opened them in order to give the air a freer passage ; the other contracted them ; the third drew them back ; and the fourth pushed them in a forward direction. The lips were placed on that part of the flute, which receives the air ; and, by the different motions which have been already enumerated, regulated the tune in the requisite manner for execution. The direction of the tongue furnished employment for the remaining lever, which it moved in order that it might be enabled to shut or open the mouth of the flute.

The extremity of the axis of the cylinder was terminated on the right side by an endless screw, consisting of twelve threads, each of which was placed at the distance of a line and a half from the other. A piece of copper was fixed above this screw ; and within it was a steel pivot, which was inserted between the threads of the screw, and obliged the cylinder above mentioned to pursue the threads. Thus, instead of moving in a direct turn, it was perpetually pushed to one side ; the successive elevation of the levers displaying all the different movements of a professed musician.

M. Vaucanson constructed another celebrated Androides, which played on the Provençal shepherd's pipe, and beat, at the same time, on an instrument called the tambour de basque. This was also a machine of the first order, for ingenious and difficult contrivance. The shepherd bore the flageolet in his

* From the Greek, for a term under which some scientific works have classed all the automata, that have been made to imitate the human person.

left hand, and in the right a stick, with which he beat the tabor, or tambourine, in accompaniment. He was capable of playing about twenty different airs, consisting of minuets, rigadoons, and contra dances. The pipe, or flageolet, which he was made to play, is a wind instrument, of great variety, rapidity, and power of execution, when the notes are well filled and properly articulated by the tongue; but it consists only of three holes, and the execution, therefore, mainly depends upon the manner in which they are covered, and the due variation of the force of the wind that reaches them.

To give the Androides power to sound the highest note, M. Vaucanson found it necessary to load the bellows, which supplied the air to this tone, with fifty-six pounds weight, while that of one ounce supplied the lowest tone. Nor was the same note always to be executed by exactly the same force of air; it was necessary to pay the most accurate attention to its place on the scale, and to so many difficult circumstances of combination and expression, that the inventor declares himself to have been frequently on the point of relinquishing his attempt in its progress. In the tambourine accompaniment too, there were numerous obstacles to overcome; the variation of the strokes, and particularly the continued roll of this instrument, was found to require no small ingenuity of construction.

All other exhibitions of mechanical skill, in imitation of the powers of human nature, were destined, however, to give way, in 1769, to the pretension of the Chess-Player of M. Wolfgang de Kempelin, a Hungarian gentleman, and Aulic Counsellor of the Royal Chamber of the domains of the Emperor in Hungary. Called in that year to Vienna by the duties of his station, this gentleman was present at some experiments on magnetism made before the Empress Maria Theresa, when he ventured to hint, that he could construct, for her Majesty, a piece of mechanism far superior to any of those which had been exhibited. His manner of remarking this excited the attention of the Empress, who encouraging him to

make the effort, the Automaton Chess-Player, which has since been exhibited in all the capitals of Europe, was, within six months after this period, presented at the Imperial court. It is a presumption in favour of the pretensions of this contrivance to be a master piece of mere mechanism, that the original artist, after having gratified his exalted patroness and her court with the exhibition of it, appeared for many years indifferent to its fame. He engaged himself in other mechanical pursuits with equal ardour, and is said to have so far neglected this, as to have taken it partly to pieces, for the purpose of making other experiments. But the visit of the Russian Grand Duke Paul to the court of Joseph II. again called our automaton to life. It was repaired and put in order in a few weeks; and, from this period, (1785) has been exhibited, at intervals, throughout Germany, at Paris, and in London; first by M. de Kempelin, and latterly by a purchaser of the property from his son; Kempelin having died in 1803.

Our chess-playing readers will be able to appreciate the bold pretensions of this automaton. The entire number of combinations, which it is possible to form with the pieces of a chess-board, has never, we believe, been ascertained. To push forward a plan of our own steadily, and at the same time to anticipate the designs of an antagonist, requires a constant and acute discrimination, which long experience, and some considerable strength of memory, have been required to make availing, in all other cases. But this cunning infidel (for he assumes the figure of a Turk) drives kings, and castles, and knights before him with more than mortal sagacity, and with his inferior hand: he never, we believe, has been beaten; and, except in a very few instances of drawn games, has beat the most skillful chess-players in Europe. Dr. Hutton, on the supposition of its being altogether a mechanical contrivance, calls it "the greatest master-piece of mechanics that ever appeared in the world." We shall recount his pretensions in the words of an Oxford graduate, who published "Observations" on them,

during his last visit in London, and subjoin a statement of the best attempts that have been made to account for his

apparent skill, in a second article upon this interesting subject.

CORNUCOPIA

OF LITERARY CURIOSITIES AND REMARKABLE FACTS.

THE MERMAID.

IT was mentioned in the Journals, some time ago, that a Mermaid, caught in the Indian seas, had been brought to this country. The creature so described, and no doubt one of the species which has given rise to so many fabulous stories, is now in the Museum of Surgeon's Hall. It is about 8 feet in length, and bears a strong resemblance to the common seal. There is also a young female of the same species, in the same place. They belong to the class of Mammalia; the fins terminate (internally) in a structure like the human hand; the breasts of the female are very prominent; and, in suckling its young, not only this appearance but their situation on the body, must cause that extraordinary phenomenon which has led to the popular belief. In other respects, the face is far from looking like that of the human race; and the long hair is as entirely wanting as the glass and comb.

ABYSSINIAN SACRAMENT.

The Abyssinian priests have a singular way of administering the sacrament, which is thus described in Pearce's narrative. Any person who wishes to receive the holy elements, has only to go to the church and wait until the proper time; when they begin, the people stand in ranks, the greater sort first. The communicants go in order toward the two priests, who stand before the altar in the middle of the church, drest in their sacred cloaths. One holds a cross and a book, the other a dish and a spoon. The communicant first bows to the ground, then arises and kisses the cross thrice, while the priest who holds it reads aloud; he next opens his mouth, and the other priest puts in with a spoon two mouthfuls of plum-pudding, after which he bows, runs out of

the church, holding his hand to his mouth, and will neither spit nor speak until sunset. The dried grapes are understood to represent the blood, and the paste the body of Christ.

THE VAPOURS.

A very delicate lady of fashion, who had, till her beauty began to decay, been flattered egregiously by one sex, and vehemently envied by the other, began to feel, as years approached, that she was shrinking into nobody. Disappointment produces ennui, and ennui disease; a train of nervous symptoms succeeded each other with alarming rapidity, and alter the advice and the consultations of all the physicians in Ireland, and the correspondence of the most eminent in England, this poor lady had recourse, in the last resort, to Lord Trimblestone. He declined interfering; he hesitated; but at last, after much intercession, he consented to hear the lady's complaints, and to endeavour to effect her cure; this concession was made upon a positive stipulation, that the patient should remain three weeks in his house without any attendants but those of his own family, and that her friends should give her up entirely to his management. The case was desperate; and any terms must be submitted to, where there was a prospect of relief. The lady went to Trimblestone; was received with the greatest attention and politeness. Instead of a grave and forbidding physician, her host she found was a man of most agreeable manners. Lady Trimblestone did every thing in her power to entertain her guest, and for two or three days the demon of ennui was banished. At length the lady's vapours returned; every thing appeared changed. Melancholy brought on a return of alarming nervous

complaints, convulsions of the limbs, perversion of the understanding, a horror of society; in short, all the complaints that are to be met with in an advertisement enumerating the miseries of a nervous patient. In the midst of one of her most violent fits, four mutes, dressed in white, entered her apartment, slowly approaching; they took her without violence in their arms, and without giving her time to recollect herself, conveyed her into a distant chamber hung with black, and lighted with green tapers. From the ceiling, which was of a considerable height, a swing was suspended, in which she was placed by the mutes, so as to be seated at some distance from the ground. One of the mutes set the swing in motion; and as it approached one end of the room, she was opposed by a grim, menacing figure armed with a huge rod of birch. When she looked behind her, she saw a similar figure at the other end of the room, armed in the same manner. The terror, notwithstanding the strange circumstances which surrounded her, was not of that sort which threatens life; but every instant there was an immediate hazard of bodily pain. After some time, the mutes appeared again, with great composure took the lady out of the swing, and conducted her to her apartment. When she had reposed some time, a servant came to inform her that tea was ready. Fear of what might be the consequence of a refusal, prevented her from declining to appear. No notice was taken of what had happened, and the evening and the next day passed without any attack of her disorder. On the third day the vapours returned; the mutes re-appeared, the menacing flagellants again affrighted her, and again she enjoyed a remission of her complaints. By degrees the fits of her disorder became less frequent, the ministration of her tormentors less necessary, and in time, the habits of hypochondriacism were so often interrupted, and such a new series of ideas was introduced into her mind, that she recovered perfect health, and preserved to the end of her life sincere gratitude to her adventurous physician.

KOSCIUSKO.

An immense mound, or tumulus, after the manner of the ancients, is to be thrown up on a mountain in Poland, in memory of Kosciusko, and his name inscribed on a block of granite to be placed on the top. It is further intended to purchase the whole mountain on which the mound is to be raised, with a piece of ground as far as the Visula, to plant it in a useful and agreeable manner, and to people it with veterans who have served under the General. They are to have the land and dwellings freehold property, and to form a little society by the name of Kosciusko's Colony. It is also proposed to support two young nieces of Kosciusko, who are in narrow circumstances. To obtain funds for carrying this into effect, it has been determined to apply to the admirers of Kosciusko in foreign countries.

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ANTEDILUVIAN LONGEVITY.

"It is said, *that there were giants in the earth in those days*," Gen. vi. 4. But the word translated *giants*, means rather *men of violence* or *apostates*, who becoming *mighty*, and *men of renown*, held out the most profligate examples to their inferiors."

Though we know, that large fossil bones, and an allegorical personification of mountains, rocks, meteors, hurricanes, &c. gave birth to the term giants, among the heathens, yet we think from the above passage, that the Heathen Mythologies were the absolute Antediluvian systems of Religion.

Mr. Pruen, in his work on the Liturgy, just published, says, in quotation, that owing to the longevity of the Antediluvians, it is calculated, "that the inhabitants alive, at the time of the flood, amounted to near 14,000,000,000,000; i. e. fourteen billions, or millions of millions, whereas the number supposed to be now living is not 1,000,000,000, or one fourteenth part, a disproportion hardly conceivable.

Now Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and we have the express authority of Diodorus Siculus (L. i.) Plutarch in Numa, and

Pliny (L. vii. c. 48) for saying, that the *most ancient Egyptian year* was a mere Lunar month; and as we have no information that the Antediluvians understood Astronomy, a science antecedent to the invention of a Solar year, we consider the opinion of longevity as a mistake; and the populousness described, as a number too large for this planet to support, and manifestly disproved by the providential checks, so ably exhibited by Mr. Malthus.

SOUR KROUT.

The Germans frequently present at table cabbage shred fine, exposed to a slight degree of fermentation, salted, and boiled with some pepper kernels and some bacon; this they call *sour kroust*: it keeps well, and is useful at sea as an antiscorbutic. It seems to have been introduced into this country by William the conqueror, who granted to his cook Tezelin, the manor of Addington, for making a mess called *gerout*, and bringing it to the king's table.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "LADY."

It was anciently the custom in England, for those whom fortune had blessed with affluence, to live constantly at their manor houses in the country, where once a week, or oftener, the lady of the manor distributed to her poor neighbours, with her own hands, a certain quantity of bread. She was hence denominated by those who shared her bounty, the *laff'dien*, which in Saxon signifies, the *bread giver*. A gradual corruption in the manner of pronouncing the word has produced the modern term, *lady*. It is probable that from this hospitable custom, arose the practice still universally existing, of ladies serving the meat at their own tables.

THE ORIGIN OF KISSING.

Gorgias held the opinion, that women were not to be honoured according to their form, but their fame, preferring actual virtue before superficial beauty; to encourage which in their sex funeral orations were allowed by the Roman laws to be celebrated for all such as had

been either precedents of a good and commendable life, or otherwise illustrious for any noble or eminent action. And therefore (lest the matrons or virgins of Rome, the one should divert from their staid gravity, or the other from their virgin professed integrity,) the use of wine was not known amongst them, for that woman was taxed with immodesty whose breath was known to smell of the grape. Pliny, in his Natural History, saith that Cato was of opinion, that the use of kissing first began betwixt kinsman and kinswoman, however near allied or far off, only by that to know whether their wives, daughters, or nieces, had tasted any wine; to which custom Juvenal seems to allude in his Satires; as if the father were jealous of his daughter's continence; or if by kissing her, he perceived she had drunk wine. But kissing and drinking both are now grown to a greater custom among us, than in those days with the Romans. Nor am I so austere to forbid the use of either, though both may be abused by the vicious; yet at customary meetings, and laudable banquets, they, by the nobly-disposed, and such whose hearts are fixed upon honour, may be used with much modesty and continence.

HAUNTED FIELD.

A short time since a young woman of *Exeter*, named Whicker who was in the habit of going out to day-work at her needle, was passing through a field, which the servants of the house she had left had represented to her as haunted; and the fears of the credulous girl being thus awakened, a black boy having wrapped himself in a sheet, concealing all but his face and hands, met her in the path. The shock was too strong for her reason—she became raving mad—and about a fortnight since was conveyed to the asylum, near *Exeter*, deprived of all those noble powers of intellect which dignify human nature above the brute creation; and though the dreary void of her mind is occasionally irradiated by lucid intervals, she soon relapses into insanity, from which it is feared she will never perfectly recover!

A SECOND SOLOMON.

The Sierra Leone Gazette of the 25th of November contains the following article: "On Friday, the 10th inst. a select party was made to visit Almamny Dallah Mahommadoo, on the Bullo-n shore. It was a secret known only to a very few in the colony, that this worthy Chief had a grand festival on that day, on the occasion of taking to himself 16 new wives, in addition to the moderate number of 89, to whom he was already wedded! All the Chiefs of the country, with their principal retainers, were invited. The company altogether consisted of many hundreds."

TALMA.

When Talma was once performing Hamlet at Arras, in the fifth scene, where he is about to stab his mother, a military stranger was so overcome by the tragic powers of the actor, that he was carried out of the theatre. His first words on recovery were, "Has he killed his mother?"

EVENTS NOW TRANSPIRING IN MAROCCO.

Shereef, Muley Ibrahim, (or Bryhime) who is actually contending for the throne of Marocco, is the lineal descendant and lawful heir to that throne. He is the eldest son of the redoubtable warrior, the late Emperor Muley Yezzed, who was remarkably well disposed towards our late revered Sovereign. The Sultana, Muley Yezzed's mother, was an English or an Irish woman, who had been wrecked on the coast of West Barbary, whose beauty was so attractive, that she became an inmate of the harem or seraglio, after which the Emperor Sidy Muhammed became attached to her, and married her. Muley Yezzed had always distinguished himself in the field of battle; he was always victorious when he engaged against his rebellious subjects, however great the disparity of numbers might be against him! He attacked, though unsuccessfully, the fortress of Ceuta, which is considered impregnable on the land side, in A. D. 1803, with an immense army, at the period that he gave his port of Santa Cruz, in South Barbary, on the con-

fines of the Sahara, to the Dutch nation. Apprehensions are now entertained at Ceuta, that this prince will repeat his father's visit, and again attack that citadel; but if the Shereef Muley Ibrahim, should finally succeed in dethroning his uncle Soliman, he will have many indispensable matters to arrange before he will be sufficiently at leisure to attack Ceuta.

[Since writing the above, we have seen an account that the new Emperor, Muley Ishmael, was found dead in his bed (accidentally!) at Tetuan.]

ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF "MELANCHOLY POINT."

A young officer in the army having married a lady in England, was ordered a short time afterwards to proceed to India with his regiment, while the lady's relations, or the gentleman's own circumstances, would not permit her accompanying him. They were therefore forced to separate, and he proceeded to Bengal. A correspondence was carried on between them for some years; and at length he persuaded her to undertake a voyage to India, which she accordingly did, and arrived safe at Sangur roads. He was at this time stationed in the fort; and on the very day of her arrival in the river, was seized with a fever of the country, which terminated his existence, before his wife, and a fine child, the pledge of their mutual affection, could reach the place where he lay! On her coming into the fort, and beholding her husband's corpse, she fell into a state of insensibility, which was succeeded by that of melancholy, and in six weeks she followed her husband to the grave! During the period of her decline, she used to go out every day, and sit some hours on the neck of land on which the fort is situated, weeping over her child: hence it acquired, and still retains, the name of "Melancholy Point."

NEW HOLLAND PINE.

The Hispaniolans, with the highest degree of pride, challenge any of the trees of Europe or Asia, to equal the height of their cabbage trees, towering to an altitude of 270 feet! The New Holland Pine, however, is stated to attain the height of 600 feet.

APPLE BREAD.

M. Duduit de Maizieres, a French officer of the king's household, has invented and practised with great success, a method of making bread of common apples, very far superior to potatoe bread. After having boiled one third of peeled apples, he bruised them, while quite warm, into two-thirds of flour, including the proper quantity of yeast, and kneaded the whole without water, the juice of the fruit being quite sufficient. When this mixture had acquired the consistency of paste, he put it into a vessel, in which he allowed it to rise for about twelve hours. By this process he obtained a very excellent bread, full of eyes, and extremely palatable and light.

—
DRY ROT.

This destructive enemy of buildings, which generally commences its ravages in the cellar, may be prevented, or its progress checked, by white-washing them yearly, mixing with the wash as much copperas as will give it a clear yellow hue.

—
MARSHAL LANNES.

The poet Guillard, the author of *Œdipe à Colonne*, and the intimate friend of Marshal Lannes, relates the following singular anecdote, which he says he had from the marshal himself, who took a pleasure in repeating it, in a manner which indicated his belief in the doctrine of fatalism.

When Lannes served with Buonaparte in the grand campaigns of Italy, nearly all the generals of that fortunate army were young. They accordingly often met to amuse themselves; and the joy which success inspired, added to the gaiety of youth. One day while they were assembled at Buonaparte's quarters, the conversation turned on oracles, although there was by no means much credulity among the party. Buonaparte, either to entertain his company, or because he fancied himself gifted with prophecy, announced his intention of telling all their fortunes. The military necromancer took their hands alternately, examined the lieutenants, and seemed to utter any extravagance that

struck his fancy. Bursts of laughter, of course followed every prediction. It came to the turn of Lannes; Buonaparte took his hand, looked at it, dropped it without saying a word, and passed to another, Lannes asked the reason of this silence. To avoid replying, the general in chief discontinued the amusement, as if he thought the child's play had lasted long enough. Lannes insisted. "Let us be done with it," said Buonaparte, "You see it is only a bit of folly." The curiosity of Lannes was, however, too strongly excited; he returned to the charge, and at last Buonaparte yielded, and took his hand. "Do you see that line?" said he; "it prognosticates that you are to be killed by a cannon ball." "Indeed," replied Lannes, laughing, "if it does not come soon there will be no place for it to hit." He had then fifteen wounds on his body, and had received thirty-two, when he was killed by a cannon ball at the battle of Wagram.

It may be observed, by the by, that this pleasantry of Buonaparte, so unfortunately verified, was not likely to compromise his prophetic character. He might with perfect safety predict the killing of his generals by cannon balls. Some of his prophecies must have necessarily proved true; and one prediction fulfilled, is quite sufficient to make the fortune of a sorcerer.

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LONGEVITY IN RUSSIA.

In all Russia, in the year 1817, there were born

786,810 males,
711,796 females.

And there died

423,092 males,
405,469 females,

Of which, under 5 years 208,954.

60 years of age 68,723

70 38,764

80 16,175

90 2,108

100 783

115 83

120 51

125 21

130 7

135 1

140 1

(London Magazine.)

SPECIMENS OF RUSSIAN POETS.

POETRY, like the elements which are necessary to our existence, is common to every climate ; it is a flower that will flourish in any soil. Wherever there exists a certain degree of mental civilization---wherever the imagination, the fancy, and the sensibility of man have power to reach a certain state of developement---there poetry will inevitably spring up ; and wherever those qualities attain their highest and purest state of existence, there will poetry advance to its loftiest character, and fulfil its best purpose :---whether it be on burning plains on the east, in the inspiring climate, and beneath the elysian sky of the south, or in the frozen regions of the farthest north. We have lying before us a little work, entitled *Russian Artology*. The freezing breath of criticism waxes warm and genial at the very name ; and accordingly, before opening the book, we had made up our mind to *seek* for beauties, and *not* to seek for faults.

The Russian Poet, whose works (judging from the examples before us) are most worthy of notice, is Derzhavin.---There is a lofty and sustained style of thought and feeling about his Ode, entitled "*God*," which indicates a high degree of mental power and cultivation ; and in other parts of the specimens that are given of his poetry, we discover an active and exursive imagination, and a very vivid and exquisite fancy.---The following is from the ode we have mentioned, entitled

" GOD."

IN its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep---may count
The sands or the sun's rays---but, God ! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure :---none can mount
Up to thy mysteries ; Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark :
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity,
Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence :---Lord, on Thee
Eternity had its foundation :---all
Spring forth from Thee :---of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin :---all life, all beauty Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create ;
Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art and wert, and shalt be ! Glorious ! Great !
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate !
Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround :
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath !
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death !
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee ;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pagantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.
A million torches lighted by Thy hand
Wander unweary'd through the blue abyss !

They own Thy power, accomplish thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them ? Piles of crystal light---
A glorious company of golden streams---
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright---
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams ?
But Thou to these art as the moon to night.

The following is equally worthy of praise. The last stanza, and particularly the couplet in italics, is extremely fine.

Yes ! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost :---
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee ?
And what am I then Heaven's unnumber'd host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weigh'd
Against Thy greatness ; is a cypher brought
Against infinity ! What am I then ! Nought !
Nought ! But the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reach'd my bosom too ;
*'Tis in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine
As shines the sun-beam in a drop of dew !*
Nought ! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards Thy presence ; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell ; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
I am, O God ! and surely *Thou* must be !

WEDDED LOVE. A FRAGMENT.

IT was a lovely sight to witness, when,
Returning from his toil or mountain sport,
Hilarion reach'd his home. By the rude door
Grew sycamore and limes, whose boughs hung down
Like woman's tresses, and around whose trunks
The honeysuckle wound its fragrant arms ;
And laurel always green, and myrtles, which
Shook their white buds beneath the summer moon,
Were there ; and there, expecting his return
The gentle Auria, who each happy day
Gather'd her fairest fruits to welcome him.
Soft was the evening's greeting ;---one long kiss
Received and given told a world of love,

And many a question ask'd how absence pass'd
 Was answered tenderly, and lovely fears
 At times would fill the eyes, and ease the heart,—
 —One child, like Auria fair, and with such looks
 As Hebe might in early infancy,
 Have cast on Juno, when that skiey queen
 First shew'd her unto Jove smiling, was born :
 A gentle link of love, yet firmer far
 Than bonds, (tho' useful these) or forced vows
 Was that fair child, who from each parent's heart
 Drew joy and by communicable signs
 (More beautiful than words) and murmur'd sounds,
 Nature's imperfect utterance, told its own,
 And carried to the other's heart delight.

Gentle and wedded Love, how fair art thou,—
 How rich, how very rich, yet freed of blame,
 How calm and how secure !—the perfect Hours
 Pass onwards to futurity with thee,
 Without a sigh or backward look of sorrow :
 Pleasantly on they pass, never delayed
 By doubt, or vain remorse, or desperate fear.
 But, in thy train, Beauty and blooming Joy
 Pass hand in hand, and young-eyed Hope, whose glance
 (Not dimm'd, yet softened by a touch of care,)
 Looks forward still; and serious Happiness
 Lies on thy heart, a safe and sheltered guest.

THE STORM.

A Night Piece, after Salvator Rosa.

THE night is dark and lowering—a black cloud passes through the hot sky—vapours rise from the heath—the waning moon, pale and melancholy disappears. Suddenly she shines through the parting clouds : a solitary star twinkles beneath the murky veil. Lightnings, flashing mid the sky, reveal its misty shapes. Far off rolls the hollow thunder. Every thing sighs beneath the wrath of the tempest-breeding sky. The bat flutters around. Hark ! the tempest bursts ! Fiercely it bends the tops of the trembling trees, blustering among their scattered leaves—great drops of rain fall heavy from the sky. See the lightning, how it dazzles ! Hark ! how

it rustles !—Almighty Warder of the clouds ! how great is thy beauty in the tempest !

Loud and hollow rolls the distant ocean—woe to the mariner who sails on its midnight wave ! The wind-god will sieze him—will sink him with his wooden refuge—in the abyss of the howling wave.

No kindly star lights him to the shore. In vain his young wife awaits him :—in vain she looks for the morning star : a black cloud conceals it. Yonder it glimmers weak in the east—the first dim presage of the dawn ! Delay not, welcome messenger ! Haste and dispel the dark phantoms of the night.

(Imperial Magazine.)

CONCLUDING SCENE OF NATURE.

WHEN nature and the efforts of physicians prove unable to resist the malignity of the disease, all the distinguishing marks of it are obliterated, and the concluding scene is common to all.

The strength being almost entirely exhausted, the patient lies constantly on

his back, with a perpetual propensity to slide to the bottom of the bed ; the hands shake when they attempt to lay hold of any thing, and a continual twitching is observed in the tendons of his wrist ; the tongue trembles when it is pushed forth for inspection, or all at-

tempts to push it forth are unsuccessful ; a black and glutinous crust gathers on the lips and teeth, to the increase and inconveniency of which the patient seems now insensible. He seems equally insensible to the ardour of thirst ; he mutters to himself ; he dozes with his mouth half open, the lower jaw falling down, as if the muscles were too much relaxed to resist its own gravity ; he sees objects indistinctly, as if a dark cloud hung before his eyes ; small black particles, called by physicians *muscæ volitantes*, play, as it is believed, before his eyes, for he often catches with his hands at those or some such objects of

his disordered brain ; he frequently extends his arms before and above his face, seeming to contemplate his nails and fingers ; at other times he fumbles with his fingers, and picks the wool from off the bed-clothes ; he loses the power of retention ; the evacuations pass involuntarily ; and, as if lamenting his own deplorable condition, tears flow down his ghastly countenance ; the pulse flutters as small as a thread, and, on a pressure very little stronger than common, is not felt at all ; his legs and arms become cold, his nails and fingers blackish ; his respiration is interrupted by hickups, and finally by death.

Paragraphs.

(From the English Magazines, April 1821.)

THE BEWITCHED LIEUTENANT.

In 1817, a very corpulent gentleman, a lieutenant in the royal navy, applied to the Lord Mayor of London, under the following circumstances. He stated that the lady of the house where he lived, her daughter, and several of the lodgers, had conspired to deprive him of his existence, by means of "electricity and the attractive power;" that they had utterly deprived him of his ancle bones, the nobs of his wrists, and had superinduced a consumption. His lordship remarked, that his appearance by no means warranted that conclusion ; but he assured his lordship, that his rotundity was occasioned by their contrivances, and that it consisted entirely of inflammable matter ; that they had cut three setons in his neck, bled him four times on the arm with lancets, and seven times on the forehead with leeches, and the young lady had applied the attractive power with so much violence, as to extract two of his teeth!! which teeth he produced in court in corroboration of the fact ; at the same time he handed up a voluminous written statement of his grievances, and concluded by claiming the protection of his lordship.

The Lord Mayor remarked, that he did not see how he could interfere with the attractive powers of the young lady, though she had used them with such powerful effect.

The Lieutenant said, it was not against this particular family only that he had to complain, but that multitudes were in the habit of tormenting him with a tube and a spring, and it was lamentable and scandalous to see a great nation conspiring against an individual who had served his country in so many battles.

ANECDOTE.

The following singular circumstance occurred on the last evening the King was at Drury-lane Theatre :—A gentleman of Clerkenwell, who was in the crowd, missing his watch, seized a man whom he supposed had robbed him, and challenged him with the offence. The fellow immediately took from

his pocket a watch and seals, which he gave up, and was suffered to depart. On returning home, the gentleman, to his utter astonishment, found he had left his own watch hanging up in his bed-room ! The watch and seals given to him are worth 50 guineas.

HAUNTED BED-ROOM.

Professor Gassendi, in one of his letters, says, that he was consulted by his friend and patron, the Count D'Alais, Governor of Provence, on a phenomenon that haunted his bed chamber, while he was at Marseilles. For several successive nights, as soon as the candle was taken away, he and his countess saw a luminous spectre, sometimes of an oval and sometimes of a triangular form ; that it always immediately disappeared when a light was brought into the room ; that he often struck at it, but could discover nothing solid. Gassendi, as a natural philosopher, endeavoured to account for it ; sometimes attributing it to some defect of vision, or to some dampness of the apartment ; insinuating that perhaps it might be sent from heaven to him, to give him warning in due time of something that would happen. The spectre still continued its visits all the time he stayed at Marseilles. Some years afterwards, on their return to Aix, the Countess confessed to her husband that she played him this trick, by means of one of her women placed under the bed with a phial of phosphorus, with an intention to frighten him away from Marseilles, a place in which she disliked to live.

MRS. CLARKE.

Died, at Stonehouse, M. Clarke, in the 108th year of her age. She was born at Dundee in Scotland, and married there about eighty years since. She was at the battle of Fontenoy with her husband, who was afterwards a Serjeant of invalids. She had 15 children, one of whom is drummer-major of the East Devon Militia. She lost two sons at sea, at the time of the great earthquake, and five in the action fought against the French by the fleet under the command of Admiral Keppel. Tea was her constant beverage.

QUEEN OF THE GYPSIES.

Aged 101, a woman named Stanley, widow of the late Peter Stanley, well known in the counties of Wilts, Hants, and Dorset, by the designation of *King of the Gypsies*. She was interred at Piddletown. The concourse of people assembled from the adjoining villages to witness the closing scene of this venerable *Queen Dowager* of the wandering tribe, was immense.

J. HAYES, ESQ.

March 4. In Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars Road, in his 82d year, James Hayes, esq. who has left his valuable estates in Suffolk to the Rev. Dr. Tomline, Lord Bishop of Winchester; and also the following sums in Charitable Donations:—3000*l.* stock to Bethlehlem Hospital; 10,050*l.* to Christ's Hospital for annuities of 10*l.* each to the blind, and 10,000*l.* for the general use of the Charity; 5000*l.* to the London Hospital; 5000*l.* to the Deaf and Dumb Charity; 5000*l.* to the School for Indigent Blind; 5000*l.* to the National Society; 4000*l.* to the Parish of Barking; 1000*l.* to Little Ilford, Essex; 1000*l.* to St. Gabriel's, Fenchurch-street; and 2000*l.* to Christ-church, Surrey, for the benefit of the poor; 5000*l.* for the sick and maimed seamen in the merchants' service; 200*l.* to the Company of Glass Sellers for its poor; and 100*l.* to the poor of Allhallows Staining, Mark-lane.

MARGARET WOOD.

At Maxwelltown, Mrs. Margaret Wood, relict of Mr. R. Richardson, late farmer of the Moss-side of Dumfries, aged 81. An incident in the life of this worthy old dame deserves especial remembrance: while in her cradle, a brisk bridegroom came to her father's house to invite him to his wedding; "Rock the cradle," said her mother, "till I gang hen, and get ye a glass: she'll, maybe, be your *second* wife yet." The then proposed marriage never took place; and after some seventeen years, she became the *first* wife of the same brisk bridegroom; and, notwithstanding the disparity of their ages, she, to her infinite credit, lived with him in a state of great conjugal happiness.

J. J. BRAYFIELD, ESQ.

The vicissitudes of this person's life have not been few. Born of decent parents, his early love of reading was checked by his apprenticeship to a business which, not suiting his inclination, he alternately became a weaver, a watch-maker, a watchman, a bookseller, an author, a soldier, &c. &c. In his early progress through these various situations, he seldom missed attending the execution of criminals before Newgate and elsewhere, and was generally so well acquainted with their history, that he might have been successfully applied to as a kind of Old Bailey Chronicle. He was also an attendant upon all the fairs, races, boxing-matches, and diversions of every kind, from the matches made by the first-rate encouragers of pugilism, down to the weekly badger-baiting in Black Boy Alley. From the observations made in the indulgence of these habits, he was first convinced of the want of a Sporting Magazine, which idea being submitted by a friend of his to the late Mr. John

Wheble, that gentleman perfected his plan. One of Mr. B.'s peculiarities was to enter every occurrence relative to himself in a kind of daily journal, recording even those faults and follies which people in general are most anxious to conceal.

From degrading situations, after some time, Mr. B. was enabled to emerge, by the unexpected arrival of a maternal uncle from India, after thirty years absence with a considerable fortune. The property finally left to him and his mother, at his uncle's decease in 1798, placed him in a situation to indulge his passion for what he termed "seeing life" to the fullest extent. Under different signatures he has been a communicator to almost every Magazine of his time.

EARL DYSART.

March 9. At Ham House, Surrey, in the 82d year of his age, the Right Hon. Wilbraham Tollemache, Earl of Dysart, and Baron Huntingtower, of the Kingdom of Scotland, a Baronet, and High Steward of the Borough of Ipswich. On the death of his brother Lionel, the fourth Earl of Dysart, Feb. 22, 1769, he succeeded him in the Earldom, and, in 1836, the gallant Lord Viscount Nelson, in the High Stewardship of the Borough of Ipswich.

By the decease of his Lordship, the very ancient and highly respectable family of Tollemache has become extinct in the male line,—a family which has flourished in the greatest repute, and in an uninterrupted male succession in the county of Suffolk, from the arrival of the Saxons in this kingdom to the present time; a period of more than 1300 years. Very lately, was to be seen in the old manor-house, the following Inscription:

"When William the Conqueror reign'd with great fame,

Bentley was my seat and Tollemache was my name."

The premature fate of the late Lord's three brothers was most melancholy and unfortunate; and is pathetically alluded to in the elegant inscription which commemorates the decease of Lionel Robert Tollemache, the only son of one of them, (viz. the Hon. John Tollemache), an Esquire in the 1st regiment to Flanders, on the breaking out of the late war with France, was killed by the bursting of a shell before Valenciennes, July 14, 1793, in an assault made previously to the surrender of that town.

His death was the more unfortunate, as he was the only British officer killed on the occasion. He was a youth of uncommon promise; but to his family his loss was irreparable! for, by that fatal event, it became extinct, in the male line. But the name of Tollemache has been unfortunate! The father and two uncles of this valiant youth, like himself, lost their lives prematurely in the service of that country. His *uncle*, the Hon. George Tollemache, was killed by falling from the mast-head of the *Modeste* man-of-war, at sea; his *father*, the Hon. John Tollemache,* was killed in a duel at New-York; and another of his *uncles*, the Hon. William Tollemache, was lost in the *Repulse* frigate in a hurricane, in the Atlantic Ocean. So many instances of disaster are rarely to be met with in the same family.

* The quarrel originated in a Sonnet, written by Capt. Pennington, of the Guards, which Capt. Tollemache considered as reflecting on the supposed wit of his Lady. After firing a brace of pistols each, without effect, they drew their swords. Capt. Tollemache was run through the heart, and Capt. Pennington received seven wounds so severe, that his life was despaired of for some time after.

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THE CAVALIER IN FRANCE.

A TALE OF THE 17TH CENTURY.

THE inhabitants of the small town of Ussel, in France, have always been remarkable for a conceited love of distinction, and an opinion of their own importance, which has frequently rendered them the dupes of adventurers, who have chosen to turn this weakness to their profit or amusement; in the year 1659 a trick was played upon them which furnished a standing joke at their expense, to all the neighbouring provinces.

After the total defeat of the cause of Charles I. in England, those of his adherents who were fortunate enough to effect an escape, sought a refuge on the continent from the vengeance of the victorious rebels. Among these was Sir Hugh Rashleigh, a cavalier, who was no less distinguished for the courage which he had displayed on many occasions to the service of the royal cause, than for a vivacity of disposition, and an uncontrollable love of fun, which induced him to run any risks and to undertake any adventure that promised to favour his darling passion. He had taken up his residence in the town of Harville, where, in spite of the narrowness of his income, consisting only of the niggard bounty of the French Court and the uncertain supplies which he received from his friends in England, he contrived to keep up his spirits, and hunted amusement wherever it might be found. In Harville there lived a rich and beautiful widow, Madame D'Ar-

gencourt; it is true she was as arrant a coquette as ever managed the artillery of a pair of fine black eyes; but Sir Hugh was smitten, and paid most assiduous court to her. She was by far too desirable not to have more than one lover. To give a correct list of them would be impossible. The most prominent whom she counted in her train, besides Abbées out of number, were a rich Farmer General, a Gascon Officer who had been a Lieutenant, but who deserved as he said to be a Captain, and who therefore did himself the justice to affix this title to his name, and announced himself as M. le Capitaine Millebombes. This *pseudo* Captain for length of pedigree, of whiskers, and of sword, might match any Bobadil in the universe. Another of the lady's lovers was a Procureur, a sly, insinuating knave, in the curls of whose wig lurked more guile than in a college of Jesuits, and, though last not least in his own dear love, le Comte Sansterre, whose ancestors were once the lords of an extensive territory, but who had left their illustrious descendant little to subsist on, save their title, and that only because it would not sell.

The widow was of a joyous temperament, perfectly aware of the force of her charms, and the attraction of her fortune, and though extremely good tempered, she took much more delight in teasing her lovers than in any other feminine gratification. She would

forego the pleasure of tearing to pieces a spick and span new reputation, for that of raising their ire. She would doubt the riches of the Farmer General, impeach the often-sworn-to courage of the Gascon, hesitate upon the soundness of the Procureur's legal knowledge, enquire into the situation of the Count's domains, whom she once provokingly asked whether a Chateau on the beauties of which he was most eloquently expatiating was not *en Espagne*, and affect to disbelieve the firm manly affection of Sir Hugh. She was not, however, quite so selfish as coquettes are in general, and although she laughed at all her lovers in their turn, she could not resist the attentions of Sir Hugh, which were so void of affectation and so different from the means pursued by her other admirers. Frank, mirthful and true, brave as his own sword, he told his love without pretence or exaggeration, and offered to the sprightly widow the affections of as honest a heart as any in the French King's dominions; he explained the loss of his estates, his present poverty, and was at least so fortunate as to excite the jealousy of the four worthy gentlemen who have been mentioned, and who resolved to unite for the purpose of defeating his attempts. He, however, unconscious of their plots, pursued his suit with ardour, and had succeeded in making the lady look serious for the space of ten minutes, (a thing never before achieved by mortal man) when at the moment he thought he had fixed her for ever, she suddenly broke up the conversation by telling him she had resolved never to marry any man below the degree of a prince. It was in vain that he endeavoured to bring her back to the favourable temper in which she had been a moment before: it was gone, and at length he took his leave, much mortified, and swearing that the moon, and the wind, and April showers, and all other uncertain things, were less fickle than a French widow. As he traversed the streets towards his own home, not a little ruffled by his disappointment, he saw by the light of the moon four men standing in his path.

It was nearly midnight and the streets were silent and empty. Just as he reached them they all four drew on him and desired him to stop. Four to one are odds it must be confessed, but so much the more occasion for resolution in the encounter, and Sir Hugh, quite at a loss to account for this attack, drew his sword and placing his back against a door post asked what they meant. The tallest man stepped forward, and lowering the point of his sword addressed him, when he immediately recognised the voice of his Gascon rival.

"Stranger," said he, "before the swift lightning of my faithful steel, and those of my friends here, shall separate your heretic soul from your already-more-than-half-dead body, my compassion induces me to offer you terms upon which your existence may be preserved. You address the Lady D'Argencourt; renounce her, and breathe our air in safety; refuse, and in one moment destruction falls upon your luckless head. Answer; the fates attend your response."

Sir Hugh, whom the danger could not prevent from laughing, replied, "I have nothing to say to you on this subject, but if you value your health, let me advise you to stand back. For further answer, it is at the point of my sword, whence you must take it."

"Fall on then," cried the Gascon to his friends as he began the attack. Sir Hugh parried his blow, and making a fierce lunge in return, the unfortunate Captain fell at his feet. The other three assailants stood a moment agast, but Sir Hugh pressing upon them, two very fairly ran away, and the third, falling on his knees, implored for mercy. This he found was the Farmer General, from whom he learned that the other two were the Count, and the Procureur.

He desired him to rise and assist him in examining the Captain, they turned him over but he was lifeless.

"Sir," said the Cavalier, "you must thank yourselves for this mischance, which, though it has happened in my own defence, I must ever deplore."

"O! Sir," said the Farmer, "it was not our intention to injure you. The poor gentleman at your feet said you would not fight us all, and that you would be easily frightened out of your pretensions to Madame D'Argencourt."

"His calculations have deceived him," said Sir Hugh, "but I must hasten away for the present, until the affair is arranged."

"Spare my life," said the Farmer, "and I will furnish you with the means of escape."

"Agreed," said Sir Hugh, who began to feel the danger of his situation, and thought it wise to take advantage of the terror of his discomfited rival. Bearing the body of the Gascon between them, they proceeded to the house of the Farmer General, who opening the garden gate with a private key, entered, and having deposited the body which was still warm on a seat, hurried to the stable. The Farmer saddled his best horse for Sir Hugh, and pointing out a high hedge at the bottom of his grounds, told him the gates of the town being shut, his only means of escaping would be to leap that fence and swim a river a little beyond it. Sir Hugh, who was a Leicestershire man, made nothing of the leap, and the Farmer walked back to his dead brother in arms.

Sir Hugh being well acquainted with the country, soon got into the high road. He was at a loss where to go, but recollecting that he had received an invitation from the Count de Bansson to accompany him in a boar hunt, he turned his horse's head in the direction of the Chateau. The excellence of the Norman horse with which his frightened rival had furnished him, brought him in two hours hard riding to the place of his destination. It was now two o'clock in the morning, and he found the male part of the company still up wearing away the night. Having sent for the Count, he imparted to him his unlucky rencontre, and requested he would afford him the asylum of his house for a short time until he should hear the fate of the wounded man. The Count with the warmest expressions of regret for the accident promis-

ed his assistance and to furnish the necessary means of retreat in case of the worst, and, this being arranged, he insisted upon Sir Hugh's joining the party. The conversation here turned upon the remarkable gullibility of the inhabitants of Ussel, which was situated just two leagues from the Count's Chateau. Among the company was a Mons. Chabanes, who was the Bailli of Ussel. He was foremost in ridiculing his co-citizens, and relating numerous instances of their folly, said he believed no imposture would be too gross for them to credit, that any of the present company for instance, might pass themselves off for the Prester John, or the Kam of Tartary, or any other fictitious potentate without any danger of detection.

"What say you," said the Count, "to having some sport with these sapient citizens. We have two leisure days before our boar hunt—can we not contrive to pass them agreeably in this manner?"

The company all applauded this idea, but the difficulty was how they should put it in practice. Chabanes at length suggested that some one should personate a Grecian Prince, this character being least liable to suspicion, from a Prince of that nation having lately paid a visit to the King at Versailles on his passing thro' France. This was unanimously agreed to, and the choice fell upon Sir Hugh, both from his known spirit in keeping up any sort of amusing enterprize, and from his speaking French with a foreign accent. He immediately undertook the character,—the company determined to put their scheme in practice on the morrow, and Sir Hugh having arrived so suddenly it was resolved to let no more than the present company into the secret. The party then retired.

On their assembling the next morning, one of them had prepared letters as from the Court directed to the Bailli of Ussel, requiring him to treat the Prince, who was travelling thro' the province and might pass his town, with all the respect due to his high rank, and the dignity of the ancient town of Ussel. The plot of the masquerade was now laid down, the parts were allotted, and Chabanes was to set off immediately to

prepare for the reception of the Grecian Prince. It was thought expedient to admit the ladies to their council, and to receive the benefit of their good taste and assistance as to the habits and decorations of the Prince and his suite. They approved of the project, and set about the necessary preparations with much alacrity.

Chabanes delighted beyond measure at this opportunity of bantering some of the most self-important of his fellow citizens, no sooner arrived at Ussel than he convened the Mayor and Council of the town. With the utmost gravity he detailed to them in a pompous speech all the lies he could invent about this Prince, who he said was then incog. at the Chateau of the Count : he laid before them the letters from the Court, and painted most glowingly the advantages which the inhabitants were to derive from the good offices the prince might perform for them with the King.

The three greatest men in the town of Ussel were the Lieutenant General, the Curé, and a little Physician. They readily swallowed the deception, and having each made a speech in which they displayed their eloquence and their utter contempt for a servile obedience to the rules of grammar, they arranged the reception of the mighty Grecian. The Lieutenant's house was to be his quarters during the stay, an embargo was laid upon all the good things in the market for his table, and as Chabanes had particularly impressed upon them that the Prince travelled incog. they determined therefore to give him a public *entrée*. They then hurried away to powder their wigs and put on their holiday coats for the occasion. The Lieutenant drew out his Militia, a motley company, whose manner of firing was so peculiarly perverse, that when they intended to give a volley it had the effect of a *feu de joie*. The Curé marched his Choir, Sexton, Sacristan, and Bell-ringer, out at the head of the trained bands. The Physician assumed a double portion of importance, and accompanied the Curé, decorated with a walking cane as big as himself. An avant-courier announced the approach of the Prince. First came twelve

mules loaded with the Prince's baggage. Then twelve of the Count's hunters with long housings, and cloths nearly covering them, these were said to be Arabians. A body of twenty gentlemen in hunting-dresses who had arrived at the Count's to join the hunt accompanied them as an escort. Sir Hugh rode at a short distance with the Count de Bansson beside him. He was dressed in the Eastern costume, mounted on a very fine horse, and looked so much like a Prince, that he might have deceived more acute persons than the worthy inhabitants of Ussel. The Count's valet de chambre followed, dressed also *a la Grecque*, representing the Prince's favourite, and several other servants and retainers brought up the rear.

As soon as they arrived at the outer gate of the town of Ussel, an old cannon which had not smelt powder for an age was discharged, and the military and ecclesiastical troops of the Curé and the Lieutenant occupied the sides of the road where one party began to sing *Te Deum*, and the other to fire their *feu de joie*.

In this state the Prince was conducted to the house prepared for his reception. Dinner was served to him in great style, in the grand hall, on a table which had been hastily prepared, elevated only one foot from the ground in the Eastern style. Sir Hugh seated himself gracefully and with a remarkable gravity. The Count de Bansson was on his left, and the remainder of his escort round the table. The galleries were filled with the beauties of Ussel ; the young ladies darted long tender glances from their downcast lids, and prayed devoutly that the lords of their hearts might be as beautiful and as elegant as the young Greek. Widows, and ladies of more mature age, looked out more boldly, and only withdrew their eyes when they happened to meet his, and then rather with a well-dissembled confusion than any real bashfulness. The lower part of the hall was crowded with people, who had neither rank nor interest enough to procure a nearer view of the Prince.

The dinner was despatched with considerable gravity, the Prince speaking

French well but with a foreign accent. Seeing the Curé, the Lieutenant General, and the Physician standing near him, he leaned back to the Valet who represented his favourite, and chattered to him in an unmeaning jargon, and was adroitly answered in the same manner. Neither of them could suppress a smile at the appearance of intense curiosity which these gentlemen manifested, and this led the citizens to suppose it was some very good joke which the Prince and his favourite were enjoying. The Lieutenant grinned, the Curé affected to look wise and bashful at the same moment, while the Physician, half shutting his lack-lustre eyes, seemed trying to support his gravity in spite of himself. He had read Hippocrates in the original, once, but it was many years since, and with an air of great importance told his colleagues they talked Greek, but that it was a little corrupted from the ancient purity of the language. The Curate, who had not quite forgotten the sound of some Greek which had been flogged into him at college, thinking that the Prince's language sounded something like his old acquaintance, corroborated the Physician, while the Lieutenant, who, bolder than his friends, determined to make a dash, declared that it was not only pure Greek, but the purest and most elegant he had ever heard, (and he told the truth;) that he had perfectly comprehended all that his Highness had said, and that if others had not done so likewise, it was because they had learned only from books, by which the natural accents could not be conveyed.

The conversation became more general and was carried on in French; the Prince made a most eloquent eulogium on the virtues, talents, and courage of the King. He said he should return to his own country with a most lively sense of his Majesty's goodness which had been particularly manifested towards him, for that he had never preferred any request to his Majesty which had not been graciously complied with. The Lieutenant General hereupon whispered his colleagues, and after a short consultation, they advanced to the Prince, and with the most profound reverences be-

sought his Highness that he would use his powerful influence with his Majesty to obtain for them a remission of the duties payable by the town.

The Prince, after a few enquiries, promised with the utmost affability to grant their request. 'Remind me,' said he turning to his favourite, 'to write to my good friend and brother the King immediately.' The petitioners withdrew and giving a signal to the folks at the lower end of the hall, called out with all their lungs, "God save the King! God save the Grecian Prince, he has promised to speak for us. Huzza!" The ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the Prince's popularity was established. Immediately after this scene an incident took place which might have produced disagreeable consequences to his Highness, but for the obstinacy of his friends at the lower end of the hall. The Procureur who had ran away from him in the streets of Harville was mixed among the populace. He recognized the Prince to be his rival, Sir Hugh, and immediately communicated his suspicions to those who were near him. They happened, however, to produce an effect directly contrary to that which he intended; for the mob, instead of giving credit to his tale, began to pummel him for daring to insinuate any thing against his Highness. They performed this operation so noisily that it attracted the attention of the persons at the upper end of the hall. The Lieutenant and Chabanes came down upon hearing the disturbance, and learning the cause of it, they thought the offender was in very good hands, and recommended them to turn him out. "What shall we do with him?" said a little red-nosed cobbler to Chabanes, as they were handing the unfortunate Procureur down the steps of the hall. Chabanes' eye fell upon a large stone basin in the fore court, used for watering horses, and he immediately replied with a tone of affected pity, "Oh, don't duck him." The most trifling hint, if it is a good one, is enough for a mob; —they hurried the Procureur to the basin, and before he could say two words soused him neck and heels into it:—They were about to repeat the

operation, but at Chabanes' intreaty they desisted, and the moistened lawyer sneaked off dripping like a water-spaniel. Upon their return to the hall, they found the Prince about to retire, to take according to the Eastern custom his *siesta*. As soon as he was alone with Chabanes, he inquired about the means of his retreat. The Bailli informed him he had disposed the horses of his troop a short distance out of the town, and that the whole of the suite was acquainted with it. That it was proposed to set off on their return as soon as the town should be quiet. He then related the affair of the Procureur to his great satisfaction, and informed him that a ball was to be given in honour of him. After a short rest, the Prince prepared to resume his character. Upon his return to the hall, he was addressed in a long set speech by the Prior of a convent in the neighbourhood, who after ascribing to his Highness the possession of every virtue under Heaven, concluded by beseeching his charitable donation for the support of his monks. The Prince, paying the reverend beggar some compliments upon his eloquence, desired his favourite to set down ten louis d'ors for the convent, and the Prior was dismissed as well content as if he had had the money in his purse.

The Lieutenant and his colleagues had prepared the freedom of their City, which they now presented to the Prince with much ceremony, and he was enrolled a burgess of the ancient town of Ussel, with the privilege of carrying on certain trades mentioned there within the precincts. The Prince assured them of the high sense he entertained of this honour: and the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing. Chabanes having intimated that the Prince was fatigued with his journey, the party broke up, and the worthy chiefs of Ussel retired highly delighted with the affability of the Prince, and dreamt of the signal honours which would be bestowed upon them in the morning by the generous foreigner.

As soon as the town was silent, and the melodious snoring of its inhabitants gave notice of the soundness of their slumbers, every thing having been pre-

viously arranged, the Prince, accompanied by his suite, set off on his return. In a short time they reached the Chateau, where they found the ladies, of course very desirous to hear all the particulars. As soon as their curiosity had been satisfied, the Countess, putting on a very grave look, told the mock Prince that she had very bad news. "The Farmer General," said she, "has succeeded in tracing you to this place, and he has arrived here, accompanied by a person who possesses such an authority as you *must* obey, and who has vowed not to leave this house without you: they are even now here." Sir Hugh was a little discomposed, as may be supposed, but putting the best face upon it he could, he said, "if there was no means of avoiding it, he must submit." He was turning round to speak to the Count, when the Farmer General, who had been standing behind some of the company, advanced towards him with a serene air and a smirking countenance, and begged to assure him of the correctness of every part of the Countess's statement. "Sir," said the knight, angrily, "when I recollect the terms upon which we parted, it is not enough to say I am surprised to see you engaged on such an errand. I desire to have no conversation with you, but recollect, that, this affair once adjusted, I shall hold you to strict account for this dishonourable conduct. Allow me, Madam," turning to the Countess, "to retire, that I may take off this habit, and accompany the person who I understand is waiting to take me."

"No!" said a voice which thrilled to the heart of Sir Hugh, "I do not consent." The curtain of an inner room was withdrawn, and Madame D'Argencourt stood before him. "I vowed," continued she, "I would marry none but a Prince, and nothing else will I be contented with."

Sir Hugh more than ever astonished begged that some good christian would explain these mysteries to him. Madame D'Argencourt then told him "that upon the return of the Farmer to M. Millebombes, he was surprised to find him upon his legs. Upon a minute examination they discovered that it was

only his cloak that had been wounded and that he was perfectly whole. The valiant Captain said that as he was convinced he was not wounded, he must have been seized with a fit, which he had been subject to on similar occasions. The Farmer, however, not being satisfied with this explanation, nor with the conduct of the Captain, coolly shewed him to the door, and the next morning waited upon the widow to relate the adventure. She frankly confessed that Sir Hugh's conduct had increased the good opinion she had before entertained.

"By way of making you every amends for his attack," said the widow, "he offered to accompany me in search of you, and if your Highness's sudden elevation has not altered the sentiments you entertained when I last saw you, perhaps the consequences of this adventure may not be disagreeable to you."

Sir Hugh threw himself at her feet, and kissing her hand, vowed an unchangeable devotion. He shook the Farmer heartily by the hand, and vowed that, next to M. Millebombes, who invented the enterprise, he was his best friend. The Count, who had purposely withdrawn while this trick was played upon his friend, now returned, and

declared that the betrothed parties should not quit his house till they were man and wife. The widow had gone too far to retract, so—she consented, and the next day was fixed for the wedding.

Before the inmates of the Chateau had risen, the inhabitants of Ussel found they had been most egregiously duped, and after expressing much astonishment, and feeling much mortification, they resolved to be wiser another time.

Chabanes appeared most hurt of the whole of the citizens, and not able, as he said, to shew himself after being the object of such an imposition, he quitted Ussel to be present at the wedding,—by way of overcoming his chagrin.

The nuptials were concluded with great pomp: and a few months afterwards the restoration of Charles the 2nd to his throne reinstated Sir Hugh in the possession of his paternal domains in Leicestershire, where he immediately retired with his charming widow: and the recollection of being a Greek Prince, and a Burgher of Ussel, with the circumstances attending them, furnished amusement for many a winter evening by his own fire-side in England.

(London Magazine.)

ON THE SONGS OF THE PEOPLE OF GOTHIC, OR TEUTONIC RACE.

THE character of a people is faithfully expressed in their popular songs. It has been truly observed of such compositions, that, like the pulsation and breathing, they are the sign and measure of the inward life.—

A number of circumstances concur in forming the character of a people. The nature of the government, the nature of the country, their occupation, their religion, and a variety of other particulars, have necessarily more or less influence on their habits and modes of thinking and feeling. Much, however, also must be conceded to depend on the natural and original temperament of a people. It is this which disposes them more to the reception of one set of impressions than another; and thus accounts for

the habits which grow up among them in their social infancy. The sanguine temperament of the African Negro, and the cold and phlegmatic temperament of the American Indian, will always, under all circumstances, so long as these two races of men shall remain unmixed, ensure an essential diversity in their character.—The races of Europe do not, indeed, afford such a marked contrast; and the intercourse of nations, every day becoming more intimate, has a tendency to wear down and soften original distinctions: still, however, we perceive tribes, or families of people, in Europe, which the common observer feels convinced at a first glance, must have proceeded from essentially different stocks. For instance, the nations

of the Gothic, or Teutonic race—namely, the Scandinavians, and the people of their dependent islands,—the Upper and Lower Germany (including Swiss, Alsations, Flemings, and Dutch,)—the English and Lowland Scots,—not merely speak branches of one common language, but have a strong family likeness, both in features, complexion, and figure, and in character and disposition :—while the Celtic race again, differs strongly from the former, not merely in language, but in all the other particulars just enumerated.

The prevailing character of the Teutonic nations is obtuseness of the senses, or tardiness in receiving sensual impressions ; sincerity and singleness of disposition ; constancy and perseverance in pursuit.—Their appearance and movements are heavy, and ungraceful. But from their constancy in pursuit, and their power of dwelling long on one object, they have reached greater excellence in certain important branches of knowledge and acquirement, than people of a more quick and mercurial disposition.—Though their want of delicacy of tact may prevent them from ever becoming the greatest painters or statuarys,—they have produced a Copernicus, a Kepler, a Tycho Brahe, a Newton, a Bacon, a Hobbes, and a Leibnitz.—They have planted themselves in the wildernesses of the new world ; and, by patient labour, converted them into 'flourishing communities : while the French, Spaniards, and Portuguese, in similar situations, have yielded to circumstances, and either trifled away their time on the spot where they first planted themselves,—or become savages with the natives. The colonists of the former in Russia and Poland, have displayed the same perseverance. From their sincerity of disposition, and their freedom from distrust and jealousy, they are peculiarly adapted for acting in union.

The intercourse between the sexes has always been of a more elevated character with them, than with any other race. Tacitus expressly states, that of all the barbarians known to the Romans, the Germans alone entertained a high regard for women ; and this regard dis-

played itself, in the middle ages, in chivalry,—an institution which flowed naturally out of their character—and the circumstances of the times.

To gaiety, in the genuine sense of the word, they are strangers. In their mirth, as in every thing else, they are deficient in ease ;—their wit, which is often forcible, has seldom a spontaneous appearance, but usually that of effort. Even their language is stamped with the directness and sincerity which belongs to their character. It was justly observed by Leibnitz, that a person writing or speaking in one of the Teutonic languages, with a view to conceal his meaning, will find it more difficult to succeed in his object than if he used any other tongue. It was a *Frenchman* who observed, that language was given to man to *conceal* his thoughts !

The points of difference between the Teutonic and the Celtic race are obvious to the most superficial observer. The Celt is of an ardent and impetuous temperament ; rapid in all his movements ; quick in his perceptions ; he has a keen intuitive glance, and naturally expresses himself in bold figurative language. He is, at the same time, much more fickle and inconstant, and much less cordial and sincere. If more sensible to kindness, he is also more prone to anger and revenge than his Saxon neighbour.

The song and music of the Celts are also quite distinct in character from those of their neighbours. The poetry is bold and figurative ; and the ardour of a warm and enthusiastic imagination boils over on every object within its reach. The music is animated and impassioned in the highest degree ; the strains are at times absolutely heart rending. Sir Walter Scott in *Marmion* has happily described the character of the pathetic Celtic airs :—

The air he chose was wild and sad ;
Such have I heard in Scottish land
Rise from the busy harvest band,
When falls before the mountaineer,
On Lowland plains, the ripen'd ear ;—
Now one shrill voice the notes prolong,
Now a wild chorus swells the song :
Oft have I listen'd and stood still,
As it came soften'd up the hill,
And deem'd it the lament of men
Who languish'd for their native glen ;

And thought how sad would be such sound
On Susquehanna's swampy ground,
Kentucky's wood-encumber'd brake,
Or wild Ontario's boundless lake,
Where heart-sick exiles in their strain
Recall'd fair Scotland's hills again !

The song and the music of the Teutonic race are of quite a different cast.—And of these the Germans have fewer of what may properly be called genuine old ballads than the English or Danes. Yet among the peasantry of the different provinces of that extensive country, a number of characteristic ballads and songs are current, many of them handed down from the remotest ages.—The following extract from a ballad of the Black Forest, taken down from the recitation of a female peasant, seventy-six years old, translated almost literally, reminds us strongly of the ditties of our own peasantry. The ballad is called *Earl Frederick*; the subject of it is the murder of a young woman by Earl Frederick; because his mother would not consent to his marrying her. He goes, notwithstanding, to bring her home, and in conducting her

He draws from his sheath his gleaming sword,
And stabb'd his maiden most piteously ;
" Now know I that she's sure to die : "
Then he drew out his shirt so white,
And in the wound he dip'd it strait,
The shirt was colour'd red all o'er,
As if it had been wash'd in gore :
Into the court he then did ride,
Bearing with him his wounded bride ;
To meet him out his mother run,
" You're welcome home again, my son,
With thy young bride so wan and pale—
O why then is thy bride so pale ?
And why too are her looks cast down,
As if with child she had been gone ? "
" Now mother hold thy tongue, I pray,
And speak not in this cruel way ;
It is no child that makes her pale,
She has receiv'd a deadly wound."—

This tragic wedding, the death of the bride, the slaughter of Earl Frederick by her father, and the roses and lilies that grew out of the graves of the two lovers, form a popular subject with the peasantry in different parts of Germany, and many various versions of the ballad are current.

Bürger, one moonlight night, heard a peasant girl sing an old German song, of which three lines remained engraven

on his memory ; but, notwithstanding all his efforts, he was unable afterwards to obtain any trace of it. There is a complete copy of this curious ditty in the *Wunderhorn*,—of which the following is a close translation :

The stars beam in the sky,
The moon it shines so bright ;
How quick the dead do ride !

Open the window, love !
And let me in to thee ;
I cannot long here be.

The cock already crows,
It chaunts to us the day,
I dare no longer stay.

Far, far, have I ridden,
Two hundred leagues of way !
And still must ride to-day.

O dearest heart of mine,
Come get thee up behind,
The way thou'lt pleasant find !

Yonder, in Hungary Land,
A little house have I,
Thither my way doth lie !

Upon a wide spread heath,
My house is ready made,
For me and for my bride.

Let me no longer stay !
Come quick my love, come, come,
And let us to our home.

The little stars us light,
The moon it shines so bright,
How quickly ride the dead !

Now whither wilt thou take me,
O God what canst thou mean,
All in the darksome night !

With thee I cannot ride,
Thy little bed's too strait,
And too far is the gait.

O come and lay thee down,
Sleep, my love, sleep away,
Until the judgment day.

The following ballad, among others, is given by Jung, in his biography :

At Kindelsberg, on the castle high,
An antient lime-tree grows,
With goodly branches, wide outspread,
Which rave as the wild wind blows.

There stands a stem, both broad and tall,
Quite close this lime-tree behind ;
It is grey, and rough a lover with moss,
And it shakes not in the wind.

There sleeps a maiden the mournful sleep,
Who to her knight was true ;—
He was a noble count of the Mark,
Her case she well might rue.—

With her brother to a distant land
 To a knight's feud he did repair ;
 He gave to the maiden the iron hand,
 They parted with many a tear : .

The time was now long past and gone,
 The Count he came not again !
 By the lime-tree foot she sate her down,
 To give vent to her sorrow and pain .

And there to her another knight came ;
 A coal-black steed was he on,
 Unto the maiden he kindly spoke,
 And sought her heart to win .

The maiden said, " thou shalt, I vow,
 Me for thy wife ne'er have ;—
 When the lime-tree here shall wither'd stand,
 My heart to thee will I give !"

The lime-tree still was high and young,
 Up-hill and down he pass'd,
 In search of a lime so large and so high,
 Till he found it at the last :

Then out he went, in the moonshine bright,
 And dug up the lime-tree so green,
 And set the wither'd tree in its stead,
 And the turf laid down again .

The maiden up in the morning rose,
 Her window was so light ;
 The lime-tree shade no more on it played ;
 She was seized with grief and afright !—

The maiden to the lime-tree run,
 Sat down with sorrow and pain,
 The knight he came, in haughty mood,
 And sought her heart again :—

The maiden answer'd, in distress,
 " Thou'lt ne'er be lov'd by me."—
 The proud knight then he stabbed her dead.
 The Count griev'd piteously !—

For he came home that very day,
 And saw, in sorrowful mood,
 How by the wither'd lime-tree lay
 The maiden in her blood !

And then a deep grave did he dig,
 For a bed of rest for his bride,
 And he sought for a lime up-hill and down,
 And he plac'd it by her side .

And a great stone he also plac'd,
 Which by the wind cannot shaken be ;—
 There sleeps the maiden in peaceful rest,
 In the shade of the green lime tree .

A volume of *Tragica*, or old Danish historical Love Songs, was published in 1657 ; and a hundred ballads were added, by Peter Syv, to Vedel's collection, in 1695.

Some of these ballads have been introduced with considerable effect, by Oehlenschläger, in his Dramas. In his Tragedy of Axel and Valborg, which is itself founded on a popular ballad, he introduces that of

THE KNIGHT AAGE.

It was the Knight Sir Aage,
 He to the island rode ;
 He betroth'd Lady Else,
 She was so fair a maid ;

He betroth'd Lady Else,
 All with gold so red,
 But on the Monday after
 He in earth was laid :

It was the Lady Else,
 And she did wail and weep,
 The Knight, Sir Aage heard her,
 Under the earth so deep ;

Uprose the Knight, Sir Aage,
 Took his coffin up behind,
 And he'd him to her chamber door,
 His Lady fair to find :

With the coffin he knock'd upon the door,
 Because he had no skin,
 " O rise up Lady Else
 And let thy Aage in !"

Then answer'd Lady Else,
 " I will not ope my door,
 Till thou repeat Christ Jesus' name,
 As thou couldst do before !"

" O rise up little Else,
 And open thou thy door ;
 I can the name of Jesus name,
 As I could do before."

Then up rose the proud Else,
 The tears fast down did flow,
 And in she let dear Aage,
 For whom she felt such woe ;

And then she took her golden comb,
 Wherewith she comb'd his hair,
 And for every hair she redded,
 She dropt a bitter tear .

" Now, hear ye Knight, Sir Aage,
 My dearest love, O say,
 How was it under the black earth,
 In the grave where you lay."

" Every time thou merry art,
 And in thy mind art glad,
 Then pleasant is my grave to me,
 All round with rose leaves clad ;

" But every time thou grieve'st,
 And in thy mind art sad,
 My coffin then it seems to be
 All filled with clotted blood .

" But now the red cock croweth,
 I can no longer stay,
 To earth now hurry all the dead,
 And I must take the way .

" And now the black cock croweth,
 To earth must I descend,
 The gates of heaven wide open are,
 And I must quickly wend !"

Upstood the Knight, Sir Aage,
 Took his coffin up behind,
 And dragged it on to the church yard,
 Painful he did it find ;—

And now the Lady Else,
 Her heart it was right sad,
 She went on with her Aage,
 All through the darksome wood ;
 She went with him all through the wood,
 And into the church yard,
 And then the Knight, Sir Aage,
 Lost the hue of his yellow hair ;
 And as he came to leave the yard,
 And into the church sped,
 O there the Knight, Sir Aage,
 Lost the hue of his cheeks so red ;
 " Now hear thou little Else proud,
 Hear me my dearest dear,
 See that thou never more do weep,
 For thy betrothed here ;
 And cast thine eye to heaven up,
 And little stars aboon,
 And thou wilt thereby come to know,
 How the night passeth on."
 She cast her eye to heaven up
 And to each little star ;
 Into the earth the dead man slipped,
 She never saw him more !
 Now home went Lady Else,
 Deep sorrowing all the way,
 And on the Monday after.
 She lay in the dark clay.

The belief in ghosts follows naturally from the belief that we do not wholly die ; and the most that the reason of an enlightened age can say on the subject is, that allowing a continuation of our existence, in some shape or other, we know not whether the nature of that existence does or does not allow of an intercourse between it and the mortal life. There is a difficulty in supposing an identity of affections ; and men in a rude age, naturally cling with fondness to the idea, that, as the old affection is continued, the disembodied spirit will not be subjected to a restraint, debarring it irrevocably, from all means of communicating with the object of its regard. Those who witness the separation of two lovers by the hand of death, can hardly avoid picturing to themselves a renewal of the intercourse so sadly disturbed ; and hence the idea of such ballads as we have last noticed, must be almost perpetually floating in the mind, and as extensive by diffused as human feeling.

(European Magazine.)

SECRETS OF CABALISM.

IN the last years of Gustavus the Third's reign, when the French revolution had thrown upwards all the froth of modern philosophy, a sect of Cabalists found its way into Gothland. One of its proselytes was a descendant of the great Wallenstein, and father of a young captain in the royal guard, whose misconduct caused one of its companies to be disbanded, and their officers expelled from Sweden. Count Wallenstein heard of his son's disgrace with considerable coldness. "There is too much of the fluctuating and uncertain element in that boy," said the cabalistical father ;—"some fountain-nymph, some blue-eyed Egeria, will find employment for a Numa so young and romantic. I shall leave him to seek a guardian in his own element."

After this speech Count Wallenstein named his son no more, and seemed to bury himself in his new studies. He employed a French mechanic to construct for him an automaton of great

power, capable, when the stone to which it was attached received any pressure, of advancing, rising and moving its hands with significant and inviting gestures. He was heard to say, on the authority of some profound students, that mechanism and chemistry might go near to produce a human being, and his labours to perfect his favourite work were very long and private. Whether he hoped to animate it like a second Prometheus, and what means he pursued, were known only to himself and his confidential artisan.—Secrecy has always been an essential part of cabalism, and perhaps not the least charm to its professors.

There was at some distance from the little river Wreda, a low wooden house occupied by an unknown Frenchman. He had neither wife nor child, nor any servant except a negress, whose shape and colour were amply sufficient to dismay intrusive spies. The Swedish peasants had no hesitation in pronoun-

cing her one of those sorceresses whose incantations are still feared, yet permitted, in the North. The habitation of these two recluses was in the hollow of a defile made by two rocks, whose faces so nearly met, that the sun could seldom penetrate to their utmost depth even in his highest noon. These rocks were desolately bare, except when the thin white smoke from Bertrand's chimney rose curling over their sides, and gave a kind of softness to their purple tint. Two goats and a watchdog occupied the narrow stockade or enclosure which the Frenchman and his negress had erected round their dwelling, into which no guest was ever admitted. They had spent seventeen years in its seclusion, but Bertrand was not always within his own walls. He took weekly and sometimes daily walks of great length, and his faithful Mooma was not permitted to enquire into their purpose. They might be to make purchases at the next hamlet, for he generally carried with him a knapsack or large basket, and in the beginning of the winter he was more inquisitive respecting shamoy and furs than appeared necessary for his own wardrobe.

But the eighteenth winter brought with it a fatal disease which prevented his excursions, and he looked every day at the setting sun, or at the rings which marked the progress of time on his pine tree torch with frantic impatience. When three weeks of the darkest month had passed, Bertrand called Mooma to the side of his mattress, pointed to a basket which stood empty beside him, and commanded her to fill it with some cakes of rye-flour, a flask of milk, and a piece of honeycomb which he had selected. He beckoned to the dog which usually attended his walks, and seemed as if he had been going to add some urgent orders, but the hand of death was on him. He stretched his hand towards the door with a cry of agony, and died.

Mooma's intellect was well suited to the degree of abject servitude she had borne so many years. To obey her master, to prepare his coarse food, and perform the drudgery of his hovel, was all her knowledge, and she had been content to share his kindness with the

animals domesticated about her. She looked at Bertrand's stiffening features with very little comprehension of the dismal change his death might produce in her situation; and when she had composed his body, and sung the wild melody of an African dirge, she took up the basket and set forth, guided by the unchanging instinct of obedience.

The huge water-dog seemed to hesitate between his desire to remain with his dead master and his accustomed duty of attending the basket. The latter prevailed, and Mooma following his gambols as he snuffed his way through the drifted snow, arrived, after a very long walk, at a place which seemed to her superstitious eyes a mansion for some unknown deity. It was a large circular space about half a mile in extent, covered with smooth and shining ice, except in the centre, where a tuft of dwarf-trees crusted with icicles appeared like a knot of crystal pillars wreathed with diamonds. Something like a dim haze hovered over the highest, and sometimes floated in the wind, while Mooma stood gazing on it as if it had been the breathing of the deity she feared. Her shaggy companion shewed less fear, and seizing the basket from her hand, walked across the blue circle of ice, and deposited it among the frozen trees. He returned bounding and gambolling, till Mooma, conceiving that this offering of food was meant by their dead master to propitiate some unseen power, such as her savage countrymen worshipped, turned her face homewards, hoping to have secured the happy passage of his soul.

Bertrand lay undisturbed in his winding-sheet when she returned to his hut; and this faithful servant's next task was to deposit him under the richest turf in his little garden. She decorated it with a few beads and shells, all that she had preserved of her native land, and sang the dirge of her tribe until the bitterness of the midnight frost forced her back to her solitary hearth. Winter passed and spring returned without causing any change in her mode of life, for her little stock of oil, rye-flour, and the milk of her goats, sufficed for light and nourishment. And the dog's ges-

tures and joyful bark reminded her every seventh morning to replenish the basket, and carry it again to the spot which seemed familiar to him: and Mooma still believing this a religious rite in some way useful to her dead master, fulfilled it with humble and patient fidelity.

But as the brighter and warmer days approached, the scene of her mysterious duty changed from a sheet of ice to a lovely lake, and the bower in the centre became green. Still the dog plunged resolutely with his charge into the water, swam across, and having deposited it in some invisible recess, returned with his usual expressions of delight. And in this dreary and unfrequented region, the poor negress found comfort in these excursions to perform what seemed a communion with some friendly spirit of the water.

Curiosity has so little part in the uncultivated African's character, that Mooma might have continued her obedience to Bertrand's last command without further investigation, and with a comforting belief that her little tenement's safety was secured by this mysterious ceremony. But on the 19th of March 1792, as she returned from her weekly excursion, her dog's furious howlings and the print of strange feet in the snow informed her of a stranger's visit. Opening the door of her hut, and looking round, she saw the coffer of her dead master had been ransacked, and the only apparel it contained taken out. Part of a rye-loaf and a flask of rum had been taken also, but a small piece of silver was left on the board. It appeared to Mooma of so much more value than the things removed, that she fell on her knees and kissed it with reverence, as the gift of that beneficent spirit to which she paid, as she supposed, her weekly tributes. In one respect Mooma was not mistaken. The rix-dollar was in reality much more in worth than the tattered grey cloak and suit of shamoy leather which the interloper had purloined, but they were of infinite value in his eyes, and except the morsel of rye-bread moistened in rum, he had tasted nothing for several hours. Clothed in his

stolen garb, he made haste to a lonely road which led by many detours and dangerous precipices to a house near the town called Granna.

This house was large, and had the air of a nobleman's mansion, though ill-built and neglected. Our stranger forced himself through a broken gate into a green court-yard, and through a loop-hole once meant for an arrow-slit into the interior of this house, where no one seemed likely to oppose him: for only an old man was sitting alone in a sort of laboratory; and the figure of the intruder so much resembled the great Tycho Brahe's in his grotesque fur-cap and ill-suited leathern coat, that the student stood aghast as if his lucubrations had raised the ghost of Danish philosophy.

"Put out the lights," said the newcomer sternly—"the seventeenth of March is over—he is dead——"

Count Wallenstein knew his son's voice, and ran to embrace him—"I have not an hour to lose," added young Otto—"the gates of the city are shut—I escaped thus far by miracle—are you alone?"

"What is done! what is escaped!" asked the old Count, as if he had feared to understand the desperate import of his son's countenance. Otto made no answer, and the trampling of horses towards his house announced the extremity of danger. "Take this ring and this purse, my son!—pass through the lowest window, and keep to the right of the lake—if no smoke is rising, wait till a woman's hand beckons among the rocks."

Young Wallenstein made but one leap through the outlet into his father's deserted park, and heard the clanging of horses' hoofs before the gate as their riders drew themselves round in array to prevent the flight of any inhabitant. But he had strong nerves and muscles—every winding was known to him, and he crept under and among piles of drifted snow, which the early sun of spring had not dissolved. He was soon out of sight and bearing—the immediate danger was passed, and he went at a tardier pace to the lake. What place

of refuge was he to expect there? Every thing on its banks was silent and desolate, but perhaps the absence of all human visitants might be his father's motive for selecting such an asylum. But as he listened with ears quickened by alarm, the word of command given to soldiers, whose trumpet sounded dully on the frozen air, was distinctly audible. There was no alternative: a pile of rocks seemed at a safe distance near the centre; and before the first horse-man had turned upon the banks, Otto plunged in, and swam desperately towards it.

Meanwhile Count Wallenstein received the visit of an armed detachment with the courtesy and coolness of an accomplished statesman. He permitted their official search, heard their strange intelligence, which the commander hardly ventured to hint, and dismissed them with abundant promises to assist their purpose. When the troop had left his domain, he sent his few servants to their beds, and retired himself to his laboratory. He sat there musing and in deep silence till he supposed all asleep. Then with his lamp in one hand and a mask in the other, he descended to the lowest apartment of his house. He was followed unseen by an armed man, the commander of the troop which had visited him to search his tenement a few hours before. This man knew the strange and reserved character of Count Wallenstein, and by bribing a menial, had obtained means of re-entering and watching. He was not disappointed in his expectations of discovering something. Through the crevice of a door studded with iron, but shrunk by age, he saw eleven men seated round a table lighted by the single lamp which the elder Wallenstein had placed upon it.

"We are all assembled," said one at the head of the assembly, "except one—yet the seventeenth of March is past."

"Past, but seen only through a shadow," answered another voice—"we know not yet how far the spirits of earth may subdue those of a nobler element."

"If to give earth to earth be a deed fit for those who profess to be nowise

akin to earthly things," replied the first speaker, bending down his head, and crossing his arms on the horoscope spread before him—"Had this thing prospered," he added, in a broken tone, "the twelfth chair at this table would not have been vacant now. We have trusted too much to our wisdom—too little to Providence."

"To Providence," was echoed by a dark gaunt man, whose face, though half masked, discovered the grimaces of a maniac—"What is that Providence?—If, as our great master teaches us, the elements have separate ministers that busy themselves in the affairs of men, there is not one but many providences, and we have no right to doubt that one of them at least will befriend us."

"You are right," said Wallenstein—"And why should a word affright us?—What ignorant men call death is but the transmigration of a spirit to its parent element. He who fell on Tuesday had a soul which the world said was a spark of the rarest fire—What if he had passed by the help of fire into a better and fitter state?"

"Still," answered the first speaker, "I see not how we had a right to dispossess his body of that spark by force. If the elements were not blended in him so justly as our science deems fit, we have yet no right to dissolve what we could not amend."

"We have not dissolved, we have only altered," interrupted the enthusiast fiercely—"Earth will receive her part of him—fire has claimed its own—air has his last breath—water—O! there was nothing of that pure and gentle element in his composition. But," he added, pausing and looking at the former speaker, "enough of its coldest particles are in some among us."

"There is iron in water," retorted his opponent, "and you may find strength where there seems only temperance. If the spirits of the element you name delight in murder, it would have been well if they had all been smothered when the upper crust of the earth fell in, as your philosophers pretend, at the first deluge."

The sarcastic sneer on his lip, betrayed by the curl of his thick mustachio,

was not unobserved by Wallenstein, who filled his huge silver cup to the brim. "Whatever be the power and properties of water," he said, in a jovial tone, "we will not try them here. Brothers and friends, let us drink to the nymph of the Wreden lake."

The masked Divan rose, pledged the cup with joined hands, and their president instantly extinguished the lamp. It seemed as if they all departed by different doors, and the Swedish soldier was left alone in his covert. He was powerfully and strangely affected by all he had seen. The mysticism of their language, the apparatus of crucibles and Leyden jars, and the bags of earth, stoves, and bladders, attached to the persons of the speakers, appeared at once grotesque and hideous. There was enough, however, to excite both his curiosity and his loyal zeal, and the last allusion to the Wreden lake determined him to adventure there. He left the house by the same means that had enabled him to enter it, and bent his steps to the banks which his troop had already reconnoitered.

The Swede mused all the way on the obscure bints he had gathered concerning the spirits of the water, and paused once or twice before he tried his strength in swimming across the lake to the island-rock where he supposed the murderer might be concealed.

By frequent and cautious surveys, he discovered a prominent rock in a part of the islet nearest the main shore, distinguished by something like a flight of steps. He even imagined, as the water lay calm and clear, that the fragments of rock piled under these steps had the appearance of an artificial barricade. The soldier's eye was keen and experienced. He dived like a bird of the water, and alighted on a point very little below its surface. But an apparition rose before him which seemed to change his blood into the same cold element. A creature gradually advanced from behind the reef of caverned rocks in the semblance of a female. Her long dripping hair was tangled with weeds and sand, but there was motion in her eyes and in the

hands that seemed to act like oars upon the water. Presently she rose breast-high above, and remained still, her neck shining in the moon-light like polished ivory. The soldier's eyes fastened themselves on this spectacle, and all that he had heard of the Count's communion with beings of another species came upon his thoughts. Still he stood firm on the base of the rock, though without strength enough to move. The mer-maiden, if such a name may be given to the nymph of the lake, only raised her hand as if to beckon him away, and her large blue eyes dwelt on him with a fascinating gaze. Either his dazzled eyes or the motion of the water seemed to bring her nearer; and making one instinctive effort, he charged his carabine which he had brought slung over his shoulder, and fired. The ball rebounded as from a stone, but the flash of another musquet passed close to his head. The soldier, however daunted by a nymph of the lake, had no fear of ordinary beings, and deeming he had a mortal enemy to deal with, he stepped back, and again loading his fusil, discharged it through the crevice from whence the hostile bullet had proceeded. It was answered by a deadly groan. He bent down, and looking into the chasm, saw Count Wallenstein's son struggling with death. The generous soldier raised him up, and would have forced a cordial into his lips. "It is too late," said Otto, "but I have lived long enough. Carry me farther into the cave, and let me die."

"Ah, Wallenstein!" said the soldier, "why did you not trust me?—How could I expect to find you in this deplorable disguise? But the seventeenth of March is past, and the King still lives.

"He must die!" answered Otto; "Ankerstroem charged his pistol trebly, and his aim was sure. Make your own escape. There is a peril nearer than you dream of!"

He would have said more, but voice and life failed him. His last words only roused and confirmed the courage of the Swedish soldier. He took the cap

and cloak of the dead body, and went further into the cave, from which a thin smoke seemed to ascend. It guided him to a kind of recess arched with the living rock, and lighted only by a fire of pine-tree. Near it sat a man of singularly gaunt and grim figure muffled in a military cloak, with a large sack beside him.—“Make your escape,” said the soldier, imitating the voice and phrase of young Wallenstein—“there is a peril nearer than you dream of.”—“What then?” retorted the ruffian—“have I not shared it with our comrades eighteen months?—Thanks to the faithful fool, and a dog’s cunning, we have not starved here. What! did the wooden mermaid scare away the spy?”—“He is safe,” said the loyal Swede, lowering his voice, and retiring into the most

shadowy corner.—“So will I be!” rejoined his companion—“Your master Rosierucius had an iron effigy to guard his tomb—his disciples have a painted one to secure their treasury—I will shew you better machinery.” So saying he made a leap towards the outlet of the cave, but the troop had forded the lake and crowded in to the assistance of their commander. They seized the regicide’s accomplice, and found in the recesses of the cave all the correspondence, gold, weapons, and ammunition of the traitorous cabal.

The automaton artfully constructed to guard the entrance when the foot of a stranger invaded it, was hewn to pieces, and Ankerstroem’s miserable death on the scaffold terminated one daring effort of political cabalism. V.

(Monthly Magazine.)

VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY AND CIRCUMNAVIGATION IN 1818, 1819, 1820,

BY THE FRENCH CORVETTE URANIA, CAPT. FREYCINET.

M. LOUIS de Freycinet captain of a frigate to whom the king entrusted the command of the *Urania*, to make a voyage of discovery in the South Seas, returned to Havre on the 13th of November last.

The principal object of this voyage was to make observations on the figure of the earth, and the intensity of the magnetic influence in the southern hemisphere; but having to traverse a great extent of sea, M. de Freycinet was also to take advantage of all occasions which might offer to him to augment the collections of natural history, and add new documents in hydrography to those which are already in the Royal Marine depot.

The *Urania* was fitted out at Toulon in the early part of 1817, and furnished with every article necessary for a long voyage; she received a picked crew, and her officers were distinguished by the extent of their knowledge.

A numerous collection of the best instruments for natural science and nautical astronomy were put on board, to be used in the experiments and observa-

tions which were the essential objects of the voyage.

On the 16th day of December Cape Frio was observed, and its geographical position verified. The *Urania* entered Rio de Janeiro the same night, where she remained until the 29th of January.

The passage from Rio Janeiro to the Cape of Good Hope was marked by a melancholy event, which deprived M. de Freycinet of one of his ablest colleagues, M. Laborde.

The *Urania* remained in Table Bay from the 7th of March till the 5th of April; and from thence she sailed to Port Louis, in the Isle of France, where they arrived on the 5th of May.

M. de Freycinet praises particularly the reception which he met with during these two stoppages from Lord C. Somerset, the Governour of the Cape.

The corvette stopped only some days in the isle of Bourbon to take in provisions, and then directed her course towards the coast of New-Holland, the Northern extremity of which was seen on the 11th of September, 1818.

The *Urania* coasted along at a moderate distance; and having fallen in with Endracht's Land, she followed it until she arrived at the entrance of Seadog's Bay, from whence, after a short stay, she sailed, on the 13th of September, to the anchorage before the peninsula of Peron.

The *Urania* sailed on the 26th of September; the intention of M. de Freycinet being to sail for Timor, in order to ascertain some points respecting its geographical positions, of which he had doubts.

On the 29th of October, 1820, the corvette cast anchor in the bay of Coupang, in the Island of Timor, after having coasted on the west side of the isles of Limas and Retti, which belong to that archipelago.

On the 29th of November they were in sight of Ceram and Amboyna, and stretching into the strait between the latter island and Bourno, they bent their course towards the isle Gasse, which they doubled to the eastward at a small distance, during a violent storm. A great number of isles were observed, among which the most remarkable are those of Damoner, Gilolo, and Guébé.

In this passage the *Urania* fell in with several armed canoes belonging to the Kimalaha of Guébé. This prince came on board, and passed an entire day with them, during which his flotilla towed astern of the corvette. He furnished M. de Freycinet with various information respecting his country and his maritime expeditions, and made the strongest endeavours to induce him to stop at his island, where he assured him there was an excellent harbour, a commodious watering place and good refreshments. This proposition not being accepted, he assured him he would come with his brothers to Waigion, and pay him a new visit.

It was to the Isle Guébé that M. de Pavre was sent formerly by M. de Coetiva, to take drawings of the nutmeg trees which have since multiplied so much in the Indian and American colonies. The Guebeians recollected that circumstance very well, of which they were themselves the first to speak;

and M. de Freycinet attributes to their former relations with the French, the very particular amity which they testified towards him.

The *Urania* cast anchor on the 6th of December, at the Isle of Rawak, after having at a short distance coasted along the northern side of Waigion.

"An observatory was established on shore, and its position, in latitude only 1 1-2 minute south was the most favourable for experiments with the pendulum which they could get under the equator. The period of this stay was employed in researches respecting geography and natural history.

Two or three days before they sailed, they heard, on a sudden, the martial music of tom-toms, kettle-drums, &c. Some moments after, there appeared, at the large point of the island, the fleet of the Kimalaha of Guébé, who faithful to his promise, had come to pay the visit he had before announced. This little squadron presented a spectacle at once imposing and whimsical. The Guebean prince was accompanied by his brothers and sons, to the number of eight; all, like himself, of good mein, and remarkable for their intelligence. They remained on board until the moment of the corvette's departure; they gave as presents to M. de Freycinet, various curiosities of their country, and among others, hats made of straw interwoven with *tale*, worked with admirable art.

Having sailed from Rawak on the 5th of Jan, 1819, the *Urania* stretched towards the Ayon isles, which they saw on the 6th and 8th of the same month.

After having visited several of the Caroline Isles, which are not pointed out on the maps, and having received throughout the most friendly reception from the islanders, M. de Freycinet arrived, on the 17th of May, in sight of the Isle of Guam, and cast anchor on the night of the same day in the roadstead of Humata. This delay, and that which the corvette made at Port San Louis in the same island, restored health to the crew, thanks to the generous eagerness with which the governor, Don Jose de Medinillo y Pineda, anticipated all the wants of the expedi-

tion, by procuring them refreshments and comforts of all kinds.

M. de Freycinet appears to have collected, respecting the people of the Marianne Islands, information more extensive than that with which preceding voyagers have enriched their accounts. He gives various details respecting their manners, language and laws, as well as that singular government of which much has been said, and in which the women act an important part. He communicates to us interesting notions respecting the arts which they practise, respecting their money, which is established on principles absolutely different from ours, and respecting their architecture, of which he still saw numerous ruins at Tinian.

Two months were employed in making these researches; and at the same time they were occupied with those observations and experiments which formed the principal object of the expedition. M. de Medinillo had during all this time, the kindness to provide the corvette abundantly with fresh provisions, to which he added provisions for the voyage, and for which he afterwards refused to accept any reimbursement.

The course of the *Urania*, from Guam to the Sandwich Islands, presents nothing remarkable. On the 5th of August, 1819, she made the island Owyhee, and anchored in the bay of Hara-hona in three days after.

Tamahama, king of the Sandwich Isles, was dead; his palace had been reduced to ashes, and almost all the hogs on the island had been slaughtered on account of his obsequies, according to the custom of the country, which was a real disappointment in the revictualing of the corvette.

Uno Rio, the eldest son and successor of Tamahama, enjoyed at that time but badly established authority. The chiefs compelled to submit to the arms of his father, raising extraordinary pretensions, caused him to dread an approaching war. He came with his wives and a numerous suite on board the *Urania*, on the occasion of the baptism of one of the principal chiefs of the island. That ceremony was per-

formed with much pomp by the Abbé Quelen, chaplain of the vessel.

The Sandwich Islands were, like the Marianne, the object of the assiduous researches of M. de Freycinet and of the officers under his command. Numerous observations were made in search of the magnetic equator and its inflections, in the Great Ocean.

On the 30th of August the *Urania* sailed for Port Jackson, passing through the islands of the Austral Polynesia. By taking this track, the positions of the dangerous isles of Byron was rectified, as well as that of the Island of Pyletant, the most southerly of the Friendly Islands, and also that of Howe Island. A new island surrounded by dangerous reefs, was discovered to the east of Tonga, which M. de Freycinet named Rose Island.

The *Urania* anchored in Port Jackson on the 18th of November, 1819; she remained there till the 25th of December, and this interval was employed, as at all the preceding stoppages, in scientific inquiries. M. de Freycinet speaks in this respect with gratitude for the assistance afforded to him by Gen. Macquarie, the Governor of the colony.

On quitting Port Jackson, the course of the corvette was shaped to pass between Van Diemen's Land and New Zealand. On the 7th of January 1820, the southern extremity of the latter island was doubled in sight of Campbell's Island. From that moment until nearing the coast of Terra del Fuego the winds were constantly favourable. The *Urania* reached 59 degrees of south latitude, and she found floating ice in the 54th degree.

On the 5th of February the coast of Terra del Fuego was seen in the neighbourhood of Cape Desolation; the season was as frightful as the adjoining shores. In the impossibility of reaching the Christmas Harbour, it became necessary to make for the Bay of Good Success, in the Straits of Lemaire; but scarcely had the anchor dropped, when a furious storm caused the ship to drive. There was not a moment to be lost in cutting the cable and setting sail with all speed, to get out of the bay, and she skirted at a very short distance the

rocks and breakers which lie upon its north point.

This tempest lasted two days, and drove the vessel considerably to the northward, which determined M. de Freycinet to bear up for the Falkland Islands, in sight of which they arrived on the 14th of February, according to their reckoning, but the 13th according to European time, they having gained a day in circumnavigating the globe.

The *Urania* was lost in consequence of striking on a sunken rock at the entrance of French Bay, in the Falkland Islands, when they were taken off by an American whaler, and taken first to Rio Janeiro, and afterwards to Havre de Grace, where they arrived with most of the collections made during the voyage.

Detailed accounts will make known all their labours, but the following is a rapid glance at them :---

1. The observations on the pendulum, which formed one of the principal objects of the voyage, has been made with the greatest care in every situation throughout the voyage. They were nine in number, viz. Rio Janeiro; the Cape of Good Hope; Port Louis, in the Isle of France; the Island of Rawak; the Island of Guam; the Island Mowa, in the Sandwich Isles; Port Jackson; the Falkland Islands; and at Rio Janeiro.

2. Each day during the voyage, two officers at least took, by rotation, astronomical observations to ascertain the situation of the vessel at sea, and on shore, the positions of the different observatories; to regulate the chronometers, &c.

3. The magnetic phenomena were at the same time the object of constant and multiplied study, as well at sea as in all the places at which they touched. They comprise observations on the magnetic declination and inclination; on the intensity of both when tried by the horizontal needle, or the needle of inclination, and also on the hourly and periodical variations in the declination.

4. Comparative observations on the temperature of the air with that of the

sea at its surface, were made every two hours during the whole course of the voyage. This considerable mass of results may be useful to determine the lines of equal heat on the terrestrial globe.

5. More than sixty specimens of seawater, taken in the seas which they traversed, were put into as many flasks, perfectly sealed up, in order to be analysed on their return. Each flask was labelled with the latitude and longitude of the spot where the water was drawn.

6. A meteorological journal, kept every hour during the whole voyage, will show in methodical order all the observations on the thermometer, the barometer, and hydrometer, which they made both by sea and land. They will also show the indications of the prevailing winds, and their degrees of force, the electrical and aerial phenomena, &c.

7. The barometrical variations could not be preserved with precision except in the places which they touched at. The results of them have been consigned to a particular register.

8. It was not possible to observe the tides and currents, except at a small number of points; but the data acquired at Rio Janeiro, at the Isle of France, at Rawak, and at Guam, are not without interest.

9. The number of charts formed during the voyage is about thirty. A part of them have already been completed; but the whole of the materials collected on this subject, and classed with great care, will give every facility desirable for carrying on this publication.

10. Notwithstanding the wreck at the Falkland Islands, which caused the loss of eighteen cases of specimens of natural history, there remain still about forty. These contain a great number of specimens of the three kingdoms of nature; and especially almost the whole of those which were collected at the Marianne Islands.

11. The number of drawings made during the voyage, amount to several hundreds; the greater part admirable for the beauty of the places they represent.

(New Monthly Magazine.)

ON DANCING.

"A good man's fortune may be out at heels."

SHAKESPEARE.

WERE a book to be written upon the discordant opinions held by different nations, or by the same people at different periods, upon any given subject, none would present a more contradictory estimate, than the harmless recreation of dancing. For some thousand of years, in the early stages of the world, it was exclusively a religious ceremony. The dance of the Jews, established by the Levitical law to be exhibited at their solemn feasts, is, perhaps, the most ancient upon record. The dancing of David is also frequently quoted; and many commentators have thought that every Psalm was accompanied by a distinct dance. In several of the temples, a stage was specially erected for these exercises; but, in process of time, they seem to have been practised by secular, as well as spiritual performers. The daughters of Shiloh were thus recreating themselves in the vineyards, when they were caught by the young men of the tribe of Benjamin, who presently danced into their good graces, and carried them off for wives—a process, which is frequently imitated, even in these degenerate days. The heathens, also, could "sport a toe" in the very earliest ages. Pindar calls Apollo "the dancer;" Homer, in one of his hymns, tells us, that this deity capered to the music of his own harp; and from Callimachus we learn, that the Nereides were proficient in this elegant accomplishment, at the early age of nine years*. For several centuries, it was confined to military movements, when a battle was a grand *Ballet of Action*, opposing armies became partners in the dance of death, and cut throats and capers with equal assiduity. Since those truculent and operative days, it has been limited to festive and joyous occasions; but how various the estimation in which it has been held by

inconsistent mortals! Socrates, a wise Grecian, took lessons in this art from Aspasia. Cicero, an enlightened Roman, urges the practice of dancing against Galbinus, as a grave and heinous offence. Of the moderns, many hold it an utter abomination to dance upon a Sunday; while others signalize the Sabbath by an increased hilarity of heel. In Germany, a band of enthusiastic damsels formerly testified their devotion to St. Vitus, by dancing round his shrine, until they contracted a malady, which still bears his name: the modern Herrnhuters, of the same district, would suffer martyrdom, rather than heathenize their legs by any similar profanation.

Our own country, at the present moment, possesses a sect of Jumpers, who, seeming to imagine that he, who leaps highest, must be nearest to Heaven, solemnise their meetings by jumping like kangaroos, and justify themselves very conclusively from Scripture, because—David danced before the Ark—the daughters of Shiloh danced in the yearly festival of the Lord—and the child John, the son of Elizabeth, leapt before it was born! The Methodists on the other hand, maintain, in its full latitude, the doctrine of the ancient Waldenses and Albigenses, that as many paces as a man makes in dancing, so many leaps he makes towards Hell. Even the amiable Cowper, the poet, suffered his fine mind to be so darkened by bigotry, as to believe, that a great proportion of the ladies and gentlemen, whom he saw amusing themselves with dancing at Brighthelmston, must necessarily be damned†; and in a religious publication, now before me, I find it stated, that a sudden judgment overtook a person for indulging in this enormity: a large lump started up in his thigh while dancing; but upon his

* See the Vestriad, a mock Epic Poem.

† Hayley's Life, p 100.

solemn promise not to repeat the offence, the Lord heard his prayer, and removed his complaint†. A writer in the same work, after denouncing those who admit "dancing and other vain amusements into their schools," concludes with an alarming belief, "that this dancing propensity has, in some places, nearly danced the Bible out of the school!"§ In conformity with these enlightened views, and in defiance of the sacred writer, who expressly declares that there is *a time to dance*, the Methodists exclude from their communion all those who practise dancing, or teach it to children, while their ministers refuse to administer the Sacrament to all persons guilty of frequenting balls. Let us hope that the increasing good sense of these well-meaning, but misguided ascetics, will speedily get the better of such monkish austerities; that the time may come, when they may feel persuaded that our Heavenly Father can contemplate this innocent recreation of his creatures with as much benignity as a parent beholds the gambols of his children; and that the now gloomy inmates of the Tabernacle may justify the change, by adopting the beautiful sentiment of Addison—"Cheerfulness is the best Hymn to the Deity." I do not despair of seeing a whole brotherhood and sisterhood standing up in pairs for a country-dance, all anxious to make amends for lost time; while he, who leads off, claps his yellow gloves in ecstasy, and calls aloud to the band to play up Wesley's Fancy, or the Whitfield Reel.

I abhor that atrocious and impious doctrine, that France and England are natural enemies, as if God Almighty had made us to cut one another's throats; and yet I must say that I hate the French, and hate them too for one of their most elegant accomplishments—their inexhaustible genius for dancing. With the fertility of their ballet-masters I have no quarrel: let them attitudinize till they have twisted the human form into as many contortions as Fuseli; let them vary figures and combinations *ad infinitum*, like the kaleidoscope;

let them even appropriate distinct movements to each class of the human and superhuman performers. But why, Mr. Editor, why must their vagaries quit their proper arena, the stage, and invade our ball-rooms and assemblies? Sir, they have kicked me out of dancing society full twenty years before my time. The first innovation, that condemned me to be a spectator, where I used to be a not undistinguished performer, was the sickening and rotatory Waltz; of which I never saw the object, unless its votaries meant to form a contrast to the lilies of the valley, "which toil not, neither do they spin." Waiving all objections upon the ground of decorum, surely the young men and women of the present age were giddy enough before, without the stimulus of these fantastical gyrations. If a fortune-hunter chooses to single out an heiress, and spin round and round with her like a billiard-ball, merely to get into her pocket at last, there is at least a definable object in his game; but that a man should volunteer these painful circulations for pleasure, really seems to be a species of saltatory suicide. I never saw the figurantes at the Opera whirling their pirouettes, like whipping-tops, without wishing to be near them with a stout thong, that I might keep up the resemblance; and as to imitating their ungraceful roundabouts, by joining in a waltz, I would rather be a tetotum at once, or one of the front wheels of Mrs. C—'s carriage. Thanks to the Goddess of fashion, fickle as she is foolish, our ball-room misses have at length ceased to be twisted and twirled in this unmerciful manner, and our spinning jennies are again pretty nearly confined to Manchester and Glasgow.

Tired as I was of sitting like a spondee, with my two long feet hanging idle on my hands, (as a noble Viscount would say) I began now to entertain hopes of again planting my exploded heel upon a chalked board. But, alas! I was doomed to experience, that there are as many disappointments between the toe and the ground, as between the cup and the lip. France, my old enemy,

† Evangelical Magazine, August 1812.

§ Ibid. June 1808.

was upon the watch to export a new annoyance : the Genius of Quadrille started up from amid the roses painted on a ball-room floor, and my discomfited legs were again compelled to resume their inglorious station beneath the benches. I could not put them in a go-cart, and begin all my steps again : I could not make a toil of a pleasure, rehearse beforehand, and study my task by card and compass, merely to make an exhibition of myself at last. It was too like amateur acting ; the constraint of a ballet, without its grace or skill—the exertion of dancing, without its hilarity ; and it was moreover an effort, in which I was sure to be eclipsed by every boarding-school miss or master, who would literally learn that by heart, which I, in my distaste of such innovations, could only expect to learn by foot. In this melancholy and useless plight, do I wander from one ball-room to another, dancing nothing but attendance, and kicking nothing but my own heels ; sometimes, like a tripod that has lost a leg, leaning disconsolately against the wall, because I cannot stand up in my proper place ; and sometimes beating time to the music with my foot, which is as bitter a substitute for genuine jumps, as is the *coculus Indicus* for real hops.

Oh, for the days that are gone !—the golden age of cocked hats ; the Augustan era of country-dance ; the apotheosis of minuet ! How well do I remember the first night I ventured upon the latter, that genuine relic of the old French court. What an awful recollection have I of the trying moment, when, with a slow and graceful curve of my arm, I first deposited the triangular beaver upon my forehead, with a firm determination to look fierce and fascinating, and yet with a tender and sympathetic regard for the economy of elaborate curls ; somewhat in the style recommended by old Isaac Walton, when in instructing you to impale a worm for angling, he bids you handle him tenderly withal, and treat him like a friend. The scented pulvillo, which the untwisted hairs reproachfully effused, still seems to salute my nose, and flutter between my eyes, and the

dipping and swimming figure of my partner. With what pride, I led her to her seat, and what a bewitching bow I flattered myself I had made, when she blushed into her chair ! In those happy days, the next operation was a regular and persevering set-to, at the genuine old English country-dance ; and the amusements of the night were invariably wound up by the Boulanger, or Sir Roger de Coverley. One of my neices played me those exploded tunes a few years ago, and what a flush of rosy recollections did they conjure up ! Their music seemed to penetrate into the quiet caves and grottoes of memory, awakening ideas that had long slumbered undisturbed. Methought they issued from their recesses like so many embodied sprites ; and, fastening their flowery wreaths to the spokes of Time's great wheel, they dragged it rapidly backward, until the days of my youth became involved before me in all the fidelity and vividness of their first existence. Then did I again behold the rich Miss B——, the sugar-baker's daughter, whom my parents invariably urged me to engage for the supper-dances, with many a shrewd hint that a partner at a ball often became a partner for life ;—nor was her corpulent mother omitted, who carried vanity so far as even to affect a slight degree of palsy, that the motion of her head might give a more dazzling lustre to the magnificent diamonds, with which it was thickly studded. I see her now, at her old place in the card-room, shaking and sparkling like an aspen-tree in the sunshine of a white frost. I behold, also, the bustling little old man her father, receiving the tickets of admission in all the pomp of office, with his snuff-coloured suit, and the powdered and pomatumed peak coming to a point in the centre of his bald head. I hear him boasting at the same time, of his wealth and his drudgery, and declaring that, with all the hundreds he had spent upon his hot-houses and plantations at Hackney, he had never seen them except by candle-light. As for the daughter, thank heaven, I never danced with her but once, and my mind's eye still beholds her webby feet paddling down the mid-

dle, with the floundering porpus-like fling she gave at the end, only accomplished by bearing half her weight upon her partner, and invariably out of tune. Often have I wondered at the patience of the musicians, in wasting rosin and catgut upon her timeless sprawls. She was obtuse in all her perceptions, and essentially vulgar in her appearance : in the consciousness of her wealth, she sometimes strove to look haughty, but her features obstinately refused to assume any expression beyond that of inflexible stupidity. Moreover, she had thick ancles, puddingy hands, and in laughing she shewed her gums. She was too opulent, according to the sapient calculations of the world, to marry any but a rich man ; and she succeeded, at length, in realizing her most ambitious dreams. Her husband is a yellow little nabob rolling in wealth, and half suffocated with bile. She has three rickety children, whom she is ashamed to produce. With no more ear than a fish, she has a box at the Opera, and gives private concerts. In short, there is no luxury she is incapable of relishing, which her fortune does not enable her to command ; and no enjoyment really adapted to her taste, in which her imagined gentility does not deter her from indulging.

What a contrast was the accomplished, the fascinating Fanny ———, with her lovely features irradiated with innocent hilarity, yet tempered with sentiment, and deep feeling. She was all intelligence—spiritual—ethereal ; at least, I often thought so, as her sylph-like form seemed to be treading upon air, while it responded spontaneously to every pulsation of the music, like a dancing echo. “ The course of true love never did run smooth : ” Fanny was portionless—I was penniless ; yet even despair did not prevent my loving her ; and though my tongue never gave utterance to the thought, I am well aware that she read it in my eyes, and gave me in return her pity. With this I was contented—in the romance of a first love, I thought it would be delightful to die for her, and I sent her the inclo-

sed song, but she never noticed my effusion, though she never returned it. Poor Fanny ! she fell a sacrifice to one of those pests of society, a dangler, a male coquet ; who paid her his addresses, won her affections, changed his mind, and married another—the scoundrel ! Her pride might have borne the insult, but her love could not be recalled—her heart was broken. Her fine mind began to prey upon itself—the sword wore out the scabbard—her frame gradually faded away, and a rapid decline at length released her from her uncomplaining misery. I followed her to the grave ; and how often did I return to the spot to bedew it with my tears ! Many a vow have I made to suppress my unavailing grief, and refrain from visiting the place of her burial ; when, in the very midst of my resolutions, my feet have unconsciously carried me to it again.—

Years have since rolled away, and I can now think of Fanny without—Forgive me, Mr. Editor, but a tear has fallen upon the very spot where I was about to make a boast of my stoicism. I may, however, without emotion declare, that of all the girls I ever knew, Fanny—Psha ! another tear ! I will not write a word more upon the subject.

SONG.—TO FANNY.

When morning through my lattice beams,
And twittering birds my slumbers break,
Then, Fanny, I recal my dreams,
Altho' they bid my bosom ache,
For still I dream of thee.

When wit, and wine, and friends are met,
And laughter crowns the festive hour,
In vain I struggle to forget ;
Still does my heart confess thy power,
And fondly turn to thee.

When night is near, and friends are far,
And, thro' the tree that shades my cot
I gaze upon the evening star,
How do I mourn my lonely lot,
And, Fanny, sigh for thee !

I know my love is hopeless—vain,
But, Fanny, do not strive to rob
My heart of all that soothes its pain—
The mournful hope, that every throb
Will make it break for thee !

(New Monthly Magazine.)

LETTERS FROM SPAIN BY DON LEUCADIO DOBLADO.

The letter I have the honour to inclose was found by a friend of mine among some papers belonging to a lady who had requested his assistance to arrange them. The packet contained two other long epistles, forming part, it should seem, of a considerable series, under the title of *Letters from Spain, written between 1779 and 1810, by Don Leucadio Doblado*. Knowing how intimately acquainted I had been with the writer, my friend obtained leave to make me a present of the manuscript, promising that he would endeavour to find the remainder, which, the lady was confident, had never been lent or destroyed. B.

DEAR MADAM,

I AM inclined to think with you, that a Spaniard, who, like myself, has resided many years in England, is, perhaps, the fittest person to write an account of life, manners, and opinions as they exist in this country, and to shew them in the light, which is most likely to interest an Englishman. The most acute and diligent travellers are subject to constant mistakes; and perhaps the more so, for what is generally thought a circumstance in their favour—a moderate knowledge of foreign languages. A traveller who uses only his eyes, will confine himself to the description of external objects; and though his narrative may be deficient in many topics of interest, it will certainly be exempt from great and ludicrous blunders. The difficulty, which a person, with a smattering of the language of the country he is visiting, experiences every moment in the endeavour to communicate his own, and catch other men's thoughts, often urges him into a sort of mental rashness, which leads him to settle many a doubtful point for himself, and forget the unlimited power, I should have said tyranny, of usage, in whatever relates to language. I still recollect the unlucky hit I made on my arrival in London, when, anxious beyond measure to catch every idiomatic expression, and reading the huge inscription of the Cannon Brewery at Knightsbridge, as the building had some resemblance to the great cannon-foundry in this town, I settled it in my mind that the genuine English idiom, for what I now should call *casting*, was no other than *brewing*

cannon. This, however, was a mere verbal mistake. Not so that which I made when the word *nursery* stared me in the face every five minutes, as in a fine afternoon I approached your great metropolis, on the western road. Luxury and wealth, said I to myself, in a strain approaching to philosophic indignation, have at last blunted the best feelings of nature among the English. Surely, if I am to judge from this endless string of *nurseries*, the English ladies have gone a step beyond the unnatural practice of devolving their first maternal duties upon domestic hirelings. Here, it seems, the poor helpless infants are sent to be kept and suckled in crowds, in a decent kind of *Foundling Hospitals*. You may easily guess that I knew but one signification of the words *nursing* and *nursery*. Fortunately I was not collecting materials for a book of travels during a summer excursion, otherwise I should now be enjoying all the honour of the originality of my remarks on the customs and manners of Old England.

From similar mistakes I think myself safe enough in speaking of my native country; but I wish I could feel equal confidence as to the execution of the sketches you desire to obtain from me. I know you too well, dear Madam, to doubt that my letters will, by some chance or other, find their way to some of the London Magazines, before they have been long in your hands.* And only think, I intreat you, how I shall fret and fidget under the apprehension that some of your pert newspaper writers may fill up a whole column in some of their *Suns* or *Stars*, which,

* Poor Don Leucadio! how mortified he would feel could he know that the letters to which he attributed so much importance, have lain forgotten for years, and that it will now cost me, his old friend, a world of trouble to give his posthumous work to the public!

in spite of intervening seas and mountains, shall dart its baneful influence, and blast the character of infallibility, as an English scholar, which I have acquired since my return to Spain. I have so strongly rivetted the admiration of the Irish merchants in this place, that, in spite of their objection to my not calling tea *ta*, they submit to my decision every intricate question about your provoking *shall* and *will*: and surely it would be no small disparagement, in this land of proud *dons*, to be posted up in a London paper as a murderer of the *King's English*. How fortunate was our famous Spanish traveller, my relative, *Espriella** (for you know that there exists a family connexion between us by my mother's side) to find one of the best writers in England, willing to translate his letters! But since you will not allow me to write in my native language, and since, to say the truth, I feel a pleasure in using that which reminds me of the dear land which has been my second home—the land where I drew my first breath of liberty—the land which taught me how to retrieve, though imperfectly and with pain, the time which, under the influence of ignorance and superstition, I had lost in early youth—I will not delay a task which, should circumstances allow me to complete it, I intend as a token of friendship to you, and of gratitude and love to your country.

The view of Cadiz from the sea, as, in a fine open day, you approach its magnificent harbour, is one of the most attractive beauty. The strong deep light of a southern sky, reflecting from the lofty buildings of white free stone, which face the bay, rivet the eye of the navigator from the very verge of the horizon. The sea actually washes the ramparts, except where, on the opposite side of the town, it is divided by a narrow neck of land, which joins Cadiz to the neighbouring continent. When, therefore, you begin to discover the upper part of the buildings, and the white pinnacles of glazed earthenware, resembling china, that ornament the parapets with which their flat roofs are crowned, the airy structure, melting at

times into the distant glare of the waves, is more like a pleasing delusion—a kind of *Fata Morgana*—than the lofty, uniform massive buildings which, rising gradually before the vessel, bring you back, however unwilling, to the dull realities of life. After landing on a crowded quay, you are led the whole depth of the ramparts along a dark vaulted passage, at the farthest end of which new-comers are delivered into the hands of the inferior custom-house officers. Eighteen-pence slipped into their hands with the keys of your trunks, will spare you the vexation of seeing your clothes and linen scattered about you in the utmost disorder.

I forgot to tell you, that scarcely does a boat with passengers approach the landing-stairs of the quay, when three or four *Gallegos*, natives of the province of Galicia, who are the only *porters* in this town, will take a fearful leap into the boat, and begin a scuffle, which ends by the stronger seizing upon the luggage. The successful champion becomes your guide through the town to the place where you wish to take your abode. As only two gates are used as a thoroughfare—the seagate *Puerta de la Mar*, and the landgate, *Puerta de Tierra*—those who come by water are obliged to cross the great Market—a place not unlike Covent Garden, where the country people expose all sorts of vegetables and fruits for sale. Fish is also sold at this place, where you see it laid out upon the pavement in the same state as it was taken out of the net. The noise and din of this market are absolutely intolerable. All classes of Spaniards, not excluding the ladies, are rather loud and boisterous in their speech. But here is a contention between three or four hundred peasants, who shall make his harsh and guttural voice be uppermost, to inform the passengers of the price and quality of his goods. In a word, the noise is such as will astound any one, who has not lived for some years near Cornhill or Temple-Bar.

Religion, or, if you please, superstition, is so intimately blended with the whole system of public and domestic

* See *Espriella's Letters from England*.

life in Spain, that I fear I shall tire you with the perpetual recurrence of that subject. I am already compelled, by an involuntary train of ideas, to enter upon that endless topic. If, however, you wish to become thoroughly acquainted with the national character of my country, you must learn the character of the national religion. The influence of religion in Spain is boundless. It divides the whole population into two comprehensive classes, bigots and dissemblers. Do not, however, mistake me. I am very far from wishing to libel my countrymen. If I use these invidious words, it is not that I believe every Spaniard either a downright bigot or a hypocrite: yet I cannot shut my eyes to the melancholy fact, that the system under which we live must unavoidably give, even the best among us, a taint of one of those vices. Where the law threatens every dissenter from such an encroaching system of divinity as that of the Church of Rome, with death and infamy—where every individual is not only invited, but enjoined, at the peril of both body and soul, to assist in enforcing that law, must not an undue and tyrannical influence accrue to the believing party? Are not such as disbelieve in secret, condemned to a life of degrading deference, or of heart-burning silence? Silence, did I say? No; every day, every hour, renews the necessity of explicitly declaring yourself what you are not. The most contemptible individual may, at pleasure, force out a lie from an honestly proud bosom.

I must not, however, keep you any longer in suspense as to the origin of this flight—this unprepared digression from the plain narrative I had begun. You know me well enough to believe that, after a long residence in England,

my landing at Cadiz, instead of cheering my heart at the sight of my native country, would naturally produce a mixed sensation, in which pain and gloominess must have had the ascendant. I had enjoyed the blessings of liberty for ten years; and now, alas! I perceived that I had been irresistibly drawn back by the holiest ties of affection, to stretch out my hands to the manacles, and bow my neck to that yoke, which had formerly galled my very soul. The convent of *San Juan de Dios*—(laugh Madam, if you will: you may do so, who have never lived within range of any of these European jungles, where lurks every thing that is ravenous, beastly, and venomous*)—well, then, *San Juan de Dios* is the first remarkable object that meets the eye upon entering Cadiz by the sea-gate. A single glance at the convent had awakened the strongest and most rooted aversions of my heart, when, just as I was walking into the nearest street to avoid the crowd, the well-remembered sound of a hand-bell made me instantly aware that, unless pretending not to hear it, I could retrace my steps, and turn another corner, I should be obliged to kneel in the mud till a priest, who was carrying the consecrated wafer to a dying person, had moved slowly in his sedan chair from the farthest end of the street to the place where I began to hear the bell. The rule, on these occasions, is expressed in a proverbial saying—*al Rey, en viendolo; a Dios, en oyendolo*—which, after supplying its elliptical form, means that external homage is due to the king, upon seeing him; and to God—i. e. the host, preceded by its never-failing appendage, the bell—the very moment you hear him. I must add, as a previous explanation of what is to follow, that God

* I wish my friend *Don Leucadio* had qualified this passage, for the sake of a few worthy individuals, who, to my knowledge, were to be found among the regular clergy of Spain. As to the convent, which brought on this paroxysm of my friend's constitutional malady—the *monachophobia*, it is but justice to say, that the order of *San Juan de Dios* is, perhaps, the only one in which real usefulness predominates. Every convent of that order is an hospital, where the friars give their attendance to the sick poor, either as physicians or helpers. The last do all the service which in England is left to nurses. The only mischief of this institution lies in binding, with perpetual vows, those whom charity calls, in their youth, to this *labour of love*. Were this part of the monastic rule repealed or modified, I will take upon myself to assert, that *Don Leucadio* himself would join with me in wishing well to those good friars—(though I must add, to them *alone*); for among my old friend's faults, I could never discover a single grain of hard-heartedness.

and the king are so coupled in the language of this country, that the same title of *Majesty* is applied to both. You hear, from the pulpit, the duties that men owe to *both Majesties*; and a foreigner is often surprised at the hopes expressed by the people, that *his Majesty* will be pleased to grant them life and health for some years more. I must add a very ludicrous circumstance arising from this absurd form of speech. When the priest, attended by the clerk, and surrounded by eight or ten people, bearing lighted flambeaus, has broken into the chamber of the dying person, and gone through a form of prayer, half Latin, half Spanish, which lasts for about twenty minutes, one of the wafers is taken out of a little gold casket, and put into the mouth of the patient as he lies in his bed. To swallow the wafer entire, and without allowing any particle—which, according to the Council of Trent, (and I fully agree with the fathers) contains the same Divine person as the whole—is an operation of some difficulty. To obviate, therefore, the inconveniences which might arise from the inability of a feverish and parched mouth, to prevent the lodging of some sacred atom, as it might happen, in a bad tooth, the clerk comes forth with a glass of water, and in a firm and loud voice asks the sick person, “*Is his Majesty gone down?*”* The answer enables the learned clerk to decide whether the passage is to be expedited by means of his cooling draught. But I must return to my *Gallego* and myself. No sooner had I called him back, as if I had suddenly changed my mind as to the direction in which we were to go, when, with a most determined tone, he said, “*Dios—Su Magestad.*” Pretending not to hear, I turned sharply round, and was now making my retreat—but it would not do. Fired with holy zeal, he raised his harsh voice, and in the barbarous accent of his province, repeated three or four times, “*Dios—Su Magestad;*” adding, with an oath, “*This man is a heretic!*” There was no resisting that dreadful word: it pinned me to the

(To be c i nued.)

ground. I took out my pocket-handkerchief, and laying it on the least dirty part of the pavement, knelt upon it—not indeed to pray; but while, as another act of conformity to the custom of the country, I was beating my breast with my clenched right hand, as gently as it could be done without offence—to curse the hour when I had submitted thus to degrade myself, and tremble at the mere suspicion of a being little removed from the four-footed animals, whom it was his occupation to relieve of their burdens.

In the more populous towns of Spain, these unpleasant meetings are frequent. Nor are you free from being disturbed by the holy bell in the most retired part of your house. Its sound operates like magic upon the Spaniards. In the midst of a gay, noisy party, the word—*Su Magestad*—will bring every one upon his knees until the tinkling dies in the distance. Are you at dinner?—you must leave the table. In bed?—you must, at least, sit up. But the most preposterous effect of this custom is to be seen at the theatres. On the approach of the host to any military guard, the drum beats, the men are drawn out, and as soon as the priest can be seen, they bend the right knee, and invert the firelocks, so that the bayonet leans on the ground. As an officer’s guard is always stationed at the door of a Spanish theatre, I have often laughed in my sleeve at the effect of the *chamade* both upon the actors and the company. “*Dios! Dios!*” resounds from all parts of the house, and every one falls, that moment, upon his knees. The actors’ ranting, or the rattle of the castanets in the *fundango*, is hushed for a few minutes, till the sound of the bell growing fainter and fainter, the amusement is resumed, and the devout performers are once more upon their legs, anxious to make amends for the interruption. So powerful is the effect of early habit, that I had been for some weeks in London before I could hear the postman’s bell in the evening, without feeling instinctively inclined to perform a due genuflection.

* The Spanish words are *Ha pasado su Magestad*. My friend has translated, not word for word, but idiom for idiom.

ESCAPE OF MRS. SPENCER SMITH.

IN 1806, the French force, under General Lauriston, entered Venice, and established there a new government. Mrs. Spencer Smith, the sister-in-law of the gallant Sir Sidney Smith, was then resident there, for the benefit of her health, with two infant children.

She received an order to appear before the French police. On obeying the summons, she was declared to be under arrest as a French prisoner, and received an order to depart within a week, for the city of Bassano, the place fixed upon by the government for her residence. She demanded to know the reason for which she was thus treated; and was answered, "*Your country and your name.*"

A very few days after, it appeared that the order to repair to Bassano was a mere feint, and that the real instructions of the French police were to send her prisoner of war to the fortress of Valenciennes! At the moment when she was anxiously waiting to receive a passport, to enable her to quit Venice, she was arrested by a party of gendarmes, told of her destination to Valenciennes, and placed in a state of close confinement in her chamber, previously to being conducted to France.

The friends of Mrs. Smith were struck with consternation and grief at this change in her fate; but, endued herself with an admirable degree of fortitude, she roused the courage of those who wept around her; nor once appeared shaken till her lovely infants came running to her arms, to ask their mamma why she was so sad? She wished, by any sacrifice, to preserve them from the fate to which she was doomed. But how was this to be done? Who was able to help her by saving them? In evident anguish she looked round on each of the small circle of her friends, who sympathized with her situation, and in mournful silence her eyes explained her supplication to them all.

Among the number of these friends was a young Sicilian nobleman, the

Marquis de Salvo. Overcome by the sensations which so tender a scene excited, he rushed from the room; and when he had recovered composure sufficient to return, it was to intimate privately to Mrs. Smith, that he had formed and resolved to execute, at all hazards, the generous design of effecting the escape both of herself and of her children.

The children not having been placed under the immediate vigilance of the police, the Marquis succeeded, without any great difficulty, in getting them conveyed away to Gratz, where the Countess Strazzoldo, a sister of Mrs. Smith, resided; but he did not think it prudent to make the attempt to effect Mrs. Smith's own escape, till she had left Venice, and was on her way to the Alps.

It was necessary to the success of the project, that the Marquis de Salvo should accompany Mrs. Smith on the road; and nothing being more reasonable than her request, that a friend might be permitted to travel with her, it was readily complied with, and the Marquis took his seat beside Mrs. S. in the gondola which conveyed her a prisoner from Venice.

It was at Brescia that the Marquis had determined to accomplish Mrs. Smith's deliverance, it being the nearest place to a neutral territory. The party were to stop here two days. The room of the inn in which Mrs. Smith was confined, was fifty feet from the ground, and the gendarmes were posted in the room adjoining, with the door open. The Marquis de Salvo occupied an apartment in another part of the house. Early on the morning after their arrival the Marquis slipped out unseen by the gendarmes; and while the police of Brescia were yet in ignorance of his arrival with Mrs. Smith, went, and got a passport signed for the Tyrol. From the police he hastened to survey the outlets of the city; but, to his sorrow, could see no other passage than through the gates, which were all strongly guard-

ed. He was not, however, dismayed, but immediately set about procuring all the means for their escape ; a light carriage, which could travel any where ; horses, to spare them the necessity of waiting at the post-houses ; a man's dress for the disguise of Mrs. Smith ; and, finally, a bill of health, which would be requisite on entering another country. All this he accomplished before ten o'clock in the morning, when he returned to Mrs. Smith, and availed himself of an hour, while the soldiers were at the street-door, to settle with her all that was to be prepared and attempted. It was agreed that he should go next day to reconnoitre the environs of Brescia, and collect all the information possible, respecting the places through which it would be necessary to pass ; and that on the ensuing night, at eleven o'clock, Mrs. Smith was to let down a string from the window to the ground, to which the Marquis was to be ready to tie a paper, communicating what further discoveries and arrangements he had made.

Returning down stairs, the Marquis told the guards that his affairs prevented him from continuing any longer in the company of this woman ; that the slow manner in which she travelled greatly retarded his journey ; that he had to go to Paris with all possible despatch, and besides, (flattering them by apparent confidence) he assured them that he did not like to be exposed to the stigma of being the friend of a woman, whose arrest was demanded by the Emperor of the French. He added, that it was his intention to leave Brescia that very evening ; and that as he did not like to tell the lady that such was his intention, he begged as a favour, that they would have the goodness to inform her of it themselves. The guards murmured their opinions to one another ; and turning to the Marquis, in a friendly tone commended his design, and promised to be the faithful bearers of his apology to the lady.

At four o'clock next morning, the Marquis passed the gates of Brescia, and directed his steps to Salo. On his arrival there no officer appeared at the gate to demand his passport, nor did he

perceive any crowd of idle gazers about his chaise, *to look at the stranger*, as is the custom in the small towns and villages of Italy ; circumstances which made him at once fix on the place as one which it would be an easy matter to pass through without observation. He then hastened to the borders of the Lake di Garda, where he engaged a covered boat with twelve oars, to be ready next morning at six o'clock, for passing the lake with all expedition.

At eleven o'clock in the forenoon nothing further remained to be prepared at Salo, and as he could not well return to Brescia before the evening, he employed the interval in making a ladder of rope and pieces of wood, and succeeded in making one as long as he thought would be required. When this important implement was finished, he wrote a letter of instructions to Mrs. Smith ; and, as the night closed in, returned to Brescia, which he entered just as the gates were shutting. He left the horse and chaise at an inn, situated in a solitary square, telling the ostler that he would return by three o'clock in the morning.

It was near 12 o'clock when, dressed as a Brescian postillion, and with the rope ladder and letter under his cloak, he advanced thro' the most lonely streets towards the inn called the Two Towers, where Mrs. Smith was. He stopped before he approached to the window ; listened for some time to the noise of the soldiers ; and after convincing himself that they were occupied in drinking, he drew near and felt for the string with his hand. Having found it, he tied the ladder and letter to it ; and on pulling it gently, it was instantly drawn up. He then retired, overjoyed at seeing the first danger so well got over.

After waiting three hours, he returned under the window, at which, shortly after, a figure appeared ; it was Mrs. Smith ; the Marquis drew near ; Mrs. S. asked in a low voice, " if he was her friend ?" De Salvo replied, " I am that friend, and wait for you." Mrs. Smith instantly proceeded to fasten the ladder. " Scarcely was this done," says the Marquis, " when I saw Mrs. Smith take hold of the window, and cling to the wall,

pressing with uncertain foot the first step. I perceived she was reluctant in trusting herself upon it; the unhappy lady stood tottering upon the step, and seemed to tremble so much, that I was afraid of her falling. But I was agreeably undeceived when I beheld her grasping the ladder, and boldly determined to descend. What an interesting spectacle! A forlorn woman, anxious to escape from captivity, committing herself from a height to ropes, which, even while they tore her delicate fingers, she kissed in ecstasy, because they were instrumental to her release. And at the same time, armed sentinels in the adjoining apartment, who were ready to dart upon her if interrupted by the least noise. Happily the silence of the night, and its intense gloom, remained undisturbed; and she reached the ground without receiving any essential injury."

Mrs. Smith and her gallant liberator now hurried in breathless haste from street to street, till they reached the summit of the fortress of Brescia. Here the violence of Mrs. Smith's desire to save herself was such, that she actually offered to attempt scaling the walls; but on the Marquis acquainting her that a chaise was in waiting at the inn near the gates, her agitation was somewhat calmed. They found the chaise ready, but the hour for opening the gates had not yet arrived; at their earnest entreaties, however, the guard opened them, and they passed through on the 3rd of May, at four o'clock in the morning.

They reached Salo at half an hour after six the same morning; hastened on board the boat which the Marquis had engaged to convey them across the Lake di Garda, and in eight hours more, reached the Tyrolean frontier in safety.

THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.

PERHAPS history has never furnished a tale so full of horror, as that of the British subjects who were confined, and most of them suffocated to death, in the Black Hole of Calcutta, on the capture of that city in 1756. The genius of tyranny could not possibly devise a more excruciating mode of torture and death, than what these unfortunate victims of the fate of war experienced. Mr. Holwell, one of the few survivors of the melancholy catastrophe, has given to the world an affecting narrative of all the circumstances attending it; and though rather long for the plan of our work, it possesses a degree of tender and sustained interest which equally forbids exclusion and abridgement.

"Figure to yourself, (says Mr. Holwell) if possible, the situation of a hundred and forty-six wretches, exhausted by continual fatigue and action, thus crammed together in a cube of about eighteen feet, in a close sultry night, in Bengal, shut up to the eastward and southward (the only quarters from whence air could reach us) by dead walls, and by a wall and door to

the north, open only to the westward by two windows, strongly barred with iron, from which we could receive scarce any the least circulation of fresh air. What must ensue, appeared to me in lively and dreadful colours, the instant I cast my eyes round, and saw the size and situation of the room.

"Amongst the guards posted at the windows, I observed an old Jeminautdaar near me, who seemed to carry some compassion for us in his countenance; and indeed he was the only one of the many in his station, who discovered the least trace of humanity. I called him to me, and, in the most persuasive terms I was capable, urged him to commiserate the sufferings he was a witness to, and pressed him to endeavour to get us separated, half in one place, and half in another; and that he should, in the morning, receive a thousand rupees for this act of tenderness. He promised he would attempt it, and withdrew; but in a few minutes returned, and told me it was impossible. I then thought I had been deficient in my offer, and promised him two thousand; he withdrew a sec-

ond time, but returned soon, and (with I believe much real pity and concern) told me it was not practicable; that it could not be done but by the Suba's order, and that no one dared awake him. During this interval, though their passions were less violent, their uneasiness encreased. We had been but few minutes confined, before every one fell into a perspiration so profuse, you can form no idea of it. This consequently brought on a raging thirst, which still increased, in proportion as the body was drained of its moisture. Various expedients were thought of to give more room and air. To obtain the former, it was moved to put off their clothes; this was approved, as a happy motion, and, in a few minutes, I believe every man was stripped (myself, Mr. Court, and two wounded young gentlemen by me excepted;) for a little time they flattered themselves with having gained a mighty advantage; every hat was put in motion to produce a circulation of air, and Mr. Baillie proposed that every man should sit down on his hams: as they were truly in the situation of drowning wretches, no wonder they caught at every thing that bore a flattering appearance of saving themselves. This expedient was several times put in practice, and at each time many of the poor creatures, whose natural strength was less exhausted, and could not immediately recover their legs, as others did when the word was given to RISE, fell to rise no more; for they were instantly trod to death, or suffocated. When the whole body sat down, they were so closely wedged together, that they were obliged to use many efforts, before they could put themselves in motion to get up again. Before nine o'clock every man's thirst grew intolerable, and respiration difficult. Our situation was much more wretched than that of so many miserable animals in an exhausted receiver; no circulation of fresh air sufficient to continue life, nor yet enough divested of its vivifying particles to put a speedy period to it. Efforts were again made to force the door, but in vain. Many insults were used to the guard to provoke them to fire in upon

us (which, as I learned afterwards, were carried to much greater lengths, when I was no more sensible of what was transacted.) For my own part, I hitherto felt little pain or uneasiness, but what resulted from my anxiety for the sufferings of those within. By keeping my face between two of the bars, I obtained air enough to give my lungs easy play, though my perspiration was excessive, and thirst commencing. At this period, so strong a urinous volatile effluvia came from the prison, that I was not able to turn my head that way, for more than a few seconds at a time. Now every body, excepting those situated in and near the windows, began to grow outrageous, and many delirious: "WATER, WATER," became the general cry. And the old Jemmatdaar before-mentioned, taking pity on us, ordered the people to bring some skins of water, little dreaming, I believe, of its fatal effects. This was what I dreaded. I foresaw it would prove the ruin of the small chance left us, and essayed many times to speak to him privately to forbid its being brought; but the clamour was so loud, it became impossible. The water appeared. Words cannot paint to you the universal agitation and raving, the sight of it threw us into. I had flattered myself that some, by preserving an equal temper of mind, might outlive the night; but now the reflection which gave me the greatest pain was, that I saw no possibility of one escaping to tell the dismal tale. Until the water came, I had myself not suffered much from thirst, which instantly grew excessive. We had no means of conveying it into the prison, but by bats forced through the bars; and thus myself and Messrs. Coles and Scot (notwithstanding the pain they suffered from their wounds) supplied them as fast as possible. But those, who have experienced intense thirst, or are acquainted with the cause and nature of this appetite, will be sufficiently sensible it could receive no more than a momentary alleviation; the cause still subsisted. Though we brought full hats through the bars, there ensued such violent struggles, and frequent

contests, to get at it, that before it reached the lips of any one, there would be scarcely a small tea-cup full left in them. These supplies, like sprinkling water on fire, only served to feed and raise the flame. O! my dear sir, how shall I give you a conception of what I felt at the cries and ravings of those in the remoter parts of the prison, who could not entertain a probable hope of obtaining a drop, yet could not divest themselves of expectation, however unavailing! and others calling on me by the tender considerations of friendship and affection, and who knew they were really dear to me. Think, if possible, what my heart must have suffered at seeing and hearing their distress, without having it in my power to relieve them: for the confusion now became general and horrid. Several quitted the other window (the only chance they had for life) to force their way to the water, and the throng and press upon the window was beyond bearing; many forcing their passage from the further part of the room, pressed down those in their way who had less strength, and trampled them to death. Can it gain belief, that this scene of misery proved entertainment to the brutal wretches without? but so it was; and they took care to keep us supplied with water, that they might have the satisfaction of seeing us fight for it, as they phrased it, and held up lights to the bars, that they might lose no part of the inhuman diversion. From about nine to near eleven, I sustained this cruel scene and painful situation, still supplying them with water, though my legs were almost broke with the weight against them. By this time I myself was very near pressed to death, and my two companions with Mr. William Parker (who had forced himself into the window) were *really* so. For a great while they preserved a respect and a regard to me, more than indeed I could well expect, our circumstances considered; but now all distinction was lost. My friend Baillie, Messrs. Jenks, Revely, Law, Buchanan, Simson, and several others, for whom I had a real esteem and affection, had for some time been dead at my feet; and were

now trampled upon by every corporal or common soldier, who by the help of more robust constitutions, had forced their way to the window, and held fast by the bars over me, till at last I became so pressed and wedged up, I was deprived of all motion. Determined now to give every thing up, I called to them, and begged, as the last instance of their regard, they would remove the pressure upon me, and permit me to retire out of the window, to die in quiet. They gave way, and with much difficulty I forced a passage into the centre of the prison, where the throng was less by the many dead (then I believe amounting to one third,) and the numbers who flocked to the windows; for by this time they had water also at the other window.

"In the Black Hole there was a platform, raised between three and four feet from the floor, open underneath; extending the whole length of the east side of the prison, and about six feet wide. I travelled over the dead, and repaired to the further end of it, just opposite the other window, and seated myself on the platform between Mr. Dumbleton and Captain Stevenson, the former just then expiring. I was still happy in the same calmness of mind I had preserved the whole time; death I expected as unavoidable, and only lamented its slow approach, though the moment I quitted the window, my breathing grew short and painful. Here my poor friend, Mr. Edward Eyre, came staggering over the dead to me, and with his usual coolness and good nature, asked me how I did? but fell and expired before I had time to make him any reply. I laid myself down on some of the dead behind me, on the platform; and recommending myself to heaven, had the comfort of thinking my sufferings could have no long duration. My thirst grew now insupportable, and difficulty of breathing much increased; I had not remained in this situation, I believe, ten minutes, when I was seized with a pain in my breast, and palpitation of my heart, both to the most exquisite degree. These roused and obliged me to get up again; but still the pain, palpitation,

thirst, and difficulty of breathing increased. I retained my senses notwithstanding, and had the grief to see death not so near me as I hoped; but could no longer bear the pains I suffered without attempting a relief, which I knew fresh air would and could only give me. I instantly determined to push for the window opposite to me; and by an effort of double the strength I ever before possessed, gained the third rank at it, with one hand seized a bar, and by that means gained the second, though I think there were at least six or seven ranks between me and the window. In a few moments my pain, palpitation, and difficulty of breathing ceased; but my thirst continued intolerable. I called aloud for "WATER, FOR GOD'S SAKE!" I had been concluded dead; but as soon as they heard me amongst them, they had still the respect and tenderness for me, to cry out, "GIVE HIM WATER, GIVE HIM WATER! Nor would one of them at the window attempt to touch it until I had drank. But from the water I found no relief; my thirst was rather increased by it; so I determined to drink no more, but patiently wait the event; and kept my mouth moist, from time to time, by sucking the perspiration out of my shirt sleeves, and catching the drops as they fell, like heavy rain from my head and face: you can hardly imagine how unhappy I was if any of them escaped my mouth. I came into prison without coat or waistcoat; the season was too hot to bear the former, and the latter tempted the avarice of one of the guards, who robbed me of it when we were under the Veranda. Whilst I was at this second window, I was observed by one of my miserable companions on the right of me, in the expedient of allaying my thirst by sucking my shirt sleeve. He took the hint, and robbed me from time to time, of a considerable part of my store; though, after I detected him, I had ever the address to begin on that sleeve first, when I thought my reservoirs were sufficiently replenished; and our mouths and noses often met in the contest. This plunderer, I found af-

terwards, was a worthy young gentleman in the service, Mr. Lushington, one of the few who escaped from death, and since paid me the compliment of assuring me, he believed he owed his life to the many comfortable draughts he had from my sleeves. I mention this incident, as I think nothing can give you a more lively idea of the melancholy state and distress we were reduced to. Before I hit upon this happy expedient, I had, in an ungovernable fit of thirst, attempted a different liquid; but it was so intensely bitter there was no enduring a second taste, whereas no Bristol water could be more soft or pleasant than what arose from perspiration. By half an hour past eleven the greater number of those living were in an outrageous delirium, and the others quite ungovernable; few retaining any calmness, but the ranks next the windows. By what I had felt myself, I was fully sensible what those within suffered; but had only pity to bestow upon them, not then thinking how soon I should myself become a greater object of it. They all now found that water, instead of relieving, rather heightened their uneasiness; and, "AIR, AIR," was the general cry. Every insult that could be devised against the guard, all the opprobrious names and abuse that the Suba, Monickshund, &c. could be loaded with, were repeated to provoke the guard to fire upon us, every man that could rushing tumultuously towards the windows, with eager hopes of meeting the first shot. Then a general prayer to Heaven, to hasten the approach of the flames to the right and left of us, and put a period to our misery. But these failing, they whose strength and spirits were quite exhausted, laid themselves down and expired quietly upon their fellows: others who had yet some strength and vigour left, made a last effort at the windows, and several succeeded by leaping and scrambling over the backs and heads of those in the first ranks, and got hold of the bars, from which there was no removing them. Many to the right and left sunk with the violent pressure, and

were soon suffocated ; for now a steam arose from the living and the dead, which affected us in all its circumstances, as if we were forcibly held with our heads over a bowl full of strong volatile spirit of hartshorn, until suffocated ; nor could the effluvia of the one be distinguished from the other, and frequently, when I was forced by the load upon my head and shoulders, to hold my face down, I was obliged, near as I was to the window, instantly to raise it again to escape suffocation. I need not, my dear friend, ask your commiseration, when I tell you, that in this plight, from half an hour past eleven till near two in the morning, I sustained the weight of a heavy man, with his knees in my back, and the pressure of his whole body on my head. A Dutch serjeant, who had taken his seat upon my left shoulder, and a Topaz (a black Christian soldier) bearing on my right ; all which nothing could have enabled me long to support, but the props and pressure equally sustaining me all around. The two latter I frequently dislodged, by shifting my hold on the bars, and driving my knuckles into their ribs ; but my friend above stuck fast, and as he held by two bars, was immoveable.

“ I exerted a-new my strength and fortitude ; but the repeated trials and efforts I made to dislodge the insufferable incumbrances upon me, at last quite exhausted me ; and, towards two o'clock, finding I must quit the window, or sink where I was, I resolved on the former, having bore, truly for the sake of others, infinitely more for life than the best of it is worth. In the rank close behind me was an officer of one of the ships, whose name was Cary, and who had behaved with much bravery during the siege (his wife, a fine woman, though country born, would not quit him, but accompanied him into the prison, and was one who survived.) This poor wretch had been long raving for water and air ; I told him I was determined to give up life, and recommended his gaining my station. On my quitting, he made a fruitless attempt to get my place ; but the Dutch serjeant who sat on my

shoulder, supplanted him. Poor Cary expressed his thankfulness, and said he would give up life too ; but it was with the utmost labour we forced our way from the window (several in the inner ranks appearing to me dead standing, unable to fall by the throng and equal pressure around.) He laid himself down to die ; and his death, I believe, was very sudden ; for he was a short, full, sanguine man. His strength was great ; and, I imagine, had he not retired with me, I should never have been able to have forced my way. I was at this time sensible of no pain, and little uneasiness : I can give you no better idea of my situation, than by repeating my simile of the bowl of spirit of hartshorn. I found a stupor coming on apace, and laid myself down by that gallant old man, Rev. Mr. Jervas Bellamy, who lay dead with his son, the lieutenant, hand in hand, near the southernmost wall of the prison. When I had lain there some little time, I still had reflection enough to suffer uneasiness in the thought, that I should be trampled upon, when dead, as I myself had done to others. With some difficulty I raised myself, and gained the platform a second time, where I presently lost all sensation : the last trace of sensibility that I have been able to recollect after my laying down, was my sash being uneasy about my waist, which I untied, and threw from me. Of what passed in this interval, to the time of my resurrection from this hole of horrors, I can give you no account ; and indeed, the particulars mentioned by some of the gentlemen who survived (solely by the number of those dead, by which they gained a freer accession of air, and approach to the windows) were so excessively absurd and contradictory, as to convince me very few of them retained their senses ; or, at least, lost them soon after they came into the open air, by the fever they carried out with them.

“ In my own escape from absolute death, the hand of Heaven was manifestly exerted : the manner take as follows. When the day broke, and the gentlemen found that no entreaties could

prevail to get the door opened, it occurred to one of them (I think to Mr. Secretary Cook) to make a search for me, in hopes I might have influence enough to gain a release from this scene of misery. Accordingly, Messrs. Lushington and Walcot undertook the search, and by a shirt discovered me under the dead upon the platform. They took me from thence, and imagining I had some signs of life, brought me towards the window I had first possession of. But as life was equally dear to every man, (and the stench arising from the dead bodies was grown intolerable) no one would give up the station in or near the window: so they were obliged to carry me back again. But soon after Captain Mills (now captain of the company's yacht) who was in possession of a seat at the window, had the humanity to offer to resign it. I was again brought by the same gentlemen, and placed in the window. At this juncture the Suba, who

had received an account of the havock death had made amongst us, sent one of his Jemmutdaars to enquire if the chief survived. They shewed me to him; told him I had the appearance of life remaining, and believed I might recover if the door was opened very soon. This answer being returned to the Suba, an order came immediately for our release, it being then near six in the morning. The fresh air at the window soon brought me to life; and a few minutes after the departure of the Jemmutdaar, I was restored to my sight and senses. The little strength that remained amongst the most robust who survived, made it a difficult task to remove the dead piled up against the door; so that I believe it was more than twenty minutes before we obtained a passage out for one at a time."

Of the one hundred and forty-six persons confined in this dreadful place, *one hundred and twenty-three* perished during the night.

NEW IRISH MELODIES.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

(Literary Gazette, May 12, 1821.)

SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark—
Where ever blows the welcome wind,
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
More sad than those we leave behind.
Each wave that passes seems to say
"Though death beneath our smile may be,
Less cold we are, less false than they,
Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee."

Sail on, sail on—through endless space—
Through calm—through tempest—stop no more;
The stormiest sea 's a resting-place
To him who leaves such hearts on shore,
Or,—if some desert land we meet,
Where never yet false-hearted men
Profaned a world, that else were sweet—
Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

OH, YE DEAD.

Oh, ye Dead! oh, ye dead! whom we know by the
light you give
From your cold gleaming eyes, though you move
like men who live,

Why leave you thus your graves,
In far off fields and waves,
Where the worm and the sea-bird only know your
bed,
To haunt this spot, where all
Those eyes that wept your fall,
And the hearts that bewail'd you, like your own,
lie dead?

It is true—it is true—we are shadows cold and wan:
It is true—it is true—all the friends we loved are
gone.

But, oh! thus ev'n in death,
So sweet is still the breath
Of the fields, and the flow'rs in our youth we wan-
der'd o'er,
That, ere condemn'd, we go
To freeze mid Hecla's snow,
We would taste it awhile, and dream we live once
more!

* Paul Zeland mentions that there is a mountain in some part of Iceland, where the ghosts of persons who have died in foreign lands, walk about and converse with those they meet like living people. If asked why they do not return to their homes, they say, they are obliged to go to Mount Hecla, and disappear immediately.

DRINK OF THIS CUP.

Drink of this cup—you'll find there's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
 Would you forget the dark world we are in,
 Only taste of the bubble that gleams on the top of
 it;

But would you rise above earth, till akin
 To Immortals themselves, you must drain every
 drop of it.

Send round the cup—for oh there's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

Never was philter farm'd with such power
 To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing;
 Its magic began when, in Autumn's rich hour,
 As a harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.
 There, having, by nature's enchantment, been fill'd
 With the balm and the bloom of her kindest
 weather,

This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd,
 To enliven such hearts as are here brought to-
 gether!

Then drink of the cup—you'll find there's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one—
 Like caldrons the witch brews at midnight so aw-
 ful,

In secret this philter was first taught to flow on,
 Yet—'t isn't less potent for being unlawful.

What, though it may taste of the smoke of that flame,
 Which in silence extracted its virtue forbidden—

Fill up—there's fire in some hearts I could name,
 Which may work too its charm, though now law-
 ful and hidden.

So drink of the cup—for oh there's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
 Talk of the cordial, that sparkled for Helen,
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

ECHO.

How sweet the answer Echo makes
 To Music at night,
 When roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
 And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
 Goes answering light.

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
 And far more sweet,
 Than e'er, beneath the moonlight's star,
 Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
 The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh in youth sincere,
 And only then,—
 The sigh, that's breath'd for one to hear,
 Is by that one, that only dear,
 Breath'd back again!

OH BANQUET NOT.

Oh banquet not in those shining bowers,
 Where youth resorts—but come to me,
 For mine's a garden of faded flowers,
 More fit for sorrow, for age and thee.
 And there we shall have our feast of tears,
 And many a cup of silence pour—
 Our guests, the shade of former years,
 Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more.

There, while the myrtle's withering boughs
 Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
 We'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
 To friends long lost, the chang'd, the dead.
 Or, as some blighted laurel waves
 Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
 We'll drink to those neglected graves,
 Where valour sleeps, unnam'd, forgot!

THEE, THEE, ONLY THEE.

The dawning of morn, the day-light's sinking,
 The night's long hours still find me thinking
 Of thee, thee, only thee.

When friends are met, and goblets crown'd,
 And smiles are near, that once enchanted,
 Unreach'd by all that sunshine round,
 My soul, like some dark spot, is haunted,
 By thee, thee, only thee.

Whatever in fame's high path could waken
 My spirit once, is now forsaken

For thee, thee, only thee.
 Like shores, by which some headlong bark
 To the ocean hurries—resting never—
 Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark,
 I know not, heed not, hastening ever
 To thee, thee, only thee.

I have not a joy but of thy bringing,
 And pain itself seems sweet, when springing
 From thee, thee, only thee.

Like spells, that nought on earth can break,
 Till lips, that know the charm, have spoken,
 This heart, howe'er the world may wake
 Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken
 By thee, thee, only thee.

(Gentleman's Magazine, April 30, 1821.)

LINES

On the Death of a beautiful Young Woman, who admired the Writer's Literary Productions, corresponded with him, and died without ever having seen him.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

MY fancy formed her young and fair,
Pure as her sister lilies were,
Adorned with meekest maiden grace,
With every charm of soul and face,
That Virtue's awful eye approves,
And fond Affection dearly loves ;
Heaven in her open aspect seen,
Her Maker's image in her mien.

Such was the picture Fancy drew,
In lineaments divinely true,
The Muse, by her mysterious art,
Had shewn her likeness to my heart ;
And every faithful feature brought
O'er the clear mirror of my thought.

But she was waning to the tomb,
The worm of death was in her bloom ;
Yet as the mortal frame declin'd,
Strong through the ruins rose the mind.
As the dim moon, when night ascends,
Slow in the East the darkness rends,
Through melting clouds, by gradual gleams,
Pours the mild splendor of her beams,

Then bursts in triumph o'er the Pole,
Free as a disembodied soul ;
Thus while the veil of flesh decay'd,
Her beauties brighten'd through the shade,
Charms which her lowly heart conceal'd
In Nature's weakness were reveal'd ;
And still th' unrobing spirit cast,
Diviner glories to the last,
Dissolv'd its bonds, and clear'd its flight,
Emerging into perfect light.
Yet shall the friends who lov'd her weep,
Though shrin'd in peace the sufferer sleep,
Though rapt to Heaven the Saint aspire,
With seraph-guards on wings of fire ;
Yet shall they weep—for oft and well
Remembrance shall her story tell,
Affection of her virtues speak,
With beaming eye and burning cheek,
Each action, word, and look recal ;
The last, the loveliest of all
When on the lap of death she lay,
Serenely smil'd her soul away,
And left surviving Friendship's breast,
Warm with the sun-set of her rest.

CORNUCOPIA

OF LITERARY CURIOSITIES AND REMARKABLE FACTS.

(From the English Magazines, May 1821.)

Nothing is now talked of in London but Miss Wilson, the new singer. If you go out to dinner, and are in the act of descending from the drawing-room to the dining-room, arm in arm with a lady, you are invariably asked if you have seen Miss Wilson : if you enter a glover's shop in the Strand, notwithstanding the oppression of your elbow in the pit of his stomach, the vender of doe-skin finds breath enough to enquire how you like Miss Wilson : if walking onward to Lincoln's Inn, you endeavour to ascertain from your solicitor the state of the chancery-suit in which you are engaged, the managing clerk asks, how you like Miss Wilson in Mandane : and if, descending into Fleet-street, you desire your shoemaker to make your new pumps rather easier than their predecessors, he doubts whether Miss Wilson's Rosetta be equal to Miss Stephens's.

It is proverbial that the London public can only think of one thing at a

time. How bold a man, then, was the author of *Waverley* to produce *Kenilworth* in the zenith of Miss Wilson's cadenzas ! One of the two must go to the wall ; which of the two, time only can determine.

—
The western end of Cheapside is a spot which, to a ghost like myself, possesses peculiar claims to consideration. I beg to explain that I neither allude to the trunk-maker's shop at the one corner, nor to that of the vender of patent medicines at the other : the former of whom adroitly equips the traveller on his journey to Paris or Naples, and the latter to "that bourne" from which, thanks to Mercury, I have recently returned. No ; the interest created by the spot in question arises from its being the central point from which many a civic son of the counter diverges toward Piccadilly or Oxford-street, at four o'clock, and at which the same parties meet on the morrow, on

their return to the duties of day-book and ledger. Here, at nine o'clock in the morning, may be seen the brisk merchant's clerk, in neckcloth and blue trowsers, listening, with anxious ear, to a memento from the clock of St. Paul's Cathedral: then snatching out his watch, as though a glance at Time would retard his progress; and afterwards quickening his pace, and trotting toward the Exchange, in defiance of dustmen and chimney-sweeps. Here, at ten o'clock, may be seen the junior partner, clad in white corded breeches and jockey-boots, more intent on avoiding a splash than on gaining time: and here, at eleven o'clock, may be seen the bulky senior partner, in black silk breeches and stockings, so evidently fatigued by his length of march, as to give himself full time to bestow a penny upon the old soldier who sweeps the crossing.

I have more than once noticed two elderly gentlemen of the last-mentioned description, one of whom, issuing from St. Paul's Church-yard, passes the trunk-maker's at about the same moment in which the other, issuing from Newgate-street, crosses over the way, and reaches the corner of Bow lane. For several mornings past, the two Peripatetics have cast courtly glances toward each other. Last Wednesday the ice was broken, and the thaw produced the following stream of colloquy. "A warm morning, Sir."—"Very, Sir."—"Have you walked far, Sir?"—"Yes, Sir, all the way from Grosvenor-place; have *you* walked, Sir?"—"Oh yes, Sir, all the way from Baker-street, Portman-square."—"You carry on business in the city, I presume, Sir?"—"I do, Sir, in St. Mary Axe; I presume, Sir, you do the same?"—"I do, Sir, in Old Bethlem."—"It's a long way, Sir, to be trudging twice a day."—"Ah, Sir, I have often thought it."—"I take it for granted, Sir, we are both married."—"Yes, Sir, that's pretty clear: my father and grandfather lived in Old Bethlem upwards of fifty years."—"And so did mine in St. Mary Axe."—"If the four old gentlemen could pop their heads out of their graves in Bishopsgate church-

yard, and see our goings on, what would they call us?"—"A couple of fools."—"So they would, Sir: good morning!"

TACHYDIDAXY.

We have *invented* this term in order to designate one of the most wonderful inventions, even in this age of invention and discovery. It will henceforward be mere obstinacy on the part of our readers, should they not be able, ere we commence another volume, to read Homer and Plato in their original language, and their Bibles in Hebrew; since a German of the name of Kastner has written two works that may justly be called, a *short cut* to the learned languages. One of these is the art of learning Greek in two months!! the other, that of learning to read, and to *understand* Hebrew in four weeks!!! Perhaps as a climax to this celerity of the acquisition of knowledge he may communicate to the world the art of comprehending Euclid in a fortnight.

COMPLIMENTS.

A fashionable female at Paris having heard that Nicole, the celebrated mathematician, was much cherished in all the circles of science, and anxious to be thought the patroness of merit, sent him such an invitation to one of her parties, that he could not refuse it. The abstract geometrician, who had never before been present at an assembly of the kind, received the civilities of his fair hostess with all the awkwardness and confusion of a man unacquainted with the frivolities of fashionable life. After passing a very uncomfortable evening, in answering the observations of those who addressed him, he prepared to take his leave. Wishing to be very complimentary, he declared to the lady of the house the grateful sense he entertained of the high honour she had conferred on him by her generous invitation, polite regard, and extraordinary civility. At length he reached the climax of his compliments, by assuring her "that her lovely *little* eyes had made an impression which could never be erased from his breast." Nicole then retired, quite satisfied at the manner in which he had acquitted himself; but a friend who

was accompanying him home, whispered in his ear as they were passing to the staircase, that he had paid the lady a very ill compliment, by telling her that her eyes were little, for that little eyes were universally understood by the whole sex to be a great defect. Nicole, mortified to excess at the mistake he had thus unconsciously made, and resolving to apologize to the lady whom he conceived he must have offended, returned abruptly to the company, and entreated her with great humility to pardon the error into which his confusion had betrayed him, of imputing any thing like *littleness* to so high, so elegant, so distinguished a character; and concluded by saying, "Madam, I never beheld such fine *large* eyes, such fine *large* lips, such fine *large* hands, or so fine and *large* a person altogether, in the whole course of my life."

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S CREED.

The Supreme Being governs all things, not as soul of the world, but as Lord of the Universe; and upon account of his dominion he is styled the Lord God, Supreme over all. The Supreme God is an eternal, infinite, absolutely perfect Being; but a being how perfect soever, without dominion is not Lord God. The term God, very frequently signifies Lord; but every Lord is not God. The dominion of a Spiritual Being constitutes him God; true dominion, true God; supreme dominion, supreme God; imaginary dominion, imaginary God. He is not eternity and infinity, but eternal and infinite. He is not duration and space, but his duration of existence is present, and by existing always and every where he constitutes duration and space---Eternity and Infinity. Since every part of space and every indivisible moment of duration is every where; certainly the Maker and Lord of all things cannot be said to be in no time and no place. He is omnipresent, not by his power only, but in his very substance; for power cannot exist without substance. God is not at all affected by the motions of bodies, neither do they find any resistance from the omnipresence of God. He necessarily exists,

and by the same necessity he exists always and every where. Whence also it follows, that he is all similar, all Eye, all Ear, all Brain, all Arm, all Sensation, all Understanding, all Active Power; but this not in a human, or corporeal, but in a manner wholly unknown to us, therefore not to be worshipped under a corporeal representation.

KEPLER'S EXTRAVAGANCE.

Kepler, who ultimately discovered many important truths, was, through life, the dupe of vagaries founded on the superstitions of the age. In one of his early works he imagined the planets to be huge animals who swam round the sun, by means of certain fins acting upon the etherial fluid, as those of fishes do in the water, and agreeably to this notion, he imagined the comets to be monstrous and uncommon animals generated in the celestial spaces; and he explained how this excited this animal faculty.

SWIFTNESS OF MEN.

Men who are exercised in running out-strip horses; or at least hold their speed for a longer continuance. In a journey too, a man will walk down a horse; and after they have both continued to proceed for several days, the horse will be quite tired, and the man as fresh as in the beginning. The king's messengers of Ispahan, who are runners by profession, go 108 miles in 14 hours. Hottentots outstrip lions in the chase, and savages who hunt the elk, tire down and take it; and are said to have performed a journey of *three thousand six hundred miles in less than six weeks*.

JOHN SCOTT, ESQ.

This gentleman fell a victim to the absurd and criminal practice of duelling during the past month; and this circumstance combined with his talents as a public writer, has directed much attention towards him.

He was a native of Aberdeen, where he was born in the year 1780. He received a liberal education, and coming to England in quest of productive employment, was engaged by Mr. Drakard, of Stamford, to conduct his well known paper called "The News." Here he distinguished himself so much by the energy of his compositions, that an edition of "The News" was republished in London. For one of his articles, which treated contemptuously of the military service, Mr. Drakard was prosecuted and imprisoned; but the eloquence of the composi-

tion drew towards the writer much public admiration.

In consequence he soon after was engaged as editor of the *Statesman*; and at the same time he commenced the *Champion Sunday paper*, which soon acquired in the hands of Mr. Thelwall, that character for superior writing, which it has maintained to the present time.

Having sold the *Champion*, and married the daughter of Mr. COLNAGH, an eminent printer in Cockspur-street, he travelled into France and Italy, and the results have been communicated to the world in volumes, which display the fine taste and powers of the author. Among these was his "*Visit to Paris*," and "*Paris Re-visited*."

At Paris he lost a beautiful child at the most interesting age, and the effusions of his muse on that occasion, did honour to his heart and his paternal affections.

Returning to England he commenced about fifteen months ago, the *London Magazine*, and if we may be allowed to give judgment, it was the most worthy of all the attempts to establish a new magazine which has been made in our time. It combined good taste with information; and the *Belles Lettres* with useful knowledge. Its principles too were less illiberal than those of other novel projects in this line of publication; and if the English public are likely to support more than two miscellanies, it appeared that Mr. Scott had a chance of ultimately succeeding.

But some erroneous notions relative to the efficacy of pistol-bullets in deciding questions of moral character, led him to appeal to them in a silly quarrel with some persons utterly beneath the notice of a man of the world. He was in consequence, murdered in the prime of life, and the coroner's jury having decided on the crime, the parties will be called upon to answer to the justly offended laws at the next Old Bailey sessions. It appears to us, however, that nothing but a special law will correct the erroneous reasoning which misleads young men and fools on this subject. They forget that duelling decides no question but in regard to personal courage, a quality of which the greatest scoundrel in the community may possess a larger share than the most virtuous person, and the practice is relevant to no other question. Thus among would-be military heroes, courage is the only required quality, and therefore it may be necessary in these persons to prove that they possess it by exposing their persons to any one who calls them cowards; but it is to the last degree criminal in a citizen to appeal to deadly weapons to prove that he possesses any social virtue; for the act itself may generally be taken as a demonstrative proof of the contrary, and being irrelevant to the point, affords *prima facie* evidence that revenge is the sole object of the parties.

Mr. Scott has left an amiable and afflicted widow and children, and was interred in the presence of mourning multitudes at St. Martin's in the Fields.

NEW WORKS.

Journal of a Voyage of Discovery to the Arctic Regions, in his Majesty's ships Hecla and Griper; by Alex. Fisher, Surgeon R.N. Bloddyn, a Welsh national tale: by W.S. Wickenden.

LORD BYRON has favoured the literary world with an excellent refection, in the form of a letter to his publisher, on the *Rev. W. L. Bowles's Strictures on the life and writings of Pope*. We know no modern pamphlet of a critical nature, at once so rich in wit and so correct in judgment as the present. It effectually redeems the character of Pope, both as a poet and a man, from the false criticism and illiberal biography of Mr. Bowles; it inflicts a most severe, (we hope a salutary) castigation on the critic and biographer; it holds up to resistless ridicule a well known canting class of *sor-disant* poets and canting slip-slop critics; and it also contains some exquisite remarks on the true principles of the art of poetry, in opposition to the absurd notions of Mr. Bowles, Mr. Southey and others, on what they are pleased to call the *invariable* principles of poetry. The whole of this task is executed in such a style of fascinating ease, that though it required, and has exercised, the combined talents of a poet and critic of the first order, it has the air of a trifle, composed by a man of the world, in "*his night-gown and slippers*."

Another novel in the Scottish style, lays claim to attention, under the title of a *Legend of Argyle*: or, *'Tis a Hundred Years since*. The acknowledged imitation of the latter part of the title might have been omitted, as the book possesses considerable original merit. The story is founded on the rebellion of 1715, in favour of the house of Stuart, and the Duke of Argyle, whom Pope has so highly complimented, is the hero.

Speedily will be published, *Views of America* in a series of letters from that country to a friend in England, during 1818, 19 and 20, by an Englishwoman.

A novel is in the press, entitled *Feminine Worth*, by Jos: an Indian Idol who views European morals and politics with calmness, impartiality and truth. His work relates the private story of a family, and the details are, with very few exceptions, occurrences in real life, in the order in which they have taken place.

A new series of *Curiosties of Literature*, in 3 vols. 8vo. are in preparation; by J. D'Israeli, esq.

Lord Byron, not content with being the best English poet of his day, is desirous of proving himself the best swimmer, by publishing an account of his having swam across the Hellespont in both directions, in 70 and 65 minutes; and having on another occasion won a bet by swimming four hours and 20 minutes without rest.

Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia, &c. 1817-1820; by Sir R. Ker Porter, 4to. with numerous engravings.

Illustrations of the Great Operations of Surgery, Trepan, Hernia, Amputation, Aneurism and Lythometry; by Charles Bell, F.R.S. &c. With coloured plates. £5.

De Renzey; or, *the Man of Sorrow*; by R. N. Kelly, esq. 3 vols.

A CANE.

At a meeting of the Madras Literary Society, 1st September, Lieut.-colonel Blacker presented a ground rattan from the Ram Ghat in the western range, north of the parallel of Goa, stated to be *two hundred and twenty-five feet* in length; which is *twenty-three feet* higher than the monument in London.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 8.]

BOSTON, JULY 14, 1821.

[VOL. IX.]

(From the English Magazines, May 1821.)

MAJOR SCHILL.

IN the year 1813, I made a tour of a considerable portion of the north of Germany. From the Elbe to the Isle of Rugen my route lay through the country which had been the principal scene of the celebrated Schill's operations. The peasantry were full of the recollection, and when they were not afraid of finding a spy, or smarting under a recent visit from the French, they were boundless in their histories of the miraculous achievements of "the Brandenburgh Hussar." Those narratives had gradually grown romantic, little as romance was to be expected from a boor on the edge of the Baltic. But the valour and eccentricity of Schill's attempt, his bold progress, and his death in the midst of fire and steel, would have made a subject for the exaggerations and melancholy of romance in any age.

A thousand years ago a German bard would have seen his spirit drinking in the halls of Odin, out of a Gaelish skull, and listening to the harps of the blue-eyed maids of Valhalla, bending around him with their sweet voices, and their golden hair. Arminius might have been no more than such a daring vindicator of his country; and, but for his narrower means, and more sudden extinction, Schill might have earned from some future Tacitus the same fine and touching panegyric.* Schill was 36, but a year

younger than Arminius at his death. The rude prints and plaster images at the German fairs, gave him a vigorous figure, and a bold physiognomy. He was active in his exercises, superior to fatigue, and of acknowledged intrepidity; fond of adventure in the spirit of his corps, and his natural enthusiasm deepened and magnified by some intercourse with the Secret Societies of Germany, which, with much mysticism, and solemn affectation of knowledge, inculcated resistance to the tyrant of Europe, as among the first of duties.

He was said to be more distinguishable for bravery than for military knowledge or talent. But the man who could elude or overpower all opposition in the heart of an enemy's conquest for months together, must have had talent as well as heroism. Schill's first operation was to pass over the Elbe, and try the state of the public mind in the country round Magdeburgh.

It is still difficult to ascertain, whether his enterprize had a higher authority. The situation of Prussia, after the battle of Jena, in 1806, was one of the most deplorable suffering. The loss of independence, the loss of territory, the plunder of the public property, and the ruin of the Prussian name in Europe were felt like mortal wounds. But the personal insolence of the French, who have always lost by their insolence what

* *Liberator haud dubie Germaniæ, et qui non primordia populi Romani, sicut alii reges ducesque, sed florentissimum imperium lacesserit; præliis ambiguus, bello non victus, septem et triginta annos vitæ explevit. Canitur adhuc barbaras apud gentes, Græcorum annalibus ignotas, qui sua tantum mirantur, Romanis haud perinde celebris, dum vetera extollimus, recentium incuriosus.*

they had gained by their rapine, struck deeper into the national mind. The innumerable private injuries to honour and feeling, the gross language, and the malignant tyranny of the French military, inflamed the people's blood into a fever of impatience and revenge. I have often expressed my surprise, on hearing that no German had taken up the pen to transmit them as a record and a warning to posterity. One evening, standing on the banks of the Elbe, and overlooking the fine quiet landscape of the islands towards Haarbürg, I remember to have made the observation, after hearing a long detail of the sufferings of the peasantry, whose white cottages studded the scene at my feet. "My dear sir," said an old German officer, "my countrymen are like that river; their whole course has been thro' sandbanks and shallows, but they make their way to the end at last." Then, indulging his metaphor, and waving his hand as if to follow the windings of the stream, "I am not sure but this very habit of reluctance to unnecessary exertion, may have allowed them to collect comforts by the way, which neither Englishman nor Frenchman would have been calm enough to gather. If that river had been a torrent, should we now be looking on those islands?" There may be some experience in the old soldier's answer, but if Germany is slow to give a history of her misfortunes, she ought not to leave her heroes in oblivion. Schill deserves a better memoir than a stranger can give.

In this fermentation of the public mind, the North of Germany was suddenly denuded of troops to form a part of the grand imperial army, marching against Austria. Slight garrisons were placed in the principal towns, and the general possession of the open country was chiefly left to the gendarmerie. Schill, then major of one of the most distinguished regiments in the service, the Brandenburg hussars, one morning suddenly turned his horse's head towards the gate of Berlin, on the dismissal of the parade, gave a shout for "King and Country," and at the head of this regiment burst from the Glacis.

Though the whole garrison of Berlin, French and Prussian, were on the parade, there was no attempt to intercept this bold manœuvre. They were thunderstruck, and by the time that orders were determined on, Schill was leagues off, galloping free over the sands of Prussia. The officers of his corps were among the best families of Brandenburg, and some fine young men of rank joined him immediately. It is uncertain to this hour, whether he was not secretly urged by his court to make the experiment on the probabilities of insurrection. But Napoleon was too near to allow of open encouragement, and at the demand of De Marsan the French ambassador, who was, as Trinculo says "Viceroy over the King," Schill was proclaimed as an enemy to the state.

His first attempt was the surprize of Magdeburgh, the principal fortress of the new kingdom of Westphalia, and famous to English ears for the imprisonment of Trenck. He advanced to the gates, and after sustaining a vigorous skirmish with the garrison, in which the French were on the point of being cut off from the town, was forced to abandon an enterprize, which was probably undertaken merely as a more open mode of declaring, that "war in procinct" was levied against the oppressors of the population. He then plunged into Westphalia. His plans in this country have been often canvassed; for the Germans are, in a vast proportion to the English, military disputants; and the names of their highest soldiers, from Frederic down to Blücher and Bülow, are discussed without mercy and without end. Schill shares the common fate, and all the armies of Germany would not have been enough to fill up the outline of the campaign, which I have heard sketched for him round the fire of a table d'hôte in the north. According to these tacticians he should have marched direct upon Cassel, and made himself master of Jerome Buonaparte. He should have charged up to the gates of Berlin, and delivered the country. He should have attacked the rear of the grand army, and given time

for the arrival of the Arch-duke. He should have made an irruption into the French territory in its unguarded state, and compelled Napoleon to consult the safety of Paris. To all this the natural answer was, that Schill had but from four to six hundred hussars, and a few infantry, deserters from the line. With those he remained for nearly three months master of the communications of Westphalia, continually intercepting officers, functionaries, and couriers, and either eluding or beating every detachment sent to break up his flying camp. In one of his expeditions he took Marshal Victor with his suite and despatches, on his way to join the army before Vienna. But it affords an extraordinary evidence of the apathy, or the terror of Germany, that, during this period of excitement, his recruits never amounted to two hundred men. It, however, grew obviously perilous to leave this daring partizan free to raise the spirit of the country, and a considerable force was despatched against him. A corps from Cassel moved in direct pursuit, while another composed of Dutch and Danes, turned towards his rear. It was now time to fly. The experiment of Westphalia was completed; and an escape into Sweden was the only course of safety. Schill had been blamed for lingering on this retreat. But a gentler estimate, and probably a truer one, would have attributed his tardiness to the natural reluctance of a brave man to leave the ground while there is a chance of disputing it. Every hour was full of change; a battle on the Danube might alter the whole fortunes of Germany within an hour, and Prussia would have been the first to raise the standard. But Schill suffered no advantage to be taken of his delay. His marches were regular, he fixed his head-quarters for ten or twelve days at Domitz, a small town on the Mecklinburgh side, which he fortified so far as to be secure from a surprise. He abandoned it only on the approach of the enemy, to whom he left nothing but his sick,—advanced to Stralsund, the strongest fortress in Pomerania, dismantled by the French, but still in their possession, and capable

of defence against an ordinary hazard; stormed the gates; drove the French before the cavalry into the great square; and was in possession of the town after a brisk engagement of less than an hour. On the road to Stralsund I was shown the remains of a field fortification where a French detachment had attempted to stop the hussars. It was a rude work, a parapet of earth and a trench filled with water. The gates and guns had probably fallen into the hands of the peasantry. Schill, on proposing a capitulation to those men, had been fired on. He immediately charged at the head of his regiment, leaped the trench, and got into the fortification on horseback. All the French were killed or taken.

Pomerania (in German, Pommern) is one vast flat, which probably was once at the bottom of the Baltic. It is fertile, and was, when I passed through it, covered with a carpet of springing corn. But on my approach to the sea the prospect on the side of the Island of Rugen became diversified. The sea between the island and the main land looked like a broad river, tranquil and glassy, with a low rich border of vegetation, leading the eye across to the woods and picturesque rocks that crown the shore of Rugen. The country was thinly peopled, but those were times of the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." The Swedish army, under the Crown Prince, going to fight his countrymen, were now moving down from Sweden.

Schill had found the principal works destroyed, but yet not to be gained without fighting, and it was not till after a sharp contest that he forced his way over the ramparts.

On his march he had baffled the Dutch general, Gratien, whose express commission was to extirpate him in the field. Schill out-maneuvred the general, and was master of Stralsund a week before he saw the face of a pursuer. There can be no doubt that he might, in that interval, have made good his retreat into Sweden. But the reluctance to leave Germany was strong upon him at all times. In addition to this he was master of a city; the sea was at his

back ; the state of Germany was hourly fluctuating ; and his position still served as a rallying point, if the old genius of Prussia was at length to shake the ashes from her head. Such might have been among the motives for this apparent imprudence in a man who had hitherto taken his measures with equal conduct and intrepidity. In this period of inaction he appears to have lost his habitual temper, and, like Richard before Bosworth, to have given an ill omen by his melancholy. He was said to have indulged in drinking, and to exhibit altogether the aspect of a man expecting ruin. But in his dejection he omitted none of the usual arrangements for defence. He set the peasants at work upon the approaches to the town, collected ammunition, planted a battery to command the principal entrance, I believe, borrowing the guns from the merchant ships, and seems to have neglected nothing but the means of retreat.

Stralsund is a city of much interest for its share in the "thirty years war;" and Wallenstein, the wonder of arms in his day, brought some disgrace on the standard of his imperial master, by his repulse before the walls. Its position renders it the key of Pomerania, on the side of Sweden, and the Crown Prince was busy when I was there in repairing its fortifications to cover his retreat, if the campaign should turn in favour of Napoleon. It has a tolerable commerce, and some of its buildings exhibit the old ponderous magnificence of the time when German traders made head against princes. The principal streets are wide, and the square in the centre, which serves, as in all the German towns, for all imaginable public purposes,—a mart, a parade, and a place of justice,—has the picturesque look of English architecture in the days of Elizabeth. It was in this spot that Schill drew up his reserve on the morning of the attack. Among the accounts of the fight, to be received from persons who, during the day, were hiding in their cellars from the shots that still had left many a fracture on the front of the buildings, exactness is not to be expected. But the battle seems to have begun about mid-

day, and to have continued with desperate determination till three or four in the afternoon. The Dutch division advanced to the great gate, and were repeatedly driven back. Gratien, however, was responsible to a master who never forgave, and the assault was continued under the fire of Schill's only battery. The Danes were embarked in some gun-boats, and landed on the unprotected side of the town. It was said that their red uniforms deceived the Prussians, and that they were looked on as British troops coming to their assistance. This attack took Schill in flank, and his purpose, from this time, was obviously to sell his life as dearly as he could. His corps were gradually forced from the square, down a narrow street leading to the sea-gate, which I often trod with the sentiments not unnatural to the spot where a hero and a patriot fell. The struggle here was long and bloody, from the narrow front which the enemy were compelled to observe. The Prussians were finally pushed through the gate, and the engagement ceased without their surrender. Gratien's loss was supposed to exceed two thousand in killed and wounded. A striking instance of the gallantry of his opponents, whose force did not equal half the number. Of Schill nothing had been known for some time before the close of the battle. He had exposed himself with conspicuous bravery during the day, and had been twice wounded. About an hour after the square was taken, he was seen standing on the steps of a house in the narrow street, with the blood streaming down his face, and cheering the troops with his sabre waving. In the confusion of the next charge he disappeared. In the evening he was found under a heap of dead near the steps, with two musket wounds on his body and a sabre cut on his forehead. The remnant of his band of heroes, chiefly cavalry, had retreated to a neighbouring field, and were there found exhausted and unable to move farther. An adjutant of Gen. Gratien, sent out to propose their surrender, was answered that they had determined not to receive quarter. Some messages followed between them and

the general, but they refused to give up their swords while Schill lived. On their taking back this melancholy intelligence, the cavalry, then reduced to a small number, surrendered at discretion.

The further history of these brave men is almost still more melancholy. A generous enemy, or even any man with a human heart would have honoured their devoted gallantry—But Napoleon ordered them for execution. They were taken to Wesel and the only favour which they could obtain, was that of dying by each other's hands. Some had made their escape on the way through Germany, but twenty-two, by one account, and twelve or fourteen by another, remained to glut the tyrant's appetite for murder. They were taken to a field on the glaciis of Wesel,

and there, standing in a line behind each other, each shot the comrade before him, the last shooting himself. Two sons of General Wedel, the Prussian, were among the victims. This was said to be the sole act of Napoleon; those young soldiers were subjects of Prussia, and amenable only to their own sovereign. It is next to impossible to avoid a feeling of indignation and abhorrence at the nature which could have thus rioted in gallant blood; and hoping that, sunk and punished as their enemy is at this hour, he may be destined to exhibit a still deeper example of justice to the world.

The following is the translation of a popular song, which I met in the original in Mecklenburg:—

SCHILL.

Es zog aus Berlin ein muthiger Held.

Who burst from Berlin with his lance in his hand?
Who ride at his heel, like the rush of the wave?
They are warriors of Prussia, the flower of the land,
And 'tis Schill leads them on to renown, and the grave.

Six hundred they came, in pomp and in pride,
Their chargers are fleet, and their bosoms are bold,
And deep shall their lances in vengeance be dyed,
Ere those chargers shall halt, or those bosoms be cold.

Then, through wood and through mountain, their trumpet rang clear,
And Prussia's old banner was wav'd to the sun,
And the yager in green, and the blue musketeer,
By thousands they rose, at the bidding of one.

What summon'd this spirit of grandeur from gloom?
Was he call'd from the camp, was he sent from the throne?
'Twas the voice of his country—it came from his tomb,
And it rises to bless his name, now that he's gone.

Remember him, Dodendorf: yet on thy plain
Are the bones of the Frenchmen, that fell by his blade;—
At sunset they saw the first flash of his vane,
By twilight, three thousand were still as its shade.

Then, Domitz, thy ramparts in crimson were dyed,
No longer a hold for the tyrant and slave.
Then to Pommern he rush'd, like a bark on the tide,
'The tide has swept on to renown and the grave.

Fly slaves of Napoleon, for vengeance is come;
Now plunge in the earth, now escape on the wind;
With the heart of the vulture, now borrow its plume,
For Schill and his riders are thundering behind.

All gallant and gay they came in at the gate,
That gate that old Wallenstein proudly withstood,
Once frowning and crown'd, like a King in his state,
Though now its dark fragments but shadow the flood.

Then up flash'd the sabre, the lance was couch'd low,
And the trench and the street were a field and a grave;
For the sorrows of Prussia gave weight to the blow,
And the sabre was weak in the hand of the slave.

Oh Schill ! O Schill ! thou warrior of fame !
 In the field, in the field, spur thy charger again ;
 Why bury in ramparts and fosses the flame
 That should burn upon mountain, and sweep over plain !

Stralsund was his tomb ; thou city of woe !
 His banner no more on thy ramparts shall wave ;
 The bullet was sent, and the warrior lies low,
 And eowards may trample the dust of the brave.

Then burst into triumph the Frenchman's base soul,
 As they came round his body with scoff and with cry,
 " Let his limbs toss to heaven on the gibbet and pole,
 In the throat of the raven and dog let him lie."

Thus they hurried him on, without trumpet or toll,
 No anthem, no prayer echoed sad on the wind,
 No peal of the cannon, no drum's muffled roll,
 Told the love and the sorrow that linger'd behind.

They cut off his head—but your power is undone ;
 In glory he sleeps, till the trump on his ear
 In thunder shall summon him up to throne :
 And the tyrant and victim alike shall be there.

When the charge is begun, and the Prussian hussar
 Comes down like a tempest with steed and with steel,
 In the clash of the swords, he shall give thee a prayer,
 And his watchword of vengeance be " Schill, brave Schill !"

(New Monthly Magazine.)

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

No. II.

AUTOMATA.

WE now pursue the account of the automaton chess-player, referred to in our last.

It is a remarkable, and somewhat suspicious circumstance, that neither the present proprietor of this automaton (in a pamphlet circulated by him

on this subject), nor the *Oxford graduate, takes any notice of the attempted solution of them by Mr. Collinson, a correspondent of Dr. Hutton's, to whom we have before alluded. In the same letter † in which this gentleman describes the automaton inventions of the Droz family, he speaks of a pam-

* [See *Athenæum*, vol. 5, p. 324.]

† We subjoin that part of the letter which relates to this subject—"Turning over the leaves of your late valuable publication, Part I. of the Mathematical and Philosophical Dictionary, I observed under the article "*Automaton*," the following... But all these seem inferior to M. Kempelin's chess-player, which may truly be considered as the greatest master-piece in mechanics that ever appeared in the world." So it certainly would have been had its movements depended merely on mechanism. Being slightly acquainted with M. Kempelin, when he exhibited his chess-playing figure in London, I called on him about five years since, at his house in Vienna ; another gentleman and myself being then on a tour on the Continent. The baron (for I think he is such) shewed me some working models, which he had lately made. Among them, an improvement on Arkwright's cotton-mill, and also one which he thought an improvement on Bolton and Watt's last steam-engine. I asked him after a piece of speaking mechanism, which he had shewn me when in London. It spoke as before and I gave the same word as when I before saw it, *exploitation*, which it distinctly pronounced with the French accent. But I particularly noticed, that not a word was passed about the chess-player, and, of course, I did not ask to see it. In the progress of the tour I came to Dresden, where, becoming acquainted with Mr. Eden, our envoy there, by means of a letter given me by his brother, Lord Auckland, who was ambassador when I was at Madrid, he accordingly accompanied me in seeing several things worthy of my attention ; and he introduced my companion and myself to a gentleman of rank and talents, named Joseph Frederic Freyhere, who seems completely to have discovered the vitality and soul of the chess-playing figure. This gentleman courteously presented me with the treatise he had published, dated at Dresden, Sept. 30, 1789, explaining its principles accompanied with curious plates, neatly coloured. This treatise is in the German language, and I hope soon to get a translation of it. *A well-taught boy, very thin and small of his age, sufficiently so that he could be concealed in a drawer, almost immediately under the chess-board, agitated the whole.* This discovery at Dresden accounts for the

phlet presented to him at Dresden, which affirms the whole phenomena to be produced by human agency; a conjecture which is confirmed by a writer in the Edinburgh Encyclopædia. A well-taught boy is said to be partly concealed in the ample drapery of our automaton's lower limbs, and partly in the commode on which the chess-board is placed. He cannot be seen when the doors are opened, we are told, "because his legs and thighs are then concealed in two hollow cylinders, which appear designed to support the wheels and levers, the rest of the body being at that moment out of the commode, and hid in the drapery of the automaton. When the doors of the commode are shut, the clacks which are heard by the turning of a rounce, permit the dwarf to change his place, and re-enter the commode without being heard; and while the machine is rolled about to different parts of the room, to prove that it is perfectly detached, the dwarf has an opportunity of shutting the trap through which he has passed. The drapery of the automaton is then lifted up, and the interior part of the body is shewn, to convince the spectators that all is fair, and the whole terminates, to their great astonishment, and in the illusion that an effect is produced by simple machinery, which can only arise from a well ordered head." This writer proceeds to conjecture that the chess-board is semi-transparent, so as at once to conceal the party within, and afford him sufficient light to perceive the moves of his antagonist, which are met by an interior lever, governing the arm of the automaton, on the principles of the pantograph.

With these accounts of the chess-player very distinctly in his mind, and an extract of the supposed method of concealing the dwarf or boy, in his pocket, the writer of this paper went with some friends, a few months ago, to visit, and if possible, to play at chess with the automaton. His engagements, however, were far too numerous for

the writer to obtain that honour on this occasion. Some slight changes had taken place in the manner of exhibiting the automaton: having, therefore, avowed to the proprietor, that his object was to obtain a scientific knowledge of his proceedings, as far as it could be done with propriety, the writer took memoranda of what passed.

From a door in a canvass screen the automaton and commode were wheeled out at the time appointed, and the figure was made to face the company. Then the inferior chamber of the commode (occupying about one-third of its dimensions) was opened *before and behind*, when a taper was held by the proprietor in such a situation, as to throw a full light through the machinery that occupied *this* part of it. He now closed and locked the doors of this chamber, opened the drawer, and took out the men and cushion, after which, he opened the larger chamber of the commode in front, and put the taper through the front door within it. Perhaps one-eighth of this chamber, was occupied by machinery; the rest was a perfect cavity, lined with green baize. He now shut and locked these doors; then whirled the commode round, opened and took up the drapery of the figure, and exhibited the body, partly occupied by machinery, and partly left with imperfect imitations of the prominent parts, to the shoulders. The drapery was then carefully pulled down, and the figure wheeled round, so as again to front the spectators, before whom it played a masterly and successful game.

The conviction of the writer and his friends (with the figure before them) was, that the concealment of a small thin boy or dwarf was *barely possible*. The larger chamber would contain him, and that chamber never was opened from behind, nor at the same time that the back of the figure was exposed; while it is observable that the inferior chamber *had* the light of a taper thrown through it. So that it appeared a prac-

silence about it at Vienna; for I understood, by Mr. Eden, that Mr. Freyhere has sent a copy of it to Baron Kempelin, though he seems unwilling to acknowledge that Mr. F. has completely analysed the whole."—*Hutton's Mathematical Dictionary Supplement.*

ticable contrivance that a boy should be concealed in the drapery while the commode was opened, and in the commode while the figure was exposed.

Under these impressions, the writer addressed a letter to the proprietor, in which he stated, that having, with his friends, been highly gratified by the wonderful powers of the automaton chess-player, and intending to communicate the result of his investigation to the public, which must, if satisfactory, prove extremely creditable to the invention,—he requested leave to visit the exhibition, (accompanied by two or three scientific friends and probably in the presence of a member of the Royal Family) in order to see a game played by the figure, with the doors of the commode open; his object being merely to ascertain the impossibility of any human intervention, and not in any degree to inspect the machinery;—but to this application a polite negative was returned, declining any other than the ordinary public exposure of the machine. We must therefore leave the question of human agency still undecided, and pass on to the mention of another of M. de Kempelin's ingenious inventions.

"On what do you think M. de Kempelin is at present employed?" Says M. de Wandisch in a letter to a friend on the pursuits of that gentleman, in 1783—"on a machine that talks! Acknowledge that he must be gifted with a creative genius bold and invincible, to undertake a project of this kind; and will it be believed that he has every reason to hope for complete success? He had already succeeded so far as to prove the possibility, and to deserve, on the part of the learned, that they should dedicate their attention to this new and hitherto unknown invention.

"His machine answers, clearly and distinctly enough, several questions. The voice is sweet and agreeable; there is but the letter R which it pronounces lispingly, and with a certain harshness. When its answer is not understood, it repeats it slower; and if required to speak a third time, it repeats it again, but in a tone of impatience and vexation. I have heard it pronounce, in

different languages, very well and very distinctly, the following words and phrases:—"Papa," "Mama," "My wife," "My husband," "A-propos," "Marianne," "Rome," "Madam," "The Queen," "The King," "At Paris," "Come," "Mama loves me," "My wife is my friend."—This writer then speaks of the machine being at that time nothing more than a square box, to which was affixed a pair of organ-bellows; and that, at each answer of this *non-descript* speaker, the inventor put his hand under a curtain that covered it, to touch, apparently, the springs that produced the articulation.

It appears to have been M. Kempelin's design to give to this automaton the form of a child of five or six years of age, as the voice which he produced was that of this period of life. He, however, exhibited it in an unfinished state; and we have not been able to learn to what figure it was finally adapted. The narrative of his proceedings in accomplishing what he did effect, and which we abridge from a curious treatise of his, "*On the Mechanism of Speech*," appears to us to be amongst the most interesting and useful of all the automatical details. Our modern removers of impediments in speech may work wonders, perhaps, by looking into his artificial jaws!

The first object of M. Kempelin, though upon what ground we cannot imagine, was the production of the vowel sounds, rather than those of any of the consonant, which he hardly expected to be able to combine with them. He investigated the affinity between the sound of various instruments and the human voice; and between the use of the artificial reed-stop, or *voce humana*, (which has sometimes been applied to the natural organs) and the general functions of the glottis. To the honour of our Northern countrymen, after exhausting his patience on qualifying and combining bassoon with clarionet reeds, those of hautboys, &c., he found the reed of the Highland bagpipe to furnish the best practical basis of his attempts, and sounds approximating the nearest to the harmony divine of human speech!

He now conceived that the funda-

mental powers of the voice were in A, the sound of which vowel he easily produced by combining thereof with a tube and a pair of organ-bellows; but beyond this he could not proceed, until it occurred to him that the organ of developing the sounds desired, demanded his principal attention. He divided, therefore, a deep elliptical box into two parts, which shut upon each other with a hinge, in the manner of the human jaws, connecting his tube with the back of it, and carefully varying their opening and manner of action until he could command the sounds of O, OU, and E. Year after year was devoted to this instrument, we are told; but, I, or the German U, refused to obey his call. K, L, M, and P, however, rewarded his efforts; when he attempted to form the letters he had obtained into syllabic combinations and words. Here an almost insuperable difficulty occurred; the sounds of the letters would not flow into each other without a clatter or pause. If too slowly enunciated, they would seem like a child repeating his alphabet, and have no resemblance to the word intended; and if the tube was too rapidly supplied, it would produce a catching gust of air in the mouth, which interrupted every letter with the sound of K. An aspirating sound following that of the consonants, was also very troublesome to overcome. In the beginning of the third year of his labour, he could execute, pretty accurately, the words Papa, Mama, Aula, Lama, Mulo. The sounds of most of the other consonants were ultimately obtained. P, K, and T, required the greatest quantity of air, we are told; and the whole machine about six times the quantity of the human lungs. But the two latter consonants, with D and G, were always imperfectly articulated. Some of his best sentences were, *Romanorum Imperator semper Augustus. Leopoldus Secundus. Vous êtes mon ami. Je vous aime de tout mon cœur.*

M. De Kempelin finally perfected, 1. Nostrils, which he found of great importance in articulation, and which consisted of two tin tubes, communicating at bottom with his mouth. 2. The

mouth, made of elastic gum, and of a bell form, so contrived that the sounds of the reed issued immediately from it, and connected with the air-chest by a tin tube, which kept it always full of air. 3. The air-chest, which was of an oblong shape, and received at one end the voice-pipe, containing the reed, and at the other the bellows-pipe, both closed round with leather. In this chest were contained two inferior ones, each having a valve at the top closed by a spring, and a round aperture adapted to receive through the side of the larger chest a tin funnel, and a round wooden tube, which produced the hissing sounds of CH, J, S, and Z. The voice-pipe entered the larger chest between the two smaller ones. 4. The bellows, answering the purpose of lungs, and which acted in the ordinary manner of those belonging to an organ. 5. The reed, which was in imitation of a bagpipe drone, the hollow portion being square, and the tongue of it formed of thin ivory, vibrating horizontally, to produce the various sounds. The square end was inserted, as we have noticed, in the air-chest. Along the upper side of the tongue was a moveable spring, which slightly bent it inward; and the part on which it fell was covered with leather, to modulate the vibrations. The sounds were more acute as the spring acted toward the outer extremity of the tongue, which was then more rapid in its motions; as it was withdrawn from this part, the vibrations were slower, and the sounds more grave.

The name of M. Maillardet, a Swiss artist of modern celebrity, is the only one that merits association with that of De Kempelin. He has executed two or three celebrated figures, with whose exploits we must "close this strange eventful history."

One of these is a lady at her piano-forte. She executes eighteen tunes by the actual pressure of her fingers on the keys; and while all the natural notes are thus performed, her feet play the flats and sharps by means of pedals. The instrument in fact, may be correctly called an organ, as it is mainly mov-

ed by bellows ; to bring which into proper action is the one important object of the machinery. The whole is impelled by six strong springs, acting on twenty-five communicating levers, and regulated and equalized by a brass fly. The interior of the instrument is, of course, very complicated and minute in its mechanism, which requires to be wound up once an hour. Before commencing a tune, the lady bows her head to the auditors ; she is apparently agitated with an anxiety and diffidence, not always felt in real life ; her eyes then seem intent on the notes, her bosom heaves, and at a distance it is impossible to discover any semblance of a work of art.

A Magician, that has sometimes accompanied this musical lady, is also a considerable triumph of mechanical skill. He sits at the bottom of a wall, with a long wand in his right hand, and a book in his left. Questions inscribed on thin oval counters, twenty in number, are put into the spectator's hand, who is desired to inclose one or more of them in a drawer, which shuts with a spring. A medallion, for instance, has the question, *What is the most universal passion?* which being put into the drawer, the figure rises with a solemn gait, bows his head, draws a circle or two with his wand, consults his book, and lifts it towards his face, as if in meditation. He then strikes with his wand on the wall above his hand, when two folding-doors open, and discover the inscription *Love*, as the reply. The counters are remarkably thin, and similar in all other respects

but their inscriptions, which some of them bear on both sides : certainly the mechanism that can discriminate the one from the other, must be exquisite ; and mechanism alone, we have the highest authority for believing, it is.

M. Maillardet's Writing-boy is hardly less meritorious. He is exhibited kneeling on one knee, and an attendant having dipped his pencil and laid the paper before him, he executes drawings, and French and English sentences, in writing, of a very superior description. Every natural motion of the fingers, elbow, eyes, &c. is correctly imitated.

The first of these figures the artist stated to have cost him the sum of 1500*l.* in its construction.

We have now placed before the reader as complete an account of the most celebrated automata, as the limits of our publication will admit. We believe no remarkable contrivance of this kind has escaped our notice ; and as we reminded him of some visionary speculations on the powers of man in the commencement of our sketch, is it too much to ask him for one serious reflection, at the close, upon the wisdom of that Almighty Architect, by whom we are so fearfully, so wonderfully, so inimitably made? Without any speculation on the possible powers of man, or the tendency of his habits and impulses on a large and hypothetical scale, let the entire muscular action of a single youthful arm, in striking a shuttlecock, be perfectly imitated by him, and we could consent to resign to the artist the government of our share of the world !*

* Since writing the above, we have seen "An Attempt to analyse the Automaton Chess Player of M. De Kempelen." Lond. 1821. The anonymous author is sanguine enough to add, "With an easy Method of imitating the movements of that celebrated Figure."

The solution of these movements here offered to the public, is so far similar to our own, as that the writer confidently ascribes them to the concealed presence of a living agent. Five lithographic plates illustrate his supposed mode of operation. But this tract suggests, that the operator is introduced into the body of the automaton ; that he sees the chess-board, while playing, "through the waistcoat, as easily as thro' a veil ;" and that his left hand actually fills the sleeve of the figure, moving the fingers "with a string." (Surely, to make this sort of agency complete, the chess-player might have been furnished with gloves !)

The author ingeniously finds a space at the back of the drawer, not heretofore noticed, which would relieve the legs of a concealed person. He also makes some pertinent remarks on the illusion which is probably practised on the spectator in the winding-up of the machinery, the ticking of clock-work that is heard, &c. We still imagine, however, that the dimensions of the chest would afford no room for the concealment of a figure that could thus direct the arm ; and are certain no such figure could rise out of it into that part of the body supposed, as we saw it displayed in London. A youth coiled up in the commode would much more "easily" play the game. The whole chest is but two feet and a half high, three feet long, and two feet in breadth.

(Literary Gazette.)

JAMES WATSON, THE BLIND MUSICIAN, OF DUNDEE.

JAMES WATSON, of Dundee, has followed the profession of a musician for several years. From his infancy he evinced a great fondness for mechanics. Finding that he could not always procure a player on the violoncello to accompany him, he some time ago thought of uniting that instrument to the violin. His earliest attempt convinced him that he would ultimately succeed in playing both instruments; and though the devices to which he had recourse at first, for managing the bow of the violoncello with the right foot, and stopping the strings with the left, were but imperfect, yet his performance excited considerable interest; and when, more than six months ago, he visited the Scottish metropolis, he drew the attention and secured the patronage of many persons of eminence, both in the fashionable and in the philosophical world.

Notices of Mr. Watson's performances at that time appeared in several journals, but he has since been labouring most assiduously, and has made very considerable improvements, both in the mechanism and in the management of his instruments. The stops by which he shortens the strings of his violoncello have been fitted with more elegance and precision; additional springs have been added to assist and relieve his leg in the operation of bowing; and the bow has been fastened to his foot by new machinery, which insures more powerful and steady execution. Indeed, the whole of this machinery is now so constructed, that he can play both instruments for a very great length of time, without more fatigue than if he played only upon one. Nor is this all: for by a very nice and accurate application of mechanism wholly invented by himself, he can perform upon two violoncellos at the same time; and the one upon which he plays the principal strain, is so contrived as to have the power and tone of two

played by different performers; so that he may be said to play three violoncellos,—the principal strain upon two, and the bass upon a third. Nor is the compass limited; for the instrument upon which he plays the principal, has a range of sixty-four semitones, and more could be added if necessary.

At the same time, he has made an improvement in the setting, and consequently in the reading of music; which must prove a great advantage to musicians who, like himself, are deprived of the sense of vision. In the common mode of setting music for the blind, there are in a stave, five lines and four spaces with two ledger lines both above and below, the lines being marked on the board by raised fillets, the spaces by channels between, and the ledger-lines by fillets rounded off at the edges. The notes are marked by pegs put into holes in these; the pegs have no distinction, unless when they express different semitones. By this means, the stave occupies a considerable breadth; and hence the use of it is fatiguing to the hand, and it becomes next to impossible to set a long piece of music. In Mr. Watson's method, the whole stave consists of only two fillets, with three spaces,—four whole notes with the semitones being marked on each; and this is accomplished by having a notch on the side of each peg, and placing the notch in a different position, according to the different notes to be indicated. Thus, turning to the right hand, to the top, to the left hand, and to the bottom, gives four whole notes; and the intermediate semitone may be expressed by making it to stand half way between the whole notes. From the comparatively smaller space which the stave occupies, the largest piece of music can be set upon this board with the greatest ease; and we should suppose that it requires only to be known, in order to be brought into general use.

(Literary Gazette.)

VALERIUS : A ROMAN STORY.

THAT a great change has taken place in the system of novel-writing may be premised, without any pretensions to superior critical acumen. The long day of long-winded romances yielded to the sentimental approximations to real life ; and that style in turn gave way to, or at least became largely combined with, stories of roguery and humour. The heroics of folly, and the whinings of mandlin sensibility, had long submitted to a more natural course ; and Le Sage and Fielding had reformed the world of fiction, to a great degree, before their splendid competitor of the north arose to bestow the highest elevation upon this species of composition.

The effect which he has produced is amazing : he seems to have almost annihilated the prolific genus of novel trash ! We do not mean to affirm that there are no bad novels now : our groaning table bears intolerable testimony to the reverse ; but there is, even in the worst, a superior aim ; and the lowest circulating bubbles of the present time would stand nearly on a level with the best of twenty years ago.

It is to the spirit thus generated that we owe Valerius—a tale evidently written by a hand of the finer order. It is a production of classical intelligence ; and though we cannot say *nunquam dormitat Homerus*, we may truly state, that the waking merits of this author very far overbalance his occasional noddings. There is however a strange alloy of baser metal with his gold, and we are often startled at vulgarisms which deform his noblest descriptions.

The scene is laid in Rome, in the reign of Trajan ; and the most interesting parts of the story hinge on his persecutions of the Christians. Valerius, a noble Roman, though the son of a British lady, and born in Britain, is invited to the eternal city by his relation, the forensic orator Licinius, for the purpose of claiming the patrimony

of his ancestors. He sets out, accompanied by his slave Boto, a sort of inferior Gurth ; and on his voyage forms an intimacy with a centurion named Sabinus. At Rome itself he becomes acquainted not only with Licinius, but with his son Sextus ; with Xerophrates, a philosopher, his tutor ; with Rubellia, a young patrician widow, whom Sextus is destined to marry ; with Sempronia, a beautiful girl beloved by Sextus : and with Athanasia, her cousin, who has been secretly converted to the new faith, and with whom Valerius also falls in love. There are besides many other characters ; but these, with Dromo, an intriguing slave attached to Sextus, and Pona, a sorceress, are the most prominent. We shall not pursue the intricacies of the plot, which have little of *peculiar* attraction ; the main feature being its attempt to familiarize us with Roman manners at the close of the first century. And in this a very considerable extent of information is displayed—information the more pleasing, because we are not aware of any similar performance worthy of notice in the English language, though some successful efforts at the delineation of the ancients in their daily and common affairs have been made on the continent.

Valerius' separation from his only remaining parent, strikes us in the opening.

" I cannot (says he) pretend to regret the accident which immediately afterwards separated me from the most gentle of mothers—alas ! never to see her more upon the earth. Yet, how deeply was the happiness of my returning hour stained and embittered by that sorrowful privation ! There was a void in my heart, which it was long before even the fulness of conjugal devotion could entirely fill up and satisfy. In losing her, I had lost the last and strongest link that connected my contemplation of the present with my memory of the past. My early years of infancy and boyhood now existed for nobody but myself ; and I

could scarcely bear to look back upon them, now that those eyes were closed for ever, in whose watchful light all their safety and almost all their happiness had consisted. But I was still young, and had bright hopes before me, that ere long withdrew my attention from the dark places of recollection. It is the common rule of nature, that our parents should precede us to the grave; and it is also her rule, that our grief for them should not be of such power as to prevent us from entering, after they are gone, into a zealous participation both of the business and the pleasures of life. Yet, in all well regulated spirits, the influence of that necessary and irremediable deprivation, however time may sooth and soften it, has a deep and an enduring resting-place. In the midst of the noisiest, busiest hours of after-life, the memory of that buried tenderness rises up ever and anon to remind us of the instability of all human things, and wins rather than warns us to a deliberate contemplation of futurity. Such is the gentle and abiding effect of that, at first sight, grievous and altogether intolerable affliction. Now, indeed, that every day brings to me some new testimonial of the near approach of my own dissolution, I have begun to regard all these things with another eye, and to find, in the contemplation of my reunion with the dear friends I have lost, a far more than sufficient consolation for the inconvenience occasioned to me by reason of their temporary absence. But it must yet be long ere the course of nature shall bring this last source of happiness near to your eyes, and teach you, as I have of late been taught, how near to each other at times may be found not only the physical effects but the proximate causes of pleasures and of pain."

His approach to, and first morning view of Rome, are also superb descriptions; but the account of an exhibition of combats, and of the execution of Turaso, a Christian, at the amphitheatre, furnish us with the most continuous examples of powerful writing.

"Such was the enormous crowd of human beings, high and low, assem-

bled therein, that when any motion went through their assembly, the noise of their rising up or sitting down could be likened to nothing, except, perhaps, the far-off sullen roaring of the illimitable sea, or the rushing of a great night-wind amongst the boughs of a forest. It was the first time that I had ever seen a peopled amphitheatre—nay, it was the first time that I had even seen any very great multitude of men assembled together, within any fabric of human erection; so that you cannot doubt there was, in the scene before me, enough to impress my mind with a very serious feeling of astonishment—not to say of veneration. Not less than eighty thousand human beings, (for such they told me was the stupendous capacity of the building,) were here met together. Such a multitude can no where be regarded, without inspiring a certain indefinite indefinable sense of majesty; least of all, when congregated within the wide sweep of such a glorious edifice as this, and surrounded on all sides with every circumstance of ornament and splendour, befitting an everlasting monument of Roman victories, the munificence of Roman princes, and the imperial luxury of universal Rome. Judge then, with what eyes of wonder all this was surveyed by me, who had but of yesterday, as it were, emerged from the solitary stillness of a British valley—who had been accustomed all my life to consider as among the most impressive of human spectacles, the casual passage of a few scores of legionaries, through some dark alley of a wood, or awe-struck village of barbarians. Trajan himself was already present, but in no wise, except in the canopy over his ivory chair, to be distinguished from the other Consul that sat over against him."

"The proclamation being repeated a second time, a door on the right hand of the arena was laid open, and a single trumpet sounded, as it seemed to me, mournfully, while the gladiators marched in with slow steps, each man—naked, except being girt with a cloth about his loins—bearing on his left arm a small buckler, and having a short straight sword suspended by a cord around his

neck. They marched, as I have said, slowly and steadily ; so that the whole assembly had full leisure to contemplate the forms of the men ; while those who were, or who imagined themselves to be skilled in the business of the arena, were fixing, in their own minds, on such as they thought most likely to be victorious, and laying wagers concerning their chances of success, with as much unconcern as if they had been contemplating so many irrational animals, or rather, indeed, I should say, so many senseless pieces of ingenious mechanism. The wide diversity of complexion and feature exhibited among these devoted athletes, afforded at once a majestic idea of the extent of the Roman empire, and a terrible one of the purposes to which that wide sway had too often been made subservient. The beautiful Greek, with a countenance of noble serenity, and limbs after which the sculptors of his country might have modelled their god-like symbols of graceful power, walked side by side with the yellow-bearded savage, whose gigantic muscles had been nerved in the freezing waves of the Elbe or the Danube, or whose thick strong hair was congealed and shagged on his brow with the breath of Scythian or Scandinavian winters. Many fierce Moors and Arabs, and curled Ethiopians were there, with the beams of the southern sun burnt in every various shade of swarthiness upon their skins. Nor did our own remote island want her representatives in the deadly procession, for I saw among the armed multitude—and that not altogether without some feelings of more peculiar interest—two or three gaunt barbarians, whose breasts and shoulders bore uncouth marks of blue and purple, so vivid in the tints, that I thought many months could not have elapsed since they must have been wandering in wild freedom along the native ridges of some Silurian or Caledonian forest. As they moved around the arena, some of these men were saluted by the whole multitude with noisy acclamations, in token, I supposed, of the approbation wherewith the feats of some former festival had deserved to be remembered. On

the appearance of others, groans and hisses were heard from some parts of the Amphitheatre, mixed with contending cheers and huzzas from others of the spectators. But by far the greater part were suffered to pass on in silence ;—this being in all likelihood the first—alas ! who could tell whether it might not also be the last day of their sharing in that fearful exhibition !

“ Their masters paired them shortly, and in succession they began to make proof of their fatal skill. At first, Scythian was matched against Scythian—Greek against Greek—Ethiopian against Ethiopian—Spaniard against Spaniard ; and I saw the sand dyed beneath their feet with blood streaming from the wounds of kindred hands. But these combats, although abundantly bloody and terrible, were regarded only as preludes to the serious business of the day, which consisted of duels between Europeans on the one side, and Africans on the other ; wherein it was the well-nigh intransgressible law of the Amphitheatre, that at least one out of every pair of combatants should die on the arena before the eyes of the multitude. Instead of shrinking from the more desperate brutalities of these latter conflicts, the almost certainty of their fatal termination seemed only to make the assembly gaze on them with a more intense curiosity, and a more inhuman measure of delight. Methinks I feel as if it were but of yesterday, when,—sickened with the protracted terrors of a conflict, that seemed as if it were never to have an end, although both the combatants were already covered all over with hideous gashes,—I at last bowed down my head, and clasped my hands upon my eyes, to save them from the torture of gazing thereon farther.” * *

“ At that instant all were silent, in the contemplation of the breathless strife ; insomuch, that a groan, the first that had escaped from either of the combatants, although low and reluctant, and half-suppressed, sounded quite distinctly amid the deep hush of the assembly, and being constrained thereby to turn mine eyes once more downwards, I beheld that, at length, one of

the two had received the sword of his adversary quite through his body, and had sunk before him upon the sand. A beautiful young man was he that had received this harm, with fair hair, clustered in glossy ringlets upon his neck and brows; but the sickness of his wound was already visible on his drooping eye-lids, and his lips were pale, as if the blood had rushed from them to the untimely outlet. Nevertheless, the Moorish gladiator who had fought with him, had drawn forth again his weapon, and stood there, awaiting in silence the decision of the multitude, whether at once to slay the defenceless youth, or to assist in removing him from the arena, if perchance the blood might be stopped from flowing, and some hope of recovery even yet extended to him. Hereupon there arose, on the instant, a loud voice of contention; and it seemed to me as if the wounded man regarded the multitude with a proud, and withal a contemptuous glance, being aware, without question, that he had executed all things so as to deserve their compassion, but aware, moreover, that even had that been freely vouchsafed to him, it was too late for any hope of safety. But the cruelty of their faces, it may be, and the loudness of their cries, were a sorrow to him, and filled his dying breast with loathing. Whether or not the haughtiness of his countenance had been observed by them with displeasure, I cannot say; but so it was, that those who had cried out to give him a chance of recovery, were speedily silent, and the Emperor looking round, and seeing all the thumbs turned downwards, (for that is, you know, the signal of death,) was constrained to give the sign, and forthwith the young man, receiving again without a struggle the sword of the Moor into his gashed bosom, breathed forth his life, and lay stretched out in his blood upon the place of guilt. With that a joyous clamour was uplifted by many of those that looked upon it, and the victorious Moor being crowned with an ivy garland, was carried in procession around the arena by certain young men, who leaped down for that purpose from the midst of the assem-

bly. In the mean time, those that had the care of such things, dragged away, with a filthy hook, the corpse of him that had been slain; and then, raking up the sand over the blood that had fallen from him, prepared the place, with indifferent countenances, for some other cruel tragedy of the same kind,—while all around me, the spectators were seen rising from their places, and saluting each other; and there was a buzz of talking as universal as the silence had been during the combat; some speaking of it, and paying and receiving money lost and won upon its issue; some already laughing merrily, and discoursing concerning other matters, even as if nothing uncommon had been witnessed; while others again appeared to be entirely occupied with the martial music which ever struck up majestically at such pauses in the course of the cruel exhibition; some beating time upon the benches before them, others lightly joining their voices in unison with the proud notes of the trumpets and clarions."

To this ensues combats with wild beasts: and lastly there is a most noble, though somewhat theatrical picture, of the death of Thraso.

Various forms are gone through, and this victim, Thraso, the christian, refusing to deny his God, is devoted to Jupiter.

These examples will illustrate the author; and perhaps we can do nothing more effectual towards the recommendation of his work. It is interspersed with poetical effusions, of which we are also bound by the laws of reviewing to give specimens. The following is a Delian chaunt sung in the temple of Apollo.

'The moon, the moon is thine, O night,
Not altogether dark art thou;
Her trembling crescent sheds its light,
Trembling and pale, upon thine ancient brow.

The moon is thine, and round her orb
A thousand sweet stars minister,
Whose twinkling rays dark wells absorb,
And all the wide seas drink them far and near.

They kiss the wide sea, and swift smiles
Of gladness o'er the waters creep;
Old hoary rocks rejoice, and isles,
And there is glory on the slumbering deep.

Afar—Along the black hill's side,
 Right blithe of heart the wanderers go,
 While that soft radiance, far and wide,
 Gleams on the winding streams and woods below.

And gaily for the fragile bark,
 Through the green waves its path is shorn,
 When all the murmurs of the dark
 Cold sea lie calm'd beneath that gliding horn.

Yet hail, ye glittering streaks, that lie
 The eastern mountain tops upon !
 Hail, ye deep blushes of the sky,
 That speak the coming of the bridegroom sun !

Hail to the healing balm of day,
 That rouses every living thing !
 The forest gulphs confess thy sway,
 And upon freshening branches glad birds sing.

And loathsome forms, that crept unseen
 Beneath the star-light faint and wan,
 Cower in their brakes the thorns between,
 Dreading that fervid eye, and its sure scan.

Triumphant—Welcome life and light !
 Sing rocks and mountains, plain and sea ;
 Fearful, though lovely, was the night,
 Hail to more perfect beauty—hail to *Thee* !

On looking back to the whole effect, we feel, that in the first and third volumes it is uncommonly powerful ; and we are convinced that Valerius will not fail to please general readers, while it presents a picture of great interest and novelty to every person of taste and learning, who must appreciate the skill

with which these qualifications are expended by a modern British pen on an ancient Roman story. Human nature is always the same, though varied by times and circumstances ; and therefore we may readily grant nearly all that the writer asks us to believe, notwithstanding the domestic habits of a fierce, warlike, and barbarous people, must have been so widely different from those of more civilized ages, and especially in nations operated upon by the mild doctrines of Christianity.

It may strike readers, that the characters are formed a good deal on prototypes, furnished by the author of *Waverley* ; and, indeed, there are some strong family lineaments in Pona and Meg Merrilies, Boto and Gurth, Xerophrates and Dominie Sampson. The amphitheatre scene is of the same kind with the tournament in *Ivanhoe* ; and there are many passages in these volumes, which would not disparage the great unknown himself ; though, we think, there are other parts which even in his most careless mood, he could not have written. The author preserves his incognito ; he is a very able man, and has executed a difficult task with no mean success.

A RECIPE TO MAKE A LOBSTER SALLAD.

COME, *Thestylis*, and with washed hands prepare
 The bowl of china, or of Wedgwood's ware ;
 Then, on a cloth as white as drifted snows,
 With care the known ingredients dispose.
 My proper hand alone within the bowl
 Shall mix the sapid mass, and crown the whole.
 Three measured spoonfuls first of purest Oil
 The flask must yield—the growth of Lucca's soil ;
 These first with Salt the knowing artist blends,
 (On this the union of the whole depends)
 Then pungent Mustard add, then acid wine ;
 And thus the adverse fluids so combine,
 No oily spots the keenest eye may note,
 That on the homogeneous liquid float.
 Now Cayenne's generous warmth I add ; and now
 Of macey essence half a drop allow.
 Now bring the Lobster o'er whose shell is spread
 The mottled white amid the darkest red ;
 Crack well the crooked claw, and slit the tail,
 And tear the Thorax from its solid mail ;
 Extract the pulp, the coral too divide,
 And place them all in order by my side.
 Now the crisp Lettuce in the bowl I shred,
 (Blanched Endive serves in winter in its stead ;
 Nor then the snowy Celery disdain) ;
 Now from the Tyrrhene wave Anchovies twain
 I add ; and Gherkins slice, and buds of Caper rain.

With these alternately the fish I spread,
 And mingle with the white the coral's red :
 And solid egg in even slices lay,
 In which round yellow orbs white circles play ;
 Again the blended fluid in I throw,
 And join at last the Beet-root's crimson glow.
 Bring me, ye boasters of the angler's bliss,
 E'en from your proudest spoils a prey like this :
 Or own that Walton's choicest triumph yields
 To those we furnish in Saint George's Fields.

EXTRACT FROM HENRY SCHULTZE.

JUST PUBLISHED.

Henry Schultze, a man in humble life, is a happy husband and father ; his wife is seduced, his family perishes, and he starves himself to death.* The following, on the discovery of his dishonour, is very touching :

She held my knees, and pleaded till away
 She swooned. I gazed upon her as she lay,
 And knew not where I was. I could not speak,
 My heart's blood went and came ; my knees grew weak
 And shook beneath me, till I almost thought
 I should have sunk and died upon the spot.
 At last came tears and cries to my relief ;
 I turned away, and howled aloud my grief.
 But still he lived.—I snatched the knife, and rushed
 Forth to his chamber, hoping to have crushed
 The serpent in his lair ; but he was fled.
 I stabbed in frenzy his deserted bed.
 And cut the clothes in pieces he had worn,
 And would have next destroyed myself forlorn ;
 But God withheld me there—I tottered down
 To her again, and wept—I could not frown—
 No, in despite of every stain and fall,
 She was my dimmed, degraded, ruined All.
 I mourned, but could not hate her. " Go ! " cried I,
 " Go ! we are neither of us fit to die.
 Thy parents' roof must now thy shelter be,
 Where thou mayest weep for thy lost self—and me.
 Kiss then thy helpless children, and go hence,
 And seek thy God with prayer and penitence.
 And O, may He, all fallen as thou art,
 Forgive thee, as doth now my breaking heart ! "

The death of his last child is very pathetic.

But ah, my spirit from its trance awoke !
 A second thunderbolt upon me broke.
 " Thy child is dying," smote upon my ear—
 My child ! my child ! my little dear !
 My only solace left ! (for now I knew
 I had a solace) must she quit me too ?

Yes : and the dread contagion stopped not there ;
 Sickened and sank the other little pair ;
 Sickened and sank, and died before my face,
 Almost before I caught one live embrace,
 Or snatched one breathing kiss. O God ! O God !
 The little darlings ! that beside me trod,
 And clung my knees, and pulled my coat in play,
 And smiled and prattled round me yesterday,
 Cold, stiff, and silent now, and low in earth,
 Laid by the side of her who gave them birth.—
 But I must put aside these musings drear,
 And turn where yet a hope remains to cheer
 My toils ; and God may pity, may forbear
 This little lone one from my heart to tear.
 O would He leave her to me, here I'd vow
 To own his love, and prize my blessings now :
 Might my wild prayer this single boon obtain,
 I ne'er would murmur, come what night, again !
 I took my anxious station near her bed,
 Fanned her hot cheek, and propped her little head.
 Watched her asleep, and tended her awake,
 And wept and prayed, and trembled for her sake.
 I see her now, when from her stooping eye
 She wiped the tear, and whispered, " Do not cry,
 My dear papa, for me. You said, you know,
 To heaven, where poor mamma, and Sophie are,
 And Wilhelm too, and live with angels there,
 And God, and Jesus Christ, and all good men :
 And I am sure I must be happy then.
 But if I go and tell Mamma, that you
 Were crying here, I know she will cry too : "
 I cannot speak the rest. From my embrace
 They took and bore the body to its place.
 My heart went with it down into the grave ;
 And there it rests with those it failed to save.

GREEK ROBBER.

THE sanguinary civil war at this moment waged between the Christian or Greek inhabitants of the Turkish empire and their tyrannic masters, has been preceded by a long train of petty warfares in which the vengeance of the Greeks has degenerated into robbery,

of which the following is a singular instance :

From the year 1745 to 1760, the Turks were greatly annoyed on their Venetian frontier by a bandit of the name of Socivizza, who had conceived an inveterate animosity against the

* The poem is founded on a fact, related by Professor Hæslund.

whole Ottoman race, and made them the constant and exclusive objects of his marauding enterprizes. At length pursued on every side, and anxious for a short repose, Socivizca retired with his family to Carlowitz, in the Austrian dominions, where he resided for three years, distinguished during the whole period for the most irreproachable conduct.

While living here in peace, he was betrayed into the hands of a Turkish Pacha, who had most cruelly put to death one of his brothers, and his wife and children were soon after entrapped in the same manner. Fortune had not however yet deserted Socivizca. As the Turks were conducting him to Traunick, he contrived to make his escape from them, though he had still the mortification to leave his family prisoners.

When his own safety was insured, he entered into a negociation with the Pacha for the liberty of his wife and children, but in vain. All other methods failings, he determined to write; and his letter is a curious specimen of social feeling, operating on a rugged mind and ardent disposition. It was in these terms:

"I am informed, O Pacha of Bosnia! that you complain of my escape; but I put it to yourself, what would you have done in my place? Would you have suffered yourself to be bound with cords like a miserable beast, and led without resistance by men, who, as soon as they arrived at a certain place, would in all probability have put you to death? Nature impels us to avoid destruction, and I have only acted in obedience to her laws.

"Tell me, Pacha, what crime have my wife and children committed, that, in spite of law and justice, you should retain them like slaves? Perhaps you want to render me more submissive; but you cannot surely expect that I shall return to you, and hold forth my arms to be loaded with fresh chains? No, you do but deceive yourself, and render me more terrible than before. Hear me then, Pacha; you may exhaust on them all your fury, without

producing the least advantage. On my part I declare, I will wreak my vengeance on all the Turks, your subjects, who may fall into my hands; and I will omit no means of injuring you. For the love of God, restore to me, I beseech you, my blood. Obtain pardon from my sovereign, and no longer retain in your memory my past offences. I promise that I will then leave your subjects in tranquillity, and even serve them as a guide when necessary.

"If you refuse me this favour, expect from me all that despair can prompt. I will assemble my friends, carry destruction wherever you reside, pillage your property, plunder your merchants; and from this moment, if you pay no attention to my entreaties, I swear that I will massacre every Turk that falls into my hands."

The Pacha did not think proper to pay any attention to the letter of a highway robber, and Socivizca was not slow in carrying into effect the vow he had made. He desolated the country, giving proofs of a prodigious valour; insomuch that the people were obliged to entreat the Pacha to deliver them from so great a scourge, by sending back his wife and children. The Pacha, however, was inexorable, and it was only by a fortunate co-operation of force and stratagem, of the particulars of which we are not correctly informed, that he succeeded at last in obtaining the liberty of his family.

Shortly after his troop took prisoner a Turk, who had favoured the escape of one of Socivizca's brothers. The brother, in opposition to the wish of the chief and the rest of the band, was anxious to return the favour. The captive was destined to die; but the grateful robber, while Socivizca was at prayers, a ceremony which he never omitted before meals, set him at liberty: all the band were outrageous against the brother of Socivizca, and one of his nephews carried his resentment so far, as to give him a blow; the indignant uncle drew a pistol, and killed the aggressor on the spot; Socivizca at the same time expelled his brother from the troop; and after performing the funeral

obsequies of his nephew, felt so great a degree of mortification, that he determined to pass the remainder of his days in retirement.

But the habits of a long life are not so easily changed ; after a short retreat, Socivizca suddenly resumed his system of hostilities against the Turks.

Yet how instructive is the sequel of this extraordinary man's life ! After as many massacres and robberies as would have outweighed the souls of a thousand men, he found himself in possession

of no more than six hundred sequins ; part of this sum he confided to a friend, and part to a cousin, both of whom absconded with their respective deposits.

At length, in 1775, the Emperor Joseph II. passing by Grazach, was desirous to see him ; he had him brought into his presence, and made him repeat the chief events of his life ; after which, besides making him a considerable present in money, he appointed him to the post of Anambassa of Pandours.

(New Monthly Magazine.)

LETTERS FROM SPAIN BY DON LEUCADIO BOELADO.

CADIZ, though fast declining from the wealth and splendour to which it had reached during her exclusive privilege to trade with the Colonies of South America, is still one of the few towns of Spain, which, for refinement, may be compared with some of the second-rate in England. The people are hospitable and cheerful. The women, without being at all beautiful, are really fascinating.—Singing to the guitar, or the piano, is a very common resource at the *Tertulias* or evening parties. But the musical acquirements of the Spanish ladies cannot bear the most distant comparison with those of the female amateurs in London. In singing, however, they possess one great advantage—that of opening the mouth—which your English *Misses* seem to consider as a great breach of propriety.

The inhabitants of Cadiz, being confined to the rock on which their city is built, have made the towns of *Chiclana*, *Puerto Real*, and Port St. Mary's, their places of resort, especially in summer. The passage, by water, to Port St. Mary's, is, upon an average, of about an hour and a half, and the intercourse between the two places, nearly as constant as between a large city and its suburbs. Boats full of passengers are incessantly crossing from day-break till sun-set.—The Spaniards, however, are not so shy of strangers as I have generally found your countrymen. Place any two of them, male or female, by the merest

chance, together, and they will immediately enter into some conversation. The absolute disregard to a stranger, which custom has established in England, would be taken for an insult in any part of Spain ; consequently little gravity is preserved in these aquatic excursions. In fine weather, when the female part of the company are not troubled with fear or sickness, the passengers indulge in a boisterous sort of mirth, which is congenial to Andalusians of all classes.—I do not know whether I shall be able to convey a notion of this amusement. It admits of no liberties of action, while every allowance is made for words which do not amount to gross indecency. It is—if I may use the expression—a conversational *row*.—In the midst, however, of hoarse laugh and loud shouting, as soon as the boat reaches the shoals, the steersman, raising his voice with a gravity becoming a parish-clerk, addresses himself to the company in words amounting to these—"Let us pray for the souls of all that have perished in this place." The pious address of the boatman has a striking effect upon the company : for one or two minutes every one utters a private prayer, whilst a sailor-boy goes round collecting a few copper coins from the passengers, which are religiously spent in procuring masses for the souls in purgatory. This ceremony being over, the riot is resumed with unabated spirit, till the very point of landing.

I went by land to St. Lucar, a town of some wealth and consequence at the mouth of the Guadalquivir. The passage to Seville, of about twenty Spanish leagues up the river, is tedious.—No Spanish conveyance is either comfortable or expeditious.—Fortunately, it is neither difficult nor expensive to obtain the exclusive hire of a boat. You must submit, however, to the disagreeable circumstance of riding on a man's shoulders from the water's edge to a little skiff, which, from the flatness of the shore, lies waiting for passengers at the distance of 15 or 20 yards.

The country, on both sides of the river, is for the most part flat and desolate. The eye roves in vain over vast plains of alluvial ground in search of some marks of human habitation. Herds of black cattle, and large flocks of sheep are seen on two considerable islands formed by different branches of the river. The fierce Andalusian bulls, kept by themselves in large inclosures, where, with a view to their appearance on the arena, they are made more savage by solitude, are seen straggling here and there down to the brink of the river, tossing their shaggy heads, and pawing the ground on the approach of the boat.

After two tedious days, and uncomfortable nights, I found myself under the *Torre del Oro*, a large octagon tower of great antiquity, and generally supposed to have been built by Julius Cæsar, which stands by the mole or quay of the capital of Andalusia, my native and long deserted town.

The eastern custom of building houses on the four sides of an open area is so prevalent in Andalusia, that, till my first journey to Madrid, I confess I was perfectly at a loss to conceive a habitable dwelling in any other shape. The houses are generally two stories high, with a gallery, or *corredor*, which, as the name implies, runs along the four, or at least the three sides of the *Pátio*, or central square, affording an external communication between the rooms above stairs, and forming a covered walk over the doors of the ground-floor apartments. These two suites of rooms are a counterpart to each other, being alternately inhabited or deserted in the

seasons of winter and summer. About the middle of October every house in Seville is in a complete bustle for two or three days. The lower apartments are stripped of their furniture, and every chair and every table—nay, the cook with all her battering train—are ordered off to winter quarters. This change of habitation, together with mats laid over the brick-floors, thicker and warmer than those used in summer, is all the provision that is made against cold in this country. A flat and open brass pan, of about two feet diameter, raised a few inches from the ground by a round wooden frame, on which, those who sit near it, may rest their feet, is used to burn a sort of charcoal made of brushwood, which the natives call *cisco*. The fumes of the charcoal are injurious to the health; but, such is the effect of habit, the natives are seldom aware of any inconvenience arising from the choking smell of their brasiers.

The precautions against heat, however, are numerous. About the latter end of May the whole population move down stairs. A thick awning, which draws and undraws by means of ropes and pulleys, is stretched over the central square, on a level with the roof of the house. The window-shutters are nearly closed from morning till sun-set, admitting just light enough to see one another, provided the eyes have not lately been exposed to the glare of the streets. The floors are washed every morning, that the evaporation of the water imbibed by the bricks, may abate the heat of the air. A very light mat, made of a delicate sort of rush, and dyed with a variety of colours, is used instead of a carpet. The *Pátio*, or square, is ornamented with flower-pots, especially round a *jet d'eau*, which, in most houses, occupies its centre. During the hot season the ladies sit and receive their friends in the *Pátio*. The street-doors are generally open; but invariably so from sunset till 11 or 12 in the night. Three or four very large glass lamps are hung in a line from the street-door to the opposite end of the *Pátio*: and, as in most houses, those who meet at night for a *Tertulia*, are visible from the streets, the town presents a very pretty

and animated scene till near midnight. —The poorer class of people, to avoid the intolerable heat of their habitations, pass a great part of the night in conversation at their doors ; while persons of all descriptions are moving about till late, either to see their friends, or to enjoy the cool air in the public walks.

This gay scene vanishes, however, on the approach of winter. The people retreat to the upper floors, the ill-lighted streets are deserted at the close of day, and they become so dangerous from robbers, that few but the young and adventurous retire home from the *Tertulia* without being attended by a servant, sometimes bearing a lighted torch. The free access to every house, which prevails in summer, is now checked by the caution of the inhabitants. The entrance to the houses lies through a passage with two doors, one to the street, and another called the *middle-door* (for there is another at the top of the stairs) which opens into the *Pátio*. This passage is called *Zaguan*—a pure Arabic word, which means, I believe a porch. The *middle-door* is generally shut in the day-time ; the outer one is never closed but at night. Whoever wants to be admitted must knock at the middle door, and be prepared to answer a question, which, as it presents one of those little peculiarities which you are so fond of hearing, I shall not consider as unworthy of a place in my narrative.

The knock at the door, which, by-the-by, must be single and by no means loud—in fact, a tradesman's knock in London—is answered with a *Who is there?* To this question the stranger replies, "Peaceful people : " *Gente de paz*—and the door is opened without further enquiries. Peasants and beggars call out at the door, Hail spotless Mary ! *Ave Maria purísima*. The answer, in that case, is given from within in the words *Sin pecado concebida* : conceived without sin. This custom is a remnant of the fierce controversy, which existed, about three hundred years ago between the Franciscan and Dominican friars, whether the Virgin Mary had or not been subject to the penal consequences of original

sin. The Dominicans were not willing to grant any exemption ; while the Franciscans contended for the propriety of such a privilege. The Spaniards, and especially the Sevillians, with their characteristic gallantry, stood for the honour of our Lady, and embraced the latter opinion so warmly, that they turned the watch-word of their party into the form of address, which is still so prevalent in Andalusia. During the heat of the dispute, and before the Dominicans had been silenced by the authority of the Pope, the people of Seville began to assemble at various churches, and sallying forth with an emblematical picture of that *sinless* Mary, set upon a sort of standard surmounted by a cross, they paraded the city in different directions, singing a hymn to the *immaculate conception*, and repeating aloud their beads or *rosary*. These processions have continued to our times, and they constitute one of the nightly nuisances of this place. Though confined at present to the lower classes, they assume that characteristic importance and overbearing spirit, which attaches to the most insignificant religious associations in this country. Whenever one of these shabby processions presents itself to the public, it takes up the street from side to side, stopping the passengers, and expecting them to stand uncovered in all kinds of weather, till the standard is gone by. These awkward and heavy banners are called at Seville, *Sinpecados*, that is, *sinless*, from the theological opinion in whose support they were raised.

The Spanish government, under Charles III., shewed the most ludicrous eagerness to have the *sinless purity* of the Virgin Mary added by the Pope to the articles of the Roman Catholic faith. The court of Rome, however, with the cautious spirit, which has at all times guided its spiritual politics, endeavoured to keep clear from a stretch of authority, which, even some of their own divines would be ready to question ; but splitting, as it were, the difference with theological precision, the censures of the church were levelled against such as should have the boldness to assert that the Virgin Mary had

derived any taint from "her great ancestor;" and, having personified the *immaculate conception*, it was declared, that the Spanish dominions in Europe and America were under the protecting influence of that mysterious event. This declaration diffused universal joy over the whole nation. It was celebrated with public rejoicings on both sides of the Atlantic. The king instituted an order under the emblem of the immaculate conception—a woman dressed in white and blue; and a law was enacted, requiring a declaration, upon oath, of a firm belief in the *immaculate*

conception, from every individual, previous to his taking any degree at the universities, or being admitted into any of the corporations, civil and religious, which abound in Spain. This oath is administered even to mechanics upon their being made free of a Guild.

Here, however, I must break off, for fear of making this packet too large for the confidential conveyance, which alone I could trust without great risk of finishing my task in one of the cells of the Holy Inquisition. I will not fail, however to resume my subject as soon as circumstances will permit me.

THE CAVE OF LIFE.

IN the early period of the French revolution, when every thing was settled by the guillotine, a gentleman of the name of Laurenson, who had been a municipal officer of Mornand, was condemned. After judgment, he was conducted to the Cave of Life, which made him consider his emancipation as certain. A few days after his arrival, he received a very strong and energetic address from the inhabitants of the Commune, who retracted their denunciation, and owned that they had been deceived. This important document Laurenson now considered as of no use, since his life was in safety, and he put it carelessly into his pocket. At this instant his name was called. He went out at the summons, when to his astonishment he found himself tied to a chain, with others who were to be led to the guillotine. Astonished, almost stupified, scarcely knowing whether he really were to die, or whether it was only a frightful dream, he marched forwards. At length he was roused by perceiving the address, which had dropt from his pocket, at his feet. One of the gens-d'armes who accompanied the prisoners, picked it up. "Ah," said Laurenson, "'tis a paper I have just received; if my judges could but see it, I should be saved." The soldier immediately quitted the escort, and darting away like lightning, hastened to the tribunal, presented the address, and received an order for the prisoner to be

released if his fate had not already been consummated. He flew back to the scaffold. Laurenson was yet alive; another moment, and he had been lost; forty persons were that day to be guillotined; thirty-nine had already fallen. Laurenson was the last, and he was already bound to the plank. Panting for breath, the soldier arrived, and called on the executioner to stop. He produced the mandate from the judges for the release of the prisoner; the officer attending read it, and ordered Laurenson to be released. He was unbound from the plank, but was found to be in a swoon, senseless and motionless. He was carried to the Hotel de Ville, where he was three times bled before he shewed any signs of recovery; at length he opened his eyes, but they were wild and haggard; life re-appeared, but his reason was entirely gone. He saw nothing but the last horrible objects which had been presented to him. "Where is my head?" cried he; "is it not upon the ground? let them give it me back! let them give it me back! See you not that blood how it smokes? it runs down in a stream; it runs over my shoes. See there that gulf heaped with bloody corpses! O save me! save me! I fall, I fall into it!" His wanderings excited at once compassion and horror; and he was carried to an hospital, there to be properly attended till his reason should return.

RECENT DISASTROUS ATTEMPT TO ASCEND MONT BLANC.

(Extracted from the New Monthly Magazine.)

ABOUT the middle of last August I arrived at Geneva, accompanied by my friend H—. I had, before leaving England, set my heart upon ascending Mont Blanc, and found no difficulty in prevailing on my companion, who had already made the tour of the greater part of Switzerland, to accompany me. Our party consisted of four persons. Our new acquaintances were Le Chevalier Hamel, a Russian, then employed by the Emperor in making some philosophical observations in the neighbourhood, and M. Sellique, an optician of Geneva, and native of Paris, a man of considerable attainments in various branches of natural philosophy. His grand object in accompanying us was to make trial of a new barometer, of his own construction, in measuring the height of Mont Blanc. Dr. Hamel had already made, ten days before, an unsuccessful attempt to reach the summit by a different route, being the same which Saussure attempted in 1795 with no better success.

We reached St. Martin, the place for which we had engaged our calèche, at one o'clock in the morning of the 17th, and having engaged two sharabands* for the journey through the valley, we arrived at Chamounix at two o'clock in the afternoon. We walked nearly seven miles before we were overtaken by our party with the sharabands, and took the opportunity of visiting a beautiful fall of water, at a short distance on our left, which amply repaid us for the fatigue. From this spot the road becomes the most romantic that can be conceived; and when our companions overtook us, they found us reposing on the green margin of a small transparent lake, surrounded by a group of beautiful peasant-girls and boys, who were pressing upon us

beakers of a most delicious water, drawn from a fountain at some short distance.

On our arrival at Chamounix, after a good deal of bargaining, which we were glad to leave to Dr. Hamel, we finally agreed with twelve guides, who were to receive forty-eight francs apiece: the choice of the ten others was left to the two leaders, who appointed them all to muster in marching order at four o'clock the following morning. We found a large and genteel party at the table d'hôte, and many jokes were interchanged about making our wills, which we afterwards reflected upon with very different feelings.

At length, the long-expected morn arrived: at four o'clock we were summoned from our beds, where we had not enjoyed much sleep, and about five we all set off on foot, making with the twelve guides a party of sixteen. These latter were each furnished with a knapsack pretty well loaded, in which were placed provisions for three days for the whole party, mathematical instruments, additional clothing for ourselves, four blankets, and a variety of other things, among which were a carrier pigeon from Bonneville, to convey to that place the earliest tidings of our arrival on the summit, and a live fowl destined to be cooked at the same height. We had also with us some rockets and Bengal-lights, which we had promised the ladies below to exhibit from our halting-place for the night. This was to be the summit of a rock called by the guides *Le Grand Mulet*, which is a very conspicuous object from the hotel. After returning on the road to St. Martin for nearly a league, we began the ascent in a wood which skirts the mountain for some distance. But previous to this we stopped for a few minutes at the cottage of Joseph Marie Couttet, which is

* Sharaband is the name for a very low narrow car on four wheels, drawn by one or more mules, which is the only kind of vehicle in use in the valley. Indeed the road, if it may be called one, is frequently so rugged as to oblige the traveller to descend, which he may do with a single step, and support his carriage with the hand.

at the base of the mountain, to provide ourselves with spiked-poles, &c. Our caravan now assumed a most romantic appearance; the costume of the guides, each with a French knapsack, being decidedly military. It reminded me strongly of a party of Guerillas in the Pyrenees, where uniformity either in dress or appointment was considered as an unnecessary refinement. We had each a large straw hat tied under the chin, and a spiked-pole, about 8 feet long, in our hands. Besides this, our shoes were furnished with short spikes at the heels to assist us in the descent. We were clothed as lightly as possible, that the motion of our limbs might not be impeded.

The ascent, at first, is so far from being laborious, that the guides were constantly obliged to repress our ardour, and compelled us to halt every ten minutes, lest we should not husband our strength sufficiently. In about 2 hours, we reached the last human abode, being a *chalêt* or summer-cottage, inhabited by François Favret, who had been one of Saussure's guides, and whose son was in our party. A few minutes before, one of our guides pointed out to us Mademoiselle Favret, reclining fearlessly and singing on a precipice where her goats were feeding. The veteran-mountaineer, Favret, accompanied us about three hours higher up to the edge of the glacier, to carry his son's knapsack, and then followed us with his eyes till we disappeared in one of the awful fissures, with which it is every where intersected. He was accompanied by his dog, over whom no one but his master seemed to possess the least influence, being as wild in appearance as the goats, which he amused himself occasionally with pursuing.

Since our departure from the *chalêt*, we had been ascending, in a zig-zag direction, towards the Aiguille du Midi, a mountain to the left of Mont Blanc, and which, for a long time, appears to rival it in height. We had left the wood behind us just before we reached the *chalêt*, and the ascent was now considerably steeper. We trod for some time a very precarious path along the brink of an awfully deep

and precipitous ravine, where I occasionally felt some tendency to dizziness. This feeling, however, I concealed so successfully, that I believe neither the guides nor my companions had any suspicion of it; and, by following Saussure's advice, in the published account of his ascent, and fixing my eyes steadfastly upon the precipice, I gradually accustomed myself to the view, and was soon enabled to pursue my path with the greatest confidence. This was a very necessary preparatory discipline, to fit us for the infinitely more formidable passage of the glacier, during the whole of which I was perfectly cool and collected. By the time we reached the Pierre de l'échelle, a large round stone, where we halted for breakfast, on the edge of the glacier, I felt quite at home, and resigned myself completely to the delightful sensations, which our situation inspired.

In a cavern below this rock, our guides found a ladder, which they had left there the year before, and which they employ in the passage of the glacier de Bossons, now close before us. It was about half-past nine when we reached this resting-place, and we felt disposed to do justice to a couple of cold fowls, which were produced from the knapsack of one of the guides. These were soon despatched, together with a bottle of light French wine, and in twenty-five minutes we resumed our march. The baggage was adjusted afresh; one of the guides had charge of the ladder, and another carried a load of straw, which we had procured at the *chalêt*, and which was destined to furnish our bed for the night. The view became now more and more sublime; we had left far beneath us all human abodes, and were now in regions where no animal but the chamois could tread securely. We had a distinct view of the summit of the mountain, though the Aiguille du Midi, from the base of which we were now diverging towards the right, still appeared to equal it in height. Our steps had been long encumbered by fragments of this latter mountain, rent probably by lightning from its summit. Behind us, at a great depth, lay the valley of Chamounix

and the village of the Prieure, the white walls of the hotel where we slept making it a very conspicuous object. Before us was the "monarch of mountains," apparently inaccessible; for the glacier de Bossons, which lay immediately in our path, seemed an insurmountable barrier; and the ascent on the other side was so precipitous, as to be, in parts, almost perpendicular. Our spirits, however, were now elevated to such a pitch, by the pure air, which we had inhaled since we left the *chalêt* and emerged from the wood, that we felt equal to any thing; and if a thought of the danger of the enterprise crossed the mind, it was only to give an additional zest to the proud consciousness of having a heart that could brave it.

Five minutes march from the Pierre de l'échelle brought us to the edge of the glacier de Bossons, and we entered immediately on a track, which baffles all description. The Mer de Glace, which has been compared to a sea suddenly congealed in the midst of a storm, cannot, our guides assured us, enter into competition with it. The fissures are so frequent, so wide, so deep, the different views, varying every instant, which the scenery presents, are so awful, so fantastic, that no adequate idea of them can be presented to the mind by the most eloquent pen. At one time, the traveller finds himself denied apparently all further progress by an immense precipitous tower of ice: this is surmounted by a staircase of notches, which one of the guides cut in the ice with a hatchet, which he carries for that purpose. Then he must descend into an awful chasm, from which he must emerge in the same manner. Again he meets with fissures, called by the guides *crevasses*, of unknown depth, which are crossed by laying the ladder over them, and passing on all fours. If the crevasse be too wide for the length of the ladder, the traveller must descend down one side, and re-ascend the opposite one, which is the most formidable method of all. On one or two occasions when we came to crevasses of this description, we were obliged to

descend by the ladder upon a wall of ice, not above a foot in breadth, which divided the crevasse longitudinally. This would not hold above one or two at a time, so that the first party were forced to mount the opposite brink, before the second party descended; and the ladder was thus passed backwards and forwards until all had crossed, one of the guides remaining all the time stationary on the wall to move the ladder. Here the least giddiness would probably have been fatal, but happily we were by this time so well broken in, that we contemplated the blue gulfs on each side with tolerable composure. Excess of caution, indeed, in these cases, defeats its own purpose. The body must be left, so to speak, to find its own equilibrium, and recourse should rarely be had to the pole for support. I have found, by experience, that the grand use of the pole is in restoring the balance. The spikes in the shoes will render the footing pretty secure, and the motion of the limbs must not be cramped, or the body bent, which is an attitude one is very apt to fall into, and which is sure to destroy the balance.

During the first part of the passage of the glacier, we were exposed to the fall of some globular masses of ice, which, from the velocity with which they whizzed past us, must have come from a considerable height. One of the guides, however, stood sentry on an elevated post, to advertise us of their approach, and we evaded several by availing ourselves of his warning. In several places, bridges of snow, of very different degrees of strength, are formed across the crevasses. These the guides reconnoitre with the utmost caution, before they trust the weight of their bodies upon them. On one occasion, Pierre Carrier, one of the guides, who was in the front, came to a bridge of this description, which his experience convinced him was not to be trusted. Dr. Hamel was impatient, and offered to shew him the way over, for, to our eyes, there seemed to be no danger; but our guide persisted in his opinion, and obliged us to return some

distance to find another method of passing over the crevasse. In about ten minutes, we arrived at a spot considerably lower, from whence we could see the bridge in profile; and we then saw that his suspicions were well-founded, the farther side of the bridge not being above six inches thick; so that had we persisted, one or two of the party must have fallen through. I mention this as an instance of the extreme caution of the guides, where there is any real danger, and to prove the falsehood of a charge, which was afterwards brought against us, of having forced the guides to proceed contrary to their better judgment.

In about three hours, we reached the farther side of the glacier, a distance of somewhat less than a mile, in horizontal distance. The sun was now very hot, and we were glad to repose for a few minutes beneath the shade of a huge mass of snow, and refresh ourselves with some of the delicious water, which the traveller finds, at every turn, in his passage over the glacier. One or two of our party feeling some apprehension from the impending mass, which was considerably out of the perpendicular, we soon resumed our march. A few hours after, this mass of snow fell over the spot where we had been reposing, and formed a bridge over a large chasm, which had cost us nearly half an hour to cross, and which, on our return, was hardly the work of a minute. We now ascended several slopes of snow of different elevations, from thirty to sixty degrees, in a zig-zag direction. I think this method of proceeding brought the danger more home to my mind than any other. The surface being quite hard, the guides were obliged to cut notches for our steps, and these being very irregular, the difficulty of maintaining the balance was much increased: a single false step might have been fatal, and the view of the immense distance we must in that case inevitably fall, tended to unnerve the mind. From the excessive slowness of our progress, we had ample time to contemplate the awful depths below, for we were obliged to pause perpetually, while the guides

were making the steps. After proceeding in this way for about an hour, we arrived, by a very steep slope, at the base of the Grand Mulet, a name given to a ridge of rocks, or rather a single rock, which rises almost perpendicularly to a great height, out of the eternal snow which surrounds it on all sides, and which is, from the nature of its construction, generally bare of snow itself. In ascending this ridge, we had a new species of danger to contend with. Our steps were all upon loose fragments of the rock, which was schistous. These occasionally gave way beneath our tread, and fell, with a tremendous noise, into the depths below. Owing, however, to the caution of our excellent guides, who perpetually warned us against *suspicious* stones, we surmounted this perilous ascent without any accident. Once or twice, indeed, a few stones from above alarmed us by whizzing past us, but some one of the guides being constantly on the look out, advertized us in time of the danger, which we evaded by crouching down in some of the hollows. On the whole, we found the ascent of this rock less formidable than we had anticipated from its first appearance; for though we occasionally had to climb round projecting points, where we seemed to be suspended in mid air, yet, for the most part, a false step would have only carried us down to some shelf a few feet lower, which would have received us. I must except, however, the last twenty or thirty yards, which lay over a ridge exactly like Striden-edge on Helvellyn, from which we had a view of a precipice on each side of the most awful depth, and with very precarious footing; for here the guides could not make the usual notches, from the hardness of the rock.

At half-past four we reached the summit of the ridge, where we were to pass the night; having been about eleven hours and a half walking and climbing, almost without intermission.

Our guides soon constructed for us a kind of tent. Being lodged on a sort of shelf on the western side of the ridge, and about ten feet below its summit, we sloped the ladder and a few of our

walking-poles against the perpendicular rock, the lower ends resting on a low-barrier, partly artificial and partly natural, which raised itself between our couch, and a frightful precipice. The width of this ledge was hardly five feet, so that we preferred arranging ourselves longitudinally. Some canvass was stretched over the poles, the straw was spread on the ground, and the blankets upon it, and thus we prepared to pass a very comfortable night; but scarcely had we got under cover than it began to rain, and in about an hour we had a violent thunderstorm, which continued, with but little intermission, during the whole night. This made us congratulate ourselves that we had been over-ruled by the guides to halt here for the night; for Dr. Hamel, fearful lest, by the present arrangement, he should not have sufficient time on the summit for his experiments, had proposed our mounting still higher. The guides expressed great reluctance to leave the Grand Mulet, telling us, that higher up there was no shelter for us against the avalanches, which might fall during the night, and thus induced us to remain. After all our labour for so many hours, we did not feel much fatigued, which we attributed to the bracing air of the mountain. The storm preventing us from making the promised display of fire works to the ladies below, we were obliged to content ourselves with drinking their healths in some excellent Burgundy; but we found one bottle of this heat us so much, that we did not venture upon any more without first diluting it with water. The novelty of our situation, and our great flow of spirits, occasioned partly, no doubt, by the Burgundy, left us little inclination for sleep for some hours. These were spent in listening alternately to the peals of thunder, which seemed to hover round us, and the roaring avalanches, now near, now more remote. The more practised ear of the guides distinguished readily between these sounds, which we were perpetually confounding. From an experiment, which Dr. Hamel made with his electrometer, he found all the surrounding atmosphere so highly charged with the elec-

tric fluid, that he was glad to withdraw it instantly within the canvass. All this time, our tent was every now and then lit up by the vivid flashes of the lightning, and as often left in the deepest gloom. At length, we ceased even to watch this interesting spectacle, and gradually dropped asleep, with the comfortable conviction, that we need not leave our beds at a very early period, since it must be some hours at least before the snow would be fit to support our weight. The prospect in the morning was dreary enough; a thick fog shrouding from our view all the neighbouring heights, as well as every thing below us. Our situation resembled that of some shipwrecked mariners, whom the morning finds sheltered on some precipitous rock in the midst of the sea. After a few minutes spent in contemplating our position, and speculating on the chances of extricating ourselves from it, we all agreed in postponing the discussion till after breakfast, for which we now felt a strong appetite. Having kindled our charcoal, and boiled some portable soup, which reminded me strongly of melted glue, though on that occasion we all rated it to be excellent, and despatched two more of the roasted fowls, we felt quite recruited, and ready for any attempt except that of returning, at the very thought of which our spirits revolted. The way was now equally dangerous to advance or retreat; or rather the latter, on examination, was found impossible; and it was soon too late to proceed upwards, since it is absolutely necessary to return to the same rock to sleep, so that at length, we made up our minds to pass another night in our present *bivouac*. It was long before we could acquiesce in the necessity of spending the whole day on the summit of the Grand Mulet. The space allotted us was so confined, and the arrangement of our shelter so inconvenient, having barely room enough to sit upright, that we were prepared to encounter any difficulty, rather than continue in our present situation. Four of the guides, including our two leaders, slept under the same canvass with ourselves; the remaining eight, disposing themselves in

clefs of the rock, the apertures to which they blocked up with stones, were posted at different intervals below us. During the morning, being desirous of stretching my limbs, and practising a little climbing about the rock, I paid them all a visit, and conversed with them on the state of the weather, and the possibility of advancing to a point higher up against the approach of night. This was strongly objected to by them all, for the reasons above specified. On regaining our own elevated post, I felt quite exhausted for a short interval, which I referred to the weakness arising from the exertions of the day before, but the guides assured me it proceeded entirely from the rarity of the atmosphere, and had been experienced by a party of themselves, whom we had sent a short distance downwards in search of water. Soon afterwards, I saw Pierre Carrier set off by himself, in the direction of our ascent, to examine the state of the snow. We followed him with our eyes for above half a mile, as he proceeded, very laboriously, up to his knees at every step; and thus received a palpable proof of the impossibility of proceeding further, which was confirmed by his own statement on his return. We had all received abundant proof of the intrepidity and address of this man during the ascent of the preceding day. During the passage of the glacier, he was the oracle of the party, being generally one hundred yards in advance to explore the way, and carrying the hatchet to make the steps. Oftentimes, we discovered him standing, with the greatest apparent unconcern, on some elevated point of ice, from which he made his *reconnaissance*, and directed us accordingly by a motion of his hand. On ordinary occasions, he frequently suffered others to take the lead; but I observed that, on every

occasion of perplexity, he found himself at the head of the party; and while others, and especially poor Pierre Balmat, were eloquent in recommending this or that passage, a single word or wave of the hand from Carrier settled the point at once. This man was by trade a blacksmith, and did not exercise the profession of guide on common occasions, but always accompanied travellers in the ascent of Mont Blanc. He had already made the ascent eleven times; having been several times with one or two other guides, merely for the sake of exploring the passage. Alas! this was destined to be his last attempt: but I must not anticipate.

Shortly after our arrival on the Grand Mulet, we put on our additional clothing, and dried our shoes and stockings, which were completely saturated with moisture, from our long march over the snow. In consequence of these precautions, we did not suffer much from cold during the whole of our stay; for at night the canvass being closed, and eight persons crowded into a very small compass, we felt comfortable enough. Our amusements, during the day of our compelled halt, were very similar to those of a picquet on an outpost, which commands a view of the enemy's camp; for the greater part of the time was spent in looking through an excellent telescope belonging to M. Sellique, and in reconnoitring the ground below. From our elevated post, we saw distinctly the windows of our hotel at the Prieuré, and sometimes fancied we discovered some one there watching us in a similar manner. Sometimes, we lounged over a pamphlet of Saussure's* ascent, from which we gathered that he had taken a day and a half to arrive at our present situation, accompanied by eighteen guides.

(To be continued.)

* As this name has already occurred more than once, it will be proper to inform the reader, that he was a gentleman of Geneva, who, in August 1787, succeeded in reaching the summit of Mount Blanc. This was the year following the first ascent, made by Dr. Paccard. Since that time, there have been five or six successful attempts, amidst a great number of failures. During the course of thirty-three years, no fatal accident has ever occurred; two accidents only are mentioned, from both of which the sufferers recovered.

(European Magazine.)

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF GUZMAN D'ALFARACHE,
OR, THE SPANISH ROGUE.

Translated from Le Sage. By John Henry Brady.

WE congratulate the public upon the addition which Mr. Brady has made to their literary amusements, and we are delighted to see our old friend Guzman in a modern dress. This is one of the most amusing books we know ; it is written in so agreeable and cheerful a tone, and in so engaging a manner, that it almost makes one in love with roguery, furnishes excuses for thieving, and excites pity for petty-larcenies. It is one of the earliest novels of its class, and appeared shortly after the celebrated *Lazarillo de Tormes*, to which it is greatly superior in point of style and thought, though it does not equal it in originality and ludicrous situations ; it rather creates amusement than laughter, and is more witty than humorous.

We must beg leave to differ with the translator in the opinion which he expresses of the excellence of M. Le Sage's edition, and from which his own translation has been made. We prefer the elder impressions ; those which contain the delightful moral reflections, full of energetic satire, the very marrow, as we think, of the book, —those parts in which the power of the author's mind is seen through the travestimento which he assumes in the progress of his narration,—and which like the introductory chapters to each book of Fielding's *Tom Jones*, are worth all the rest. Le Sage was compelled in his translation to adapt himself to the taste of the public, and he had no more the uncontrolled exercise of his own good taste in this instance, than he had in the composition of the absurd pantomimes which he wrote with d'Orneval for the Theatre de la St. Laurent. The consequence of this was the castrated and inferior edition now so common, and from which Mr. Brady has executed his present translation. However we disapprove of this, we bear testimony to the fidelity and spirit with which this gentleman has discharged his task,—

and in the opinion we have before expressed, we must be understood as speaking only of the intrinsic merits of the parts which are wanting, and not of the degree of encouragement which the public would be likely to give to the work in any other shape.

The translator has preserved the simplicity as well as the spirit of his original, and has achieved the great difficulty of avoiding any thing like coarseness in the relation of things which are necessarily, and of their nature vulgar ; in this instance, as in many others, he has satisfactorily shewn that he has caught and felt the very spirit of his author. It has been said of this work that it is an inferior *Gil Blas* ; this is a harsh sentence and has been passed we think rather hastily. The comparison is not fair, for it should be remembered that without the benefit of Guzman's example our good friend of Santillane would probably have never seen the light. The Italians prefer Guarini's *Pastoral* to that of Tasso, although it is confessed that the former is indebted to the latter for the very charms, which have conferred its superiority. The trite objection to works of this nature has been, that vice is rendered too alluring ; but until it can be proved that no good is derived from the exposure of crime and absurdity, and, as in the instance of the work before us, the consequent misery and inconvenience which are produced by them, we must be allowed to applaud a species of writing which has been dignified by the most acute, and not the least virtuous of those authors, whom we venerate as the honour and ornament of our race.

Guzman is descended of a rather equivocal stock ; his fathers, for he is so fortunate as to have two, die, his mother is reduced, and he resolves to seek his fortune ; he elopes from his home at Seville, and travels in company with a muleteer, to Cazalla.

"Behold me now, friendly reader, in the best inn at Cazalla, twelve leagues from Seville : where the money I had left was sufficient to pay for a good supper and a good bed to lie down on. Instead, however, of enjoying a profound sleep, which such excellent fare was calculated to procure me, the state of my affairs presented itself to my imagination with a thousand distressing thoughts, and prevented me from sleeping a wink the whole of the night. Hitherto, said I to myself, I have always had plenty to eat and drink. But this will now soon be over ; when a man has bread to eat he may support himself under any affliction. 'Tis well to have a father. 'Tis well to have a mother ; but nothing is to be compared to a good bellyful.

"Necessity with her heretic visage now stared me full in the face, and occasioned the most terrible apprehensions in my mind ; I would gladly have returned to Seville, had I not considered that money was quite as necessary to repair my folly, as to pursue my fortune. I could compare myself to nothing but some half-starved cur, who having lost his way, finds himself surrounded by a number of larger dogs barking and growling at him on all sides : in addition to this, how could I, without shame, return to my mother's house after having left it with so much resolution. * * * * This last consideration was sufficient to determine me not to return to Seville, in addition to which I was not less concerned that I must stop when I was in so fair a way. A point of honour then seized me, and I resolved to continue my journey, abandoning myself to Providence. I took the direct road to Madrid, the ordinary residence of our Kings, hoping to see something of the court, which I had been told was most brilliant, from the great number of noblemen that composed it, and above all from the presence of a young King newly married."

Hunger reduced him to become an innkeeper's servant, for a short time, yet ambition "pricks him on" to Madrid, where he takes up the trade of a beg-

gar, and afterwards assistant to the cook of a nobleman. In this office he exercises his talent for thievery, in common with all the other persons of the establishment, but not with equal success.

"For my own part, being but a small sparrow-hawk, I waited patiently until the kites and other larger birds of prey had their talons full ; in the meantime, however, my hands itched so immoderately, that I could not refrain from dipping into a basket of eggs, and slipt half a dozen of them into my pocket.

"Ill luck still pursued me ; my master saw me ; and wishing to establish the reputation of an honest man and zealous servant at my expense, in the presence of so many of the house servants, he came up to me with a savage countenance, and gave me such a kick, that he lay me sprawling on the ground, and as I happened to fall on that side where I had the pocketful of eggs, they all broke and made an omelet which ran down my thighs, to the great amusement of the company present, with the exception of my master, who still looked very serious, and adding menaces and reproaches to insult, told me, that he would teach me to steal in so great a lord's house. I was so enraged at the behaviour of this rascally cock towards me, that it was with great difficulty I restrained from answering, that nobody, indeed, could teach me better than himself ; and that those eggs, for which he had chastised me, were laid by the fowls he had ordered me to carry home to his house the night before ; but I held my tongue and thereby escaped any further kicking, with which so laconic an answer would certainly have been rewarded. Take lesson from my behaviour on this occasion, reader, if you happen to be so fortunate as to recollect it, when you feel desirous to show your wit by some satirical speech which may be of ill consequence to you in your future well-fare."

Another unlucky accident causes him to quit his master, and he becomes a beggar, once more, a thief he is by

constitution. He goes on duping and being duped for some time, when, being servant to an officer, he plays off one of his most barefaced rogueries upon a jeweller of Barcelona.

The officer is in want of money, and is about to part with a valuable reliquary. Guzman dissuades him, promising to procure him the cash without so disagreeable an expedient. He tells the story thus :

"I went to the first jeweller's I could meet, who, fortunately for me was well known in the city as a noted usurer. I asked him if he was inclined to purchase a fine Reliquary ; I shewed it him, and could easily perceive that he liked it very well, although he pretended not to think much of it.

"He looked at it on all sides, and after having examined it minutely, asked me what I would have for it. I told him two hundred crowns ; and though that was not half its value, the old usurer pretended to be quite astonished at such a price, and began to tell me that the gold was by no means of the finest quality. Besides which he found great fault with the workmanship, as well as with the diamonds : nevertheless, he offered me one half, and I was surprised in my turn. That will not do, cried I : you take advantage of my situation ; but distressed as I am for money, I declare that you shall not have it for less than a hundred and fifty crowns.

"He still continued to make so many objections, that I was at last contented to conclude the bargain at a hundred and twenty, and he requested me to accompany him to his shop to receive the money. This I refused, telling him that I expected a person to meet me on the quay, and, therefore, could not leave it ; that if he would return home and procure the sum agreed on, he would find me again in the same place. The jeweller, finding that I could not be prevailed on to accompany him, and being apprehensive that the person whom I expected might be another jeweller, whom I had appointed to meet on the same subject, ran home with great haste, lest he should be deprived of his bargain before his return.

"The old rogue soon returned to me again quite out of breath, bringing with him in a small bag the hundred and twenty crowns, which he counted into my hand. I requested the bag of him in which I put the money, and offered him in exchange the purse that the Reliquary was kept in ; but affecting to find great difficulty in untying the strings, which I had purposely well fastened, I snatched, as though from impatience, a knife which I observed in a sheath at his girdle, and cut them asunder. Although this action seemed to surprise him a little, he was so far from guessing the cause that he departed and walked towards home, well satisfied with his purchase, and very far from suspecting the snare that I had laid for him.

"After having allowed him to proceed a few steps, I beckoned to one of my comrades, as great a rogue as myself, whom I had stationed near at hand so as to be ready when called for, and desired him to carry the crowns to our captain : then I ran as fast as I could after my jeweller, for I had not lost sight of him, and overtook him at a part where the roads met, where there happened to be some soldiers assembled, to whom I pointed him out, crying aloud, stop thief, fellow soldiers, stop thief ! for God's sake stop that old rascal there, who has just robbed me, let him not escape ! The soldiers, some of whom belonged to our own company, stopped the poor jeweller immediately, asking him how he had given me cause to complain thus of him. He was at first so bewildered with fear and astonishment, that he had not the power of uttering a word. Had he spoken, however, it would not have availed him, for his voice would have been drowned by that of his accuser ; nobody was to be heard but myself, who kept up a continued roar ; and to make more impression on the soldiers, I fell down on my knees before them, and forcing some tears into my eyes, implored their assistance.

"Gentlemen, said I, you see before you in that old rogue one of the greatest hypocrites in Spain ; I chanced just now to be standing by him on the quay,

where he remarked that I had a purse in my bosom, and asked me what was in it? a Reliquary, answered I, which my master the captain accidentally left at the bed's head this morning, and that I have taken care of to give it to him again; upon this, the old rascal whom you have secured, requesting me in a civil manner to shew it to him, telling me that he was a goldsmith and was curious in jewels. I satisfied his curiosity, and he asked me if I would dispose of this Reliquary. That cannot be, said I, for it is my master's; at the same time I replaced it in my purse which was tied to my button: whereupon my thief, while he amused me with words, drew forth a knife which he had in a sheath at his girdle, and suddenly cut the strings, the ends of which are still to be seen. Take the trouble, gentlemen of searching him, I beg of you, added I, and you will find the purse containing the jewel somewhere about his person, for I have followed him so closely, that he has not had an opportunity of otherwise disposing of it.

"The soldiers instantly began to search him; they drew forth the purse containing the Reliquary from his bosom where he had placed it, and perceiving that the strings had really been cut, they no longer doubted the goldsmith's guilt: in vain did he protest and swear that I had sold it him; they would not believe him, it being so extremely improbable that an old and experienced jeweller could consent to purchase so rich a Reliquary of a young soldier, without suspecting that it must have been stolen. Once more, cried the accused, I assure you that I paid this young man for the Reliquary a hundred and twenty crowns in gold which I reckoned into his hand, and which he must now have about him: you have only to search him also to find these gold coins which I paid him only a few minutes since. The soldiers, to satisfy him, rummaged my pockets out; and finding no money about me, they began to revile him most unmercifully and even to beat him. Nevertheless, as he insisted on

being conducted to a judge, they carried us both before one.

"Here I related my case in the same manner as I had reported it to the soldiers, who, upon being interrogated by the judge, said more than sufficient to convince him that the jeweller had really seized this Reliquary from me by force; in addition to which, this citizen being so well known as a covetous man, who would not scruple at a trifle, they were the more disposed to think him guilty. The magistrate, however, out of consideration for his family, which consisted of some of the first persons in the city, was content to reprimand him severely, and delivered the jewel into my hands again, desiring me to carry it to my master, which I did immediately."

Dismissed by his master, who is alarmed at the exercise of his talents, Guzman resolves to go to Genoa to visit his father's relations. He arrives there ragged and starving, and is repulsed by them with the utmost contempt. One of them, a cunning old man, resolves to get rid of this troublesome poor cousin, and he accomplishes it in the following manner.

"One evening I met a venerable looking old man, who accosted me in a polite and insinuating manner: my son, said he, is it not you who have reason to complain of certain titled personages who have not chosen to acknowledge you for one of their noble blood? I answered in the affirmative, and told him who was my father. I recollect him well, replied the old man, and there are certainly in this city several of the principal nobles who are his relations. I can even introduce you to a banker who must have been a most intimate friend of your father's, and who to-morrow, for it is too late to-day, will, I doubt not, be happy to satisfy you in every particular concerning your family. In the mean time, continued he, come and take up your lodging at my house: I feel quite indignant at the behaviour of your cousins towards you, who ought rather to have received you with the greatest affection: but follow me, and be assured that the banker will

put it in your power to be fully avenged of them for their hard-heartedness.

"I accepted the old man's offer of a lodging in his house by returning thanks to heaven for so fortunate a rencounter. His appearance was such that I did not in the least mistrust him. He had a good natured serious air, his bald head and white beard rendering his appearance truly venerable; he walked with a staff, and wore a long robe; in fact, I looked upon him as another St. Paul. When we arrived at his house, which appeared to me like a magnificent hotel, a servant came to meet him to take off his long robe: but the old gentleman from an excess of politeness would not part with it, but sent the servant away, after having communicated something to him in Italian, which was so much Hebrew to me. He then conducted me into a large parlour, where we conversed concerning the affairs of Spain for above an hour, and from them proceeded insensibly to those of our own family, respecting which he seemed extremely curious, questioning me more particularly concerning my mother; and I answered him in the most cautious manner. This discourse was beginning to grow tedious, when the servant returned; they had another short conversation together in Italian, which I understood no better than the former. But immediately afterwards, the good old man addressed himself to me in Spanish: I suppose, said he, you have of course supped, you must be weary and it is time to be a bed. We shall meet again in the morning. Then turning to his servant: Antonia Maria, continued he, shew this gentleman to the finest chamber in the house.

"I had much more inclination to eat than to sleep, for I was literally half dying with hunger; having unfortunately dined very sparingly at my inn that day, for my pistole was just at an end. That I might not, however, presume upon the goodness of an host who seemed so disposed to be of service to me, I followed his servant as if I had a good bellyful, and was carried through an enfilade of seven or eight rooms paved with alabaster, each vying

with the others in magnificence. From thence we entered a gallery which led into a fine chamber, in which there was a very rich bed with superb tapestry. You see your chamber, said Antonio Maria, and the bed that is destined for you; none are allowed to sleep here, but princes and some few of my master's nearest relatives.

"After having allowed me to admire the richness of the furniture for a while, this servant offered to undress me, but I declined his assistance for very good reasons; my ragged shirt was by no means in a state to be exhibited; and in addition to this, the rest of my clothes were now of so very fine a texture, that they required a hand more interested in their welfare than his was, to take them off delicately. Either through malice, however, or that he thought I declined his good natured offer merely from politeness, he returned to the charge, and seeming determined to assist me in spite of my teeth, he caught hold of me and drew off one of my sleeves so suddenly, that had I not prevented him with my other hand, he would undoubtedly have torn it to pieces. I then entreated him in a peevish tone to leave me to my rest, and he prevented my further anger by desisting as I desired. I retired to the side of the bed, threw off my rags which were held together only by a few laces, and jumped into bed, the sheets of which were clean and completely perfumed. This done, I told the servant he might take away the candle. I am not so inconsiderate, replied he: it would be the means of causing you to pass a very uneasy night, for it is very common for large bats, which are very numerous in this country, to conceal themselves in chambers with so lofty a ceiling, and you will be much disturbed by them if you remain without light. Add to this, continued he, there are certain evil spirits that frequent the principal houses in this city, by whom you will infallibly be tormented, if you neglect to keep lighted candles in the room, the brightness of which, it is said, they are afraid of. He told me all this tale with an ingenuous air, and I

listened to him with all the credulity of an infant, instead of mistrusting this Antonio Maria, whose knavish countenance ought to have been sufficient to have excited my suspicions.

"No sooner had he left the chamber, than I got out of bed and bolted the door, less from fear of being robbed, than in the hope of thus securing myself from the persecution of the aforesaid spirits. Considering myself then in perfect safety, I lay down again, and reflected on the benevolence of my venerable landlord. So far from suspecting him of any bad design, which, had I possessed a little more experience, I should not have failed to have done, I represented to myself that he could be no other than one of my nearest relatives, who had not chosen to make himself known to me over night, that he might surprise me the more agreeably in the morning. I would lay a good wager, said I to myself, that when I wake to-morrow morning, I shall find a tailor in waiting to take measure of me for a fine suit of clothes. I may rest assured that in future I shall never want for any thing, and that I have not lost my labour in coming to Italy. Flattered by these agreeable thoughts, my senses were beguiled by degrees into most profound sleep.

"Although Antonio Maria had told me that the evil spirits were so averse to light, my candles did not secure me from the persecutions of four figures in the shape of so many devils who entered my chamber. It was some time before I heard the noise created by these demons; but as it was very far from their intention to respect my repose, they advanced towards the bed, drew the curtains, two of them seized me by the arms, and the other two by the legs, and dragged me out of bed. At length I awoke; and finding myself thus dangling in the air in the clutches of four devils, I was so terribly frightened, that I was more dead than alive. They were each habited exactly as the devil is represented; huge long tails, frightful vizards, and horns on their heads. I had just sufficient sense remaining in me to invoke the assistance of some saints, whose names

occurred to me at the moment. But had I offered up some prayers they would have been equally unavailing. These apparitions were not to be driven from their purpose; exorcisms even would have been useless, for the devils that I had to deal with had been baptized. They placed me in one of my blankets, and each taking a corner began to toss me in the air with such violence, that they threw me to the ceiling at every toss, against which I expected every moment that either my head or one of my arms would have been broken. But they contented themselves with only bruising me, though they did not cease to make me vault in this manner until they were completely fatigued, or rather until their noses informed them that my fear grew laxative. They then placed me in bed again, covered me over as they found me, extinguished the light, and vanished the same way as they had entered.

"In this pitiable condition I remained until day-break; and with the most dreadful sensation of fear still on my mind, I made an effort to get up with the intention of hastening as quickly as possible out of a house where the duties of hospitality had been so scurvily fulfilled. But I could not rise, or dress myself without the greatest difficulty and pain, the cause of which I could not remember without bestowing a thousand curses on the old rascal who had caused me to be thus cruelly treated. He no longer seemed to me that personage so worthy of veneration, no longer that benevolent character, the meeting with whom had so much delighted me, but an old sorcerer, destined to be damned from the creation of the world.

"Be ore I quitted the chamber, I was curious to know how these malignant spirits could have entered it. I first examined the door, and finding it still bolted as I had left it before I fell asleep, I could not reasonably imagine that they had found their way to me by that means. But having lifted up the hanging, I perceived a large window covered by them, which opened into the gallery. This was still open, the apparitions not having taken the trouble to

close it after them. I made not the least noise, lest there should be something still in reserve for me, and thought of nothing but how to extricate myself from this cursed place. I had already left the room with this view, when I met Antonio Maria in the gallery, who informed me that his master was waiting for me at the nearest church. All the answer I made was to request him to shew me to the street-door which he did with as much sang-froid as if he had not been one of the goblins who had amused themselves at my expense. I was no sooner got out of doors, than I scampered off as if I had not a bruise

about me. What wonderful strength is imparted by fear! I ran as fast as my legs would carry me."

Poor Guzman has an opportunity in the end of severely retaliating upon his Genoese relations, and upon the old gentleman in particular. He becomes subsequently servant to an Ambassador, a Gambler, Swindler, Banker, and having in the course of his adventures performed some of the most notable *tours de main*, he closes his brilliant career by being condemned to the galleys. He is afterwards released as a reward for discovering a conspiracy, and promises "to amend and live better for the future."

(Literary Gazette.)

ROUGE ET NOIR.

THE gently satirical production which constitutes the principal portion of this volume, leads us through the most noted gaming haunts of Paris; and while it interests by its observation of scenes, not (thank heaven!) too familiar to British minds, and amuses by its sparkling turns of epigram and humour, fails not to fulfil the much higher duty of drawing sound moral instruction from the matter of its subject.

The cantos of *Rouge et Noir* are addressed to *The Game, The Palais Royal, Fréscati, The Saloon, The Sharper, and The Guillotine*; the latter rather disconnected from its five brethren, which might easily have been avoided by making desperate Play the cause of the catastrophe which it so affectingly paints.

The poem sets out with a comparison between Truth and Champagne, and pounces at once on the game of *Rouge et Noir*, of which

'Tis said when any told Napoleon
That such, or such a man, had talents, or
Whose depth of head might be depended on
In mathematics, diplomacy, war,
Or any thing, in short, in which he shone—
He answered—"Can he win at *Rouge et Noir*?"
His keen eye finishing the phrase—"if so,
He does what no one else can do, you know."

The table, and method of playing, are next described.

The board is like a billiard table,
Excluding cushions, side and centre pockets,
Round which as many crush as well are able,
With eyes like candles winking in their sockets,
And talking, like the gentlemen of Ebel,
In various dialects—as for their talk, it's
Not quite so loud, because they must not clamour
Like those old worthies learning their new grammar.

* * * * *

And, right across the centre of the table,
'Tween these supposed divisions, is a space
Devoted to the *dealers* (rather *sable*
Because some black morocco sheets the place),
And nothing short of leather would be able
To stand the wear and tear, in any case:
There shines the *banque*! but cease, ye *Jasons*, cease—
They're fleec'd themselves who seek that golden
fleece!

Mid glittering heaps of loose uncounted gold,
Are ranged enough of packed *rouleaus, en masse*,
To bribe a borough; *mille franc* notes, I am bold
To say, would stuff a patent camp mattress;
Naps, Louis, and Joachims, you behold—
(For any head on honest coin will pass.)
With rows of silver which you scarce could span—
'That pale and common drudge 'tween man and man.'

Four grave *conductors* at the board preside,
Who take their seats in couples, *vis-a-vis*;
Untouched, untroubled, whatso'er betide—
And many a sight of agony they see.
One deals the cards; the others are employed
To pay, or pocket, as the case may be;
Each brandishing a *rake*, which looks quite funny—
Excepting when it claws away one's money.

This pursuit has its chief seat in the *Palais Royal*, where there are houses eternally open to all comers who have a franc in their pockets to stake:—

It is the heart of Paris, and impels
Warm poison thro' her wanton arteries ;
The honeycomb of vice, whose thousand cells
Pour forth the buzzing multitude one sees :—
Loose-trows'd beaux, and looser-moral'd belles,
With ancient quizzes underneath the trees
Reading the daily journals, or conversing ;
And, here and there, a black-cy'd *Grisette* nursing.

Here new-come English ladies flock to stare
At all the wonders with their sleepy faces :
I'm often led to think, I do declare,
The ugliest come, on purpose to disgrace us :
Their clothes toss'd on with pitch-forks, as it were ;
And *marching* more like grenadiers than graces ;
Whilst Paris dames, who don't approve their fashion,
Survey them with satirical compassion.

But, now and then, a form goes gliding by,
Such as might hover round a poet's dream ;
The cheek of rose, the large, the laughing eye,
As blue as heaven—heaven in its beam !
Lips that were made to smile, and make us sigh—
And limbs—but *these* might lead me from my theme :
In short, near such the French look sometimes sooty
And Britain is again my land of beauty !

And, tho' our countrymen dress well in general,
Some naturally lead us to suppose
(With faces that would compliment a funeral)
They come to Paris to wear out old clothes :
The natives might be led to think our men are all
As shabby as themselves, to judge by those.
Some sport outrageous fashions out of date—
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait,

But Stultz sometimes exports a dandy over—
Or, in more modern phrase, an *exquisite*,
(Being delicate they always cross by Dover)
To show us exiles how a coat should fit.
Now don't mistake, or think I mean to cover
This *east* with ridicule—O far from it !
I'm told they're lady-like and harmless creatures,
With something of hermaphroditish features.

I like to look at them ! the cheek of cream,
Too soft for love, or wine, or war, or mirth, to
Disturb into expression ; eyes whose beam
Is delicate as wax-light : voice for earth too
Dulcet by half : such beings as 'twould seem,
A maiden lady might have given birth to,
Without once erring from her frigid *strada*,
Or flirting with a soul, except her shadow.

You'll know one by its stays, screw spurs, perhaps
A lewd-sketch'd box that music, and not snuff, fills—
To show the diamond-finger off that taps :
Its puny chest bulged out with vests and ruffles,
As if 'twere furnished, like the sphinx, with paps—
But still more like a turkey stuff'd with truffles.
Pshaw ! 'stead of heaving sail thus rigg'd to roam,
I wish those apes in stays would *stay* at home.

This sprightly prelude is cleverly
contrasted with the internal view of
one of the gambling shops.

Nay, desperate Want itself comes here to game,
Altho' the turning of a card may be
As death : look on him ! woman's grief were tame
Beside that speechless stare of agency.

The vilest passions which the heart inflame
Run riot in their brute ferocity ;
And joy and anguish wear the ruffian dye,
With all to wound the ear, and shock the eye.

And oft, a looker on the scene alone,
(For, tho' you smile in doubt, 'tis not less true,)
My heart hath quailed to hear that horrid tone,
Half sigh,—half sob—the deep-breath'd "*Sacre*
Dieu !"

Burst from a luckless wretch with eye of stone,
Convulsive cheek, and lip of death's own hue ;
Throbb'd as he broke away, to madness wrought,
Perhaps—but fancy shudders at the thought !

Yet, whoso visited the *Morgue* next morn
Had found, it might be, from the Seine's dull tide
Already dragged, a sight that well might warn—
Stretched on his back the ghastly suicide !
His eye unclosed ; his garments, stained and torn,
Hung from the drear and dripping wall, to guide
Some idle glance ; perhaps, to fix upon
The cold stark features of a sire or son !

The third canto treats of *Frescati*, a
higher place of vicious resort, if any
place where vice so entirely resorts can
be called *high* in any of its degrees :
but we pass its detailed groupings, to
quote the concluding reflections, and
coup d'œil.

The camp may have its fame, the court its glare,
The theatre its wit, the board its mirth :
But there's a calm, a quiet haven, where
Bliss flies for shelter—the domestic hearth !
If this be comfortless, if this be drear,
It need not hope to find a haunt on earth :
Elsewhere we may be reckless, gay, caressed—
But here, and only here, we can be *blest* !

O, senseless, soulless, worse than both, were he
Who, slighting all the heart should hoard with pride,
Could waste his nights in losel rev'ry,
And leave his bosom's partner to abide
The anguish women feel who love, and see
Themselves deserted, and their hopes destroyed ;
Some doating one, perhaps, who hides her tears ;
And struggles at a smile when he appears !

Enough ! *Frescati* is my subject now ;
And many pass their nights beneath its dome
Who leave none *such* to sorrow o'er the vow
That binds them to a libertine ; but roam
Because (and 'tis some cause we must allow)
Altho' they have a *house* they've not a *home* ;
Exchanging frown and yawns—connubial bisses !
For music, feasting, dancing, smiles, and kisses.

So, what with gaming, taking ice, and billing,
Discussions on the *charter* or a feather,
Lounging on sofas, waltzing and quadrilling,
With casual observations on the weather—
" The winter here I think is vastly chilling"—
Poles, Turks, and Persians—all the world together,
They keep it gaily up, the pillow scorning,
At least till six or seven in the morning.

The *Saloon* is however the most elevated sphere of fashionable dissipation. 'Tis midnight, says our author—

—————just the hour to introduce you
Into the loftier sphere of the Salon :
You may see thousands lost, and, as you chuse, you
Can play at *Rouge et Noir* or *shake the bone* :
But don't suppose, you inexperienced goose you !
That any one can stumble in alone ;—
You must be here presented quite in state, sir—
Heaven bless your soul—a marquis is head waiter !

These rooms with counts and *exquisites* o'erflow,
Whose lofty glances really go thro' you :
And 'tis more reputable much to go
" The road to ruin " with a lord or two, you
Of course feel sensible—Peers ! Marshalls ! so
They make it quite a compliment to do you ;
And give, beside, to prove they can't be winners,
Flash suppers every night, and weekly dinners.

The remarks on female beauty at the gaming table are very forcible.

Oh ! how it pains to witness beauty's bloom
Distant and flushed by unsuccessful play ;
To hear the dice-box in the drawing-room,
Or some vile dealer whine ' *le jeu est fait* ;'
A scene, that wit and women should illumine,
The nest of black-legs and depravity ;
Opinion, rank, respect, no longer prized ;
And every loftier impulse sacrificed.

Forfend I were so vicious, or so vain,
Though but a sorry sort of scribe, as to
Court popularity by giving pain ;
Or drag forth private vice to public view
From motives other than I dare maintain :
No, none can more despise the slaves who do !
But as the farrier treats a foundered horse,
I deal with this disease without remorse.

Accursed Game ! thy blight is every where,
Thy lawless fingers pilfer every purse ;
The swart mechanic and the pompous peer
Endure alike the pressure of thy curse ;
When hopeless ruin hath dissolved thy snare,
The pistol and the bow! are things of course ;
And few can from thy griping fangs depart
Without a blighted name, or broken heart.

Accursed Game ! thou wringest the bitter drop
From gentle eyes that never saw thee played ;
And oft the stunted meal, the empty cup,
Mock hungry hearts thy ravin waste hath made :
O, how can he who wrought such wrong look up
Where want must weep, yet means not to upbraid ?
The heart, methinks, might bid farewell to bliss—
Beg, labour, starve—hear any thing but this !

Accursed Game ! thou'st waked the widow's shriek,
Bereft the helpless orphan of its shield,
Made tears of anguish wet the furrowed cheek,
And victims rash to judgment unannealed :
By fascination, like the rattle-snake,
Thou leav'st thy prey no power but to yield :

Fear, falsehood, want, disgrace, despair, and death,
Attest thy sway—

From the shorter effusions with which the publication is enriched, we take the following without comment, trusting that they will appear to our readers, as to us, to be very sweet and poetical.

Withered Violets.

Long years have passed, pale flowers ! since you
Were culled and given, in brightest bloom,
By one whose eye eclipsed your blue—
Whose breath was like your own perfume.

Long years ! but, tho' your bloom be gone,
The fragrance which your freshness shed
Survives, as memory lingers on
When all that blessed its birth has fled.

Thus hues and hopes will pass away—
Thus youth, and bloom, and bliss depart :
Oh, what is left when these decay ?
The faded leaf—the withered heart !

The Star.

How brilliant on the Ethiop brow of night
Burns yon fixed star, whose intermitting rays,
Like woman's changeful eye now shun our gaze,
And now break forth in all the life of light !
Far fount of beams ! thou scarce art to the sight,
In size, a spangle on the Tyrian stole
Of Majesty, mid hosts more mildly bright,
Although of worlds the centre and the soul !
Sure, 'twas a thing for angels to have seen,
When God did hang those lustres through the sky ;
And darkness, turning pallid, sought to screen
With dusky wing her dazed and haggard eye ;
But 'twas in vain ; for, pierced with light, she died :
And now her timid ghost dares only brood
O'er planets in their midnight solitude,
Doomed all the day in ocean's caves to hide.
Thou burning axle of a mighty wheel !
Dost thou afflict the beings of thy ray
With feelings such as we on earth must feel—
Pride, passion, envy, hatred, agony ?
Doth any weep o'er blighted hope ? or curse
That hour thy light first ushered them to life ?
Or malice, keener than the assassin's knife,
Stab in the dark ? or hollow friendship, worse,
Skilled round the heart with viper coil to wind,
Forsake, and leave his sleepless sting behind !
No ! if I deemed it, I should cease to look
Beyond the scene where thousands know such ills ;
Nor longer read that brightly-lettered book
Which heaven unfolds, whose page of beauty fills
The breast with hope of an immortal lot,
When tears are dried, and injuries forgot.
Oh, then the soul, no longer earthward weighed
Shall soar towards heaven on exulting wing,
Among the joys past Fancy's picturing,
It may be one to scan, through space displayed,
Those wondrous works our blindness now debars—
The awful secrets written in the stars.

CORNUCOPIA

OF LITERARY CURIOSITIES AND REMARKABLE FACTS.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

Professor J. D. Herholdt of Copenhagen, Knight, delivered in the Royal Medical Society at Copenhagen on the 8th of March last, an interesting latin dissertation ; it relates undoubtedly to one of the most remarkable cases in the annals of medicine. A woman, after having been subject for several years to violent pains and spasms, was freed by the ability of this physician, from 273 needles, which were cut out in different parts. It is a question of great interest how this extraordinary number of needles should have come into her body, and how far the pains which she suffered have been caused thereby. The woman is now doing very well.

SIR HUGH MIDDLETON.

Of biographical sketches, that of Sir Hugh Middleton is very dear to science. That London banker, who made the first great individual speculation in the copper mines of Cornwall, and in 1606 began, at his own risk, the stupendous design to which thousands of our readers are at this day indebted for their daily comfort—we allude to the supply of London with the first necessary of life, by means of the New River—has left a memorial as lasting as adamant, though written in water. This extraordinary plan united the spring rising at Amwell, in Herts, and Chadwell, near Ware in Middlesex, and led the joint stream to the metropolis, through, under, or over, every obstacle. Eight hundred bridges were built over it (now much diminished in number) ; and on Michaelmas-day, 1613, six years after the works were begun, the enterprising projector, vexed and harrassed as he had been, had the happiness to see the first drop of that supply, which he had brought thirty-nine miles, fall into the cistern at Islington, called the “New River Head.” Till then London was supplied with water from sixteen public conduits, with partial aids from the Thames, raised by imperfect and awk-

ward machinery. In 1622, Middleton was created a baronet by king James, having surmounted all the prejudices and private interests arrayed against him. The work however ruined him. He divided it into thirty-six shares, reserving thirteen to himself ; but in 1633, when the first dividend was made, it amounted to not quite 12*l*. on each share. The shares have lately sold at 15,000*l*. each !!!

DRINKING BUMPERS.

Excessive drinking is a less vice of modern than of ancient times. The feats of this sort which are recorded even of the polite nations of Greece and Rome, far surpass any thing which the men of later times have been able to exhibit. Alexander the Great, who fell a victim to this brutal indulgence, brought a number of toppers together after the burning of Calanus, and proposed to them a match at drinking for a prize of one talent. The fellow who carried off the prize was one Promachus, who is said to have drank off four congies, or about *thirty English bottles of wine* ! He had his money, says Plutarch, and his death into the bargain, for he died the third day after, together with forty-one persons who, in this disgraceful competition, drank themselves into eternity ! In the history of Alexander's triumphs, this is one which truth and morality require should not be forgotten. Prodigious as was the achievement of Promachus, it is nothing to what is told of the Emperor Maximinus, who is said to have drank not only once, but often in the course of a day, an amphora of the capitol, which contained eight congies, or above eighty pints !—Nay, the son of M. Tullius Cicero, is said to have been able to take off at one draught, two congies, or about two gallons ! After this, the reader will not be surprised to learn, that it was the regular practice with the Romans, in their convivial parties, to drink down the evening, and drink up the morning star ; and that it was another of their common practices in drinking to their

mistresses, not to content themselves, as in this lag end of time, with single bumpers, but to drink as many cups as there were letters in the names of the fair damsels. Hence Martial,

*Nævia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibatur,
Quinque Lycas, Lyde quatuor, Ida tribus.*

Six cups to Nævia's health, sev'n to Justina be ;
To Lycas five, to Lyde four, and then to Ida three.

The Germans have out-done all the nations of modern times in their efforts to rival the Bacchanalian extravagance of the ancient masters of the world ; yet even they must be reckoned mere sippers in comparison. Till a very late period, enormous goblets, that would put that of the Baron of Bradwardine to open shame, were among the chief ornaments of the rooms and tables of the German nobility ; at their feasts the bottle used to be pushed round continually ; and each guest had to empty his goblet on pain of being condemned as a false friend and brother.

LITERARY CONTRASTS.

The ultimate sale of the copy-right of *Paradise Lost*, produced to Milton's widow eight pounds ; and Dryden received from Tonson two pounds, thirteen shillings, and ninepence, for every hundred lines of his poetry.

In October 1812, the copy-right of Cowper's *Poems* was put to sale among the members of the trade, in thirty-two shares. Twenty of these shares were sold at £212 a share, including printed copies in quires to the amount of £82, which each purchaser was to take at a stipulated price, and twelve shares were retained in the hands of the proprietor. This work, consisting of two octavo volumes, was satisfactorily proved at the sale to net £834 per annum. It had only two years of copy-right, and yet this same copy-right, with the printed copies, produced, estimating the twelve shares which were retained at the same price as those which were sold, the sum of £6764.

Expense of the last edition of Shakespeare's Works, in 21 volumes : The edition consisted of 1250 copies, making 21 volumes in octavo, and each copy was published in boards for eleven guineas :

Paper, 1614 reams 7½ quires,	£3315	3	0
Printing 135 sheets, at			
£2. 10. . . . £340.			
Printing 511½ sheets, at			
£2. 14. . . . £1829. 11.	1719	14	0
Mr. Reed, £300. } Editors,	400	0	0
Mr. Harris, 100. }			
Engraving a head,	15	0	0
Rep. plates, paper, and printing.	27	17	11
Assignment, and altering Index,	17	8	0
Incident,	6	11	6
Four sets of the late edition,			
and sets of the present, for }	89	10	0
Editors,			
Advertisements, &c. &c.	62	0	1
	£5683	4	6

FANATICISM.

A party of religious fanatics assembled a few Sundays since, at Barningham, York, for the express purpose of dislodging the devil, which one of their renegade brethren had declared had possessed him, or he should not have left their society. The elders of this society compelled their victim to kneel upon the floor, while the chief priest struck him on the head with his clenched fist, exclaiming, " This is God's hammer !—Devil, come out ! " This he repeated three times ; the rest then assailed him on all sides, with horrid yells and frightful gestures, kicking and cuffing him, but the Devil would not move, for the repentant said he still felt him tugging at his right side. On this the sharp elbow of a female made a dreadful plunge at his small ribs, and another general attack ensued. Being, at length, tired of this discipline, he declared the Devil had left him. A fanatic was then appointed to watch him for three days and nights, that his Satanic worship might not enter again. After some debate, it was agreed that the Devil should be buried in a stone quarry ; a woman gravely declared that she had him by the tail as they were going to the funeral, but he slipped from her grasp.

JOHANNA SOUTHCOTE'S DISCIPLES.

The followers of Johanna Southcote are still numerous ; and we are assured by a correspondent, that in the neighbourhood of Totness, Devon, there are some hundreds of silly people who believe that Johanna and her Son are making the tour of Egypt. They have separated from other religious communities. A poor woman was nearly strangled a few weeks ago by a self-elected Prophetess of this sect, who pretended that she had been moved by the spirit to kill the woman, because the latter had no faith in her inspiration.

THE DEAF MADE TO HEAR.

Some years since, a merchant of Cleves, named Jorissen, who had become almost totally deaf, sitting one day near a harpsichord while some one was playing, and having a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, the bowl of which rested accidentally against the body of the instrument, he was agreeably and unexpectedly surprised to hear all the notes in the most distinct manner. By a little reflection and practice he again obtained the use of this valuable sense, which, as Bonnet says, connects us with the moral world ; for he soon learned, by means of a piece of hard wood, one end of which he placed against his teeth, while another person placed the other end on

his teeth, to keep up a conversation, and to be able to understand the least whisper. The effect is the same if the person who speaks rests the stick which he holds in his teeth against some vessel into which the other speaks.

The dip of the Needle and Intensity of the Magnetic force.—The following observations on this subject have been collected and calculated :

	Dip.	Intensity of Mag. Force.
Pern . . .	0 0 . . .	1,0000
Mexico . . .	42,10 . . .	1,3155
Paris . . .	68,38 . . .	1,3182
London . . .	70,33 . . .	1,4142
Christiana . . .	72,30 . . .	1,4959
Arendahl . . .	72,45 . . .	1,4756
Brussa . . .	74,21 . . .	1,4941
Hare's Island . . .	82,49 . . .	1,6939
Davis' Straits . . .	83,8 . . .	1,6900
Baffin's Bay . . .	84,25 . . .	1,6685
" " . . .	84,39 . . .	1,7319
" " . . .	81,44 . . .	1,6913
" " . . .	85,54½ . . .	1,7383
" " . . .	86,9 . . .	1,7606

MISS FELL.

March 20, 1821. Miss Fell, a beautiful young lady, while walking on the shore lately, near Douglas, slipped down a shelving rock, from which she could be neither seen nor heard; and from which there was no escape by the land, the little rock being nearly surrounded by the sea. She contrived to procure a small quantity of water that oozed from the rock; with this she sustained herself during 3 days and 3 nights, and frequently saw boats passing in the distance, but could not make herself heard. A boat at length passed near enough to observe her signal with a handkerchief. During this time she had been sought for by some hundreds of people, in unremitting anxiety. She was at length rescued in time to save her life; and a deep sleep almost immediately overcame her in the boat into which she was taken, the sailors covering her with their clothes. She was conveyed privately home in a chaise, by her father, to a doting mother. Her brother was ill at the same time in the house with a brain fever, with little hopes of recovery. The joy of her mother was excessive at the recovery of her daughter; but her mind, being previously weakened by conflicting anxieties, it produced insanity! and she committed suicide in a fit of uncontrollable agitation.

BRUISED OATS.

An individual, who has tried feeding his horse on whole and on *bruised oats*, states, that a horse fed on bruised oats will work and work as well as one fed on double the same quantity of oats not bruised.

BONE MANURE.

In the high farming system of Yorkshire, where bones to the amount of 15*l.* an acre have been put on the land, to force a growth of about 35 bushels of wheat per acre, the property of the tenant in the land has been in some places nearly equal to the fee-simple value of the staple soil. At Holkham, it is said that at an expence of 10*l.* an acre in manure and working, 40 bushels are commonly obtained.

Mr. J. Fitzadam, formerly an able seaman, and author of the *Barp of the Desert*, will soon publish *Lays on Land*, octavo.

Chrystallo-Ceramic Manufacture, or Glass Incrustations.—This may be deemed a very important discovery for the arts of design and embellishment. The effect is novel and singularly elegant; for the ornament, whether painted in metallic colours, or left plain, instead of being placed externally, either *en creux*, or in relief, or being painted upon the surface of the glass, it is actually incrustated with that substance, and is thus more effectually secured from injury. Hitherto, the modes employed for forming patterns and devices on glass, are all more or less defective: the effect is either meagre or confused; not unfrequently both; vases, cups, &c. of this material have been more admirable for their pellucidity and brilliancy, than for purity of form or elegance of design; but this invention will create a new æra in the manufacture of this useful article. Classical figures and devices will now be employed, and elegance of form as much studied as in vases modelled after the antique. The effect is considerably heightened by the jar or vase being filled with some brilliant liquid, similar to those displayed by chemists, for the figures and ornaments being opaque, they have then very much the appearance of being raised on a coloured ground, yet with a certain undefineable peculiarity of look that sufficiently distinguishes them so as to form another species of ornament.

English Language.—Some years ago a gentleman after carefully examining the folio edition of Johnson's Dictionary, formed the following table of English words derived from other languages:—

Latin . . .	6732	Irish . . .	6
French . . .	4812	Runic . . .	4
Saxon . . .	1665	Flemish . . .	4
Greek . . .	1148	Erse . . .	4
Dutch . . .	691	Syriac . . .	3
Italian . . .	211	Scottish . . .	3
German . . .	106	Irish and Erse . . .	2
Welsh . . .	95	Turkish . . .	2
Danish . . .	75	Irish and Scottish . . .	1
Spanish . . .	56	Portuguese . . .	1
Islandic . . .	50	Persian . . .	1
Swedish . . .	34	Frisic . . .	1
Gothic . . .	31	Persic . . .	1
Hebrew . . .	16	Uncertain . . .	1
Teutonic . . .	15		
Arabic . . .	13	Total . . .	15,784

Died at Bearbrige Farm, near Winchester, Mr. Knight, a very eccentric character, He had not attended church or meeting for many years, from having had his house robbed once, during absence at the service. His corn was got in on sledges made of boards nailed together. He never baked loaves, but his ground corn he had made into cakes. His chair was a sack of corn, serving him for a seat and pillow. His house appeared as if never cleaned.

It is reported that Bloomfield, the author of the *Farmer's Boy*, is about to publish a new work.

A posthumous work of the late J. Scott, Esq. entitled *Sketches of Manners, Scenery, &c. in the French Provinces*, accompanied with an *Essay on the Literature and Writers of France*, is on the eve of publication.

A Series of Portraits, illustrative of the Novels and Tales of the Author of *Waverley*, are preparing for immediate publication.

SPIRIT

OF THE

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BOSTON, AUGUST 1, 1821.

[VOL. IX.]

(European Magazine.)

SECRETS OF CABALISM.

IT has been matter of much marvel among casuists why countries far remote, and men wholly unlike in habits and constitution, should have the same superstitions and pastimes:—yet as human nature is every where alike in general, there is no more wonder that its follies should be similar than that trees of the same species should put forth nearly the same kind of blossoms in all climates, though the size and colouring may differ according to the richness of the soil. About the year 1770, a Dutch merchant named Donderdonk settled at New York, and became remarkable alike for the amplitude of his purse and person. Though the Dutch settlers in that colony had very little reverence for poetic fables, they carried with them and cherished all the legends of St. Nicholas, and paid great attention to a custom supposed to have been brought from the ancient isle of Cytherea, authorizing the girls to beat all the boys who ventured abroad on the first of April, and on the second of that month to receive a counter flagellation from any male urchin whose courage was equal to reprisal. Various frolics similar to those practised in Europe among older people, were at this period carefully licenced in New York, and the exceeding capacity of Von Donderdonk's person indicated an equal capacity to endure a jest. On the 1st of April, 1771,

2S ATHENEUM VOL. 9.

this gentleman, as usual, took his seat in a commercial coffee-house, and was presently accosted by several of his class and acquaintance. When he moved homewards, they all followed, and till a great crowd of gazers assembled, he was not aware how strangely he was attended by a procession of at least forty persons all nearly of the same rotundity. Finding they had all been collected by cards of invitation to dine with him, he had good nature and good sense enough to give them a very friendly dinner impromptu; but the contrivers of this scene took pains to report that Von Donderdonk held on this day at his house a mysterious meeting of Cabalists, whose persons were enlarged by bladders of air, bags of earth, and tubes of gas, according to Rosicrucian art. Now though it was pretty certain that neither air nor water had much share in the elements of his large company's composition, Donderdonk was not free from general suspicion of a tendency to occult science. He was very fond of believing that the Free-masonry cultivated in New York was a branch of that secret school which amused and frightened Europe more than six centuries. And as he was clearly convinced that the disciples of Paracelsus and Hermes had made great advances towards the great discovery of transmuting certain metals into gold, his love of gelt stimulated his zeal for science.

There was then in New York a sort of supernumerary or factitious lodge of Free-masons, who affected, under the seal of the most profound secrecy, to initiate novices into the true Eleusinian mysteries of their craft without the pre-ludes and delays of elder brethren. This whimsical fraternity held occult correspondence with a man in high office, whose frugal habit of carrying his negro boy behind him on the same horse gave great offence to decorous magistrates, and food for much conjecture to Mynheer Donderdonk, who conceived this personage's black page must be no less than such an imp as the great Cabalist Paracelsus kept in his sword's pommel. This idea redoubled his zeal to be one of the initiated among the Free Brothers. After much ceremony and many bribes his wish was granted; but whether he learned the art of building arches without a keystone, which ancient masons are said to have made the true secret of their brotherhood, or whether he was taught the sublimer art of changing himself into any element he pleased, like a Rosicrucian, will never be known. But it is certain that his personal circumference was reduced at least one half, and seemed composed of much lighter particles; and the mere sound of a Freemason's symbol in a workman's hand, or the sight of their mystic triangle, made his face peak itself into at least as many acute points. But he nursed in his mind such a spirit of revenge as Dutchmen are famed for shewing; and as the little lean personage who rode with his black page *en croupe* had been the chief cause of his initiation, he singled him out as the subject of his slow and silent vengeance.

The separation of America from her mother-country caused the dispersion of nearly all the special lodge of Free Brothers,* and the grand master was supposed to have migrated to the continent of Europe, where various vicis-

situdes conducted him at last as a bookseller to Berlin. But his taste and skill in literature, and a spirit of research which poverty could not suppress, gave him a kind of fame among the itinerant collectors and Jew-brokers frequent at continental fairs. By one of these far-dealing travellers his name was brought to the ear of his ancient enemy, who gave such instructions to his Prussian correspondent as he thought likely to ripen his plan of retaliation. This correspondent was a banker of some note, acquainted with many state-secrets, the keys of which are usually of gold or steel. He was the agent of a fraternity said to be Freemasons, but in reality a knot of literary conspirators, aiding and aided by those daring wits and politicians whose axes were then laid at the root of ancient governments. They were in quest of a credulous enthusiast fit to act a part in a necromantic farce designed to dupe one of their patrons. Von Donderdonk represented the quondam Freemason as a most convenient tool, and his friend the banker described him to the Secret Society accordingly.

In the dead hour of a cold midnight Schimelpenink as the American brother now called himself, was seized at the entrance of his obscure lane, blindfolded and carried through sundry winding streets and passages till a sharp fresh air informed him he was in some large or uninclosed space. A loosening purposely permitted in the bandage over his eyes allowed him to see several muffled figures passing and repassing in such attire as might grace an Auto-da-fè. A hollow voice very near his ear began by asking if he had repented all his sins, or how many remained to repent. Famine and persecution had wrought hardly on the poor American's nerves, and he bethought himself with some remorse of the mummeries he had practised under the sacred symbol of Freemasonry. His joints slackened

* This merry fraternity of college-youths was well known to the gallant and amiable General H-m-It-n, to John J—, and his cousin the Bishop-elect of New York, of whom McFingal, the American Hudibras, says,

"Next V—d—ll, that poetic zealot,

I see a lawn bedizen'd prelate."

and his hair, if age had spared any, might have realized the tale of Mr. Ledupee's, which a single night made grey. The familiars who seemed to know and resent the impositions he had practised in their semblance, deposited him in a stone sarcophagus, desiring him to commune with his conscience and prepare himself to learn those cabalistic secrets he had mimicked and profaned. Now though a frightened man has seldom any curiosity, he is apt to be very conscientious; and two hours confinement in cold and darkness added to hunger, created all the terrors the Secret Society could desire. Two of their servitors raised him from the stone cistern, covered with the dews of agony, and commanded him to ascend the ladder of three thousand steps by which the Illuminati ascend into the presence of that omniscient eye selected for their symbol from Hindoo mythology. Supported by these two, and in the utmost tribulation of spirit, poor Schimelpenink toiled up his endless ascent, tottering, trembling, and beseeching the merciful care of his guides. The buzz of voices which had sounded close to his ear at first, became gradually fainter till it seemed lost in distance; and the thin sharp air which met his face announced his approach to the intense cold of the upper regions. His terror and convulsive shiverings became too intolerable for mortal strength to bear or see; and a sudden burst of hideous sounds, which appeared to his strained fancy like the cackle of demons, but was in part only an explosion of uncontrollable laughter from many mouths, so harrowed his nerves that he fell from his dizzy height over the two stools, which formed the ladder, in a deep swoon. "This fellow will do for us," said the cabalist whose office had been to place the stools alternately under the feet of their dupe. "He will need neither syrup of borage, nor John of Munster's lectures to make him mad. Let our Electro-magus make ready his magic lantern, and he will see and say what we please when our other novice arrives to be instructed."

This charitable philosopher immediately called for his comrade's assist-

ance, and deposited our American in a sack for further use, in a dry corner of an outer chamber ventilated by a large grate in the wall. The air or the motion of the sack, for it was not too rigidly tied, had just begun to recall Schimelpenink's breath, and his mind was in a frightful dream of demons and inquisitors, when his eyes opened and beheld a little lean man dressed exactly like himself, looking into the mouth of the sack. The frightened scholar began a prayer in a curious mixture of Saxon, Arabic, and modern Greek, till his apparition interrupted him. "Mutter no exorcisms to me—I am thy good genius. Creep out of that grate and into thy garret silently like a true American Musquash, and let me get into thy sack." Schimelpenink climbed more like a wild cat than the dull animal his visitor named, and was out of sight in the twinkling of an eye. The new occupier of the sack rolled himself up in the least compass possible and remained quite still in his corner till the servitor of the Secret Society took him on his back and thrust him into the cavity of a closet from whence he heard the muttered dialogue of the familiars.

"Will he not shrink, think you?"

"There is no fear—he is a thorough believer in Hermetic craft, and as our banker tells me, has the rarest dreams we could devise when his head is properly stirred."

"But if our patron should insist on questioning him?"

"Let him answer for himself—he has heard strange things and will say he has seen the Millennium. Could you not see how his imagination travelled when he thought himself going up the ladder, and you blew the great bellows in his face?"

The agent of the Cabalists could not forbear a fit of laughing—"Well, I have some curiosity myself to know what account he will give of the upper regions which he was so afraid to stay in. Let us take him out of his corner and give him a little celestial refreshment." The sack was accordingly placed upright on a table, the muffled

head allowed to come forth above it, and a few ambrosial pastilles burned near the nose. This ceremony over, the sack was again drawn loosely up, and a voice made powerful by a large silver tube, spoke from the lower part of the academic hall.

"Where hast thou been?"

"In the air," replied the occupier of the sack in a tremulous voice.

"What hast thou seen there?"

"All that are hanging, all that *may*, and all that *shall* be hanged."

This reply rather startled the examiner, but he consulted his formula and proceeded.

"What sawest thou upon earth?"

"The foolish, the half-wise, and the all-wise."

"Who are they?"

"The foolish are the women of this world—the half-wise are their husbands, and the all-wise is I myself." There was another buzz at this reply, but it expressed approbation, and the clerk of the society resumed his questions. "If thou art all-wise, thou knowest what the King of Prussia does at this moment?"

"He is thinking of an ugly, lean, ungrateful Frenchman, with a hawk's nose, a viper's eye, and a tongue like a salamander, for it dwells in nothing but heart-burning. The rogue has made himself the King's confidante, and the King intends to make him his old clothes' merchant and patcher of loose shreds."

A pause of silence was broken by a shrill voice asking—"What sawest thou in Geneva?"—The sack replied—"A mad man writing letters to posterity, which the postmaster-general Time will never deliver. Moreover, he is preaching humanity, but leaving his children to the Foundling Hospital; and striving to educate men as if nature had not made fools enough. But he has some good in him for he hates Voltaire."

"What will the King of Prussia say to the Calvinistic curate who has asked

preferment at Neufchatel?"—"Tarry at Jericho till thy beard is grown: and he will give the same answer to young philosophers."

"Ask him," said a whispering female voice, "what the witty, the beautiful, and the celebrated Madame De——d is now saying to the minister of the Bavarian court?" As if the ears of the oracle in the sack had been sharpened by blindfolding his eyes, the instant answer was—"They are saying nothing—the lady sits with her feet on the fender—the gentleman with his eyes on his snuff-box, both yawning at their ease. Because they were ridiculous forty years ago in each other's company, they think it their duty to be dull no where else now."

"If thou hast seen all things," resumed the inquisitor in a more solemn tone, "thou hast seen our brothers in France. What do they to-night?"

"They are quarrelling over the blue bib of the little Dauphin,* and his cousin of Orleans swears it shall be a crimson one ere long. A cup of brandy given to a drunken courier, saved Monk's head, and restored Charles of England: a scarlet feather placed in a coquettish woman's cap, cost Peter of Russia his crown and determined his vixen-wife to be an empress: an affront to a printer in green spectacles lost America to England; and a courtesan's lock of yellow hair may split the alliance of the Illuminated. They are debating now whether Monsieur Nec-kar's daughter or himself ought to be prime-minister."

"How will the debate end?"

The voice changed slightly and replied in a low and deep tone—"None present here will see!—There are men of high souls and women of rare beauty holding council to-night on the fate of Europe—It will be with them in twenty years as it will be with all that inhabit this world in a century. Of all that exist now upon this earth when the hundredth anniversary returns, only a few helpless wretches will remain—but

* The cordon bleu was put on the late Dauphin in the cradle.

of that divan before the twentieth year is past, there will be but one!—I shall not live to tell you this again.”*

A profound and long silence followed, and the secret council looked upon each other with conscious dismay and a deeper feeling of superstitious awe in themselves than they had hoped to create in others. Presently there was considerable hurry and commotion as if some great drama was rehearsing, and the muffled prisoner was suddenly placed near a crevice in a dark curtain and desired to tell what he discerned through it. There was a slight shivering in his envelope and he muttered to himself “*Dans peu de tems je te r'approchera!*” Then replacing instantly the bandage over his face, he said to the audience—“I see the shadow of a woman whom a misjudged father sacrificed, forgetting that generous men never cease to love what is persecuted:—and I see a likeness of a thoughtless boy who pleased his Prince by calling himself his faithful Diaphané, and had not wit enough to escape the gallows by forsaking him. I also see a blue-eyed man who would have been unhappy if they had not died, for he might not else have had the pleasure of believing two people loved him.” “Who is that blue-eyed man?” was asked by many voices. ‘The orator in the sack replied. “He is a prince who loves war and snuff, and hates women as much as the gallant Prince de Condé feared the sound of his mistress’s high shoe-heels, after she had wounded him with his own sword which she mistook for a long turkey’s feather. He has kept Voltaire to tickle

and keep him awake, but begins to think a hair from any other old fox would do as well. He gave D’Alembert a snuff-box because it was too little for a king after a fop had dipped his fingers in it. He laughs to see Rousseau making himself and the editor of the St. James’s Chronicle believe that Frederic the Great is afraid of him. As if it was any shame to be libelled by a man who would slander his Creator if he knew him!”

“Thou hast not yet answered our former question fully;” rejoined the agent of the assembly in a raised tone—“What employs the King of Prussia on this day?”

“This morning,” replied the invisible speaker, “he was conjugating the verb *Ennui* at *Sans-souci*—I am tired, thou art tired, he is tired, &c.—this evening, he has devised a new amusement and has ordered his serjeant-major to give a hundred lashes each to about forty gentlemen who are meddling in what does not concern them.” As he spoke, he dropped the bandage, the sack, and the threadbare coat that covered his favourite uniform, and they saw Frederic the Great himself. His blue eye had something paralyzing in it, for those who might have attempted escape stood stupidly gazing while the serjeant of the guards entered to execute their sentence. It was fulfilled with great impartiality, upon the spot in the presence of the King, who dismissed the cabalists very good humouredly after their flagellation, saying he had given them *another secret* to keep. V

(New Monthly Magazine.)

DISASTROUS ATTEMPT TO ASCEND MONT BLANC.

(Concluded.)

ON the whole, we amused ourselves so well, that the evening again surprised us before we were aware, and we were obliged to hasten our arrangements for the night. Having learned wisdom by experience, I now disposed myself with my head to the rock and

my feet to the precipice; and though we were thus exceedingly cramped for room, and Dr. Hamel and myself shared the same knapsack for a pillow, yet, on the whole, I reposed much better. The evening of this day being also rainy, we reserved our fireworks

* M. Laharpe records a similar prophecy. All Europe knows how well it has been verified.

for the following one, to celebrate our return ; but about two o'clock in the morning we saw the stars through the apertures of our canvass, though the fog still seemed rising from the valley. We were thus kept in suspense until five o'clock, when the sun, silvering with its rays the summit of the mountain, appeared, as it were, to invite us onward. The guides were now eager to proceed, and our whole party shared in their ardour, with one exception. M. Sellique had passed a rather sleepless night, during which he had made it out completely to his own satisfaction, that a married man had a sacred and imperious call to prudence and caution where his own life seemed at all at stake ; that he had done enough for glory in passing two nights, in succession, perched on a crag like an eagle ; and that it now became him, like a sensible man, to return to Geneva, while return was yet possible. All our remonstrances proving ineffectual, though an allusion to his new barometer was not forgotten, we left him, with two of the guides, in possession of our tent at the Grand Mulet. These men were persuaded much against their inclination, to forego the pleasure of continuing the ascent, and thus adding to their reputation as guides. Two of them who had never been on the summit, and who were, therefore, selected as more proper to remain, actually refused. These were Pierre Balmat and Auguste Tairray, whose names will appear again in the sequel. Our party was now reduced to eleven, a number sufficiently large at this period of ascent ; and we set off again in much the same order as at first : the tent, however, and the ladder, with all the heavy baggage, were left behind. One blanket only was taken, which was to serve as a carpet during our halt for breakfast on the Grand Plateau*. We were clothed much warmer than on the first day, but yet so as not to encumber our march. The head and neck were well secured, and we each carried a double veil of green crape, to be tied

over our faces as soon as the sun should become troublesome. Almost all the danger was now considered as surmounted. The difficulty, it is true, increased with every step as we rose into a rarer atmosphere, and our path was occasionally very steep. The snow, however, was just of the right consistency, as we continued to mount the successive slopes. The guides marched in front alternately, the first being, of course, the most laborious place, for we all trod precisely in the same steps, which thus soon became firm enough to support our weight without yielding.

At twenty minutes past eight we arrived at the Grand Plateau, where the rug was soon spread, and we were glad to repose for a few minutes. From this height we had a most magnificent view of the scenery below. The morning fog having been gradually dissolved, we now saw every thing with the utmost distinctness. Hitherto we had seen nothing beneath us but a tranquil sea of white clouds, pierced here and there by the summit of some elevated crag, which appeared like an island in the midst of the deep ; but now the whole valley was thrown open to our sight. We had a distinct view of the Lake of Geneva and the heights beyond : while the ridge of the Jura bounded the panorama to the west. The Aiguille du Midi, which, during the early part of our ascent, had seemed to vie in height with Mont Blanc itself, now lay at our feet. The Dome de Gouté, on our right was still a little above us ; and we saw several avalanches, which had fallen from thence during the night. The summit of the mountain was before us, and to our experienced eyes promised us many a weary step to reach it. Indeed we now, for the first time, had a clear view of its enormous height, seeing it raise itself so far above all the neighbouring summits. We had not as yet, suffered much from the difficulty of respiration, partly from the steady, deliberate step with which we continued to ascend. Though we felt no great appetite, yet,

* A name bestowed upon the last of three level spaces, which succeed one another, after as many steep slopes in the interval between the Grand Mulet and the Dome de Gouté, the western shoulder of the mountain. Saussure slept on the second of these the first night of his ascent.

at the urgent intreaties of the guides, who assured us that we should feel it absolutely impossible to eat as we advanced higher up, we finished two more of the chickens. The lemonade proved much more acceptable, for we had now arrived at a high state of fever, and our thirst was incessant. Our spirits, however, were still good, and we sincerely pitied our timorous friend below, who, we doubted not, had long since repented of his resolution. About nine o'clock we resumed our march, with the expectation of reaching the summit at half-past eleven, and without another regular halt.

The guides, David Couttet (brother to Joseph) and Pierre Carrier, were in front alternately, for the labour now became so great, that they were obliged to relieve one another perpetually. I followed second in the line, rarely so far behind as third; Dr. Hamel was in the rear of the party, and H—— about the middle. We were soon obliged to lower our green veils to shield us both from the cold wind and the glare of the sun upon the snow—in addition to which my companions had green spectacles. Perhaps the most impressive feature in our present situation was the perfect, and almost appalling silence, which prevailed. Even the buzzing of an insect would have been a relief. This, together with the absence of all traces of animal life, (for we had seen no quadruped since the goats of *chalêt*, and not even a bird had appeared to remind us of the possibility of any aerial visitant), was something altogether new to us. On no former occasion had we ever found the idea of solitude brought so home to our imaginations, as when amid these vast wastes, we felt ourselves shrink into comparative insignificance by the side of the stupendous objects in our view. We now also began to feel, rather painfully, the effect of the rarity of the air, being obliged to stop every five minutes to recover our breath; and in a short time we found even this too seldom, and three minutes' progress completely exhausted us. At these intervals we turned round, raised our veils, bent down our heads, and, leaning on our poles, absolutely

gasped for the space of half a minute. Before the minute had elapsed we were in a condition to proceed. Under these circumstances we advanced in complete silence, finding that we had no breath to spare, and that, in consequence of the rarity of the air, it required a great effort to make ourselves heard. The sky above us appeared of a very dark blue, almost approaching to black, while in the horizon it retained its ordinary appearance. Occasionally a slight drift of snow from the summit obliged us to turn our backs for a few moments; but on the whole, we found our progress, at this part of the ascent, easier than at any former period since we had embarked upon the snow. We were all “full of hope and joy at seeing ourselves so near the end of our laborious journey. The glorious weather which prevailed, the awful stillness which reigned around, and the pure celestial air which we inhaled, gave birth in our souls to feelings which are never experienced in these lower regions.”

After having proceeded an hour and a quarter according to our usual method, in a ziz-zag course, in the direction of the summit, and having at length reached the level of the *Dôme de Gouté*, still at some distance on our right, we suddenly made an obtuse angle to the left, and thus leaving the *Dôme* behind us, directed our course towards the eastern shoulder of the mountain, called by the guides the *Mont Maudit*. On our arrival there, we were to make one more bend to the right, and this last tack, to use a nautical phrase, would conduct us to the summit. In turning the corner of the *Mont Maudit*, we expected to incur some difficulty; but it was the last, the ascent from thence to the summit, being very gradual. In encountering these *mauvais pas*, as the guides call them, recourse was to be had to the ropes, to attach ourselves together by threes in a party; but, as this passage was a work of five or ten minutes only, we did not anticipate much danger; or rather, it was hardly possible to think of danger, with the end of all our toils so full in our view. We were now scarcely 400 yards below the level of the summit,

and expected to reach it in less than an hour. During our halt for breakfast, Dr. Hamel had prepared two billets, to be attached to the wings of the carrier-pigeon, as soon as we should have reached the summit. We were fearful that the great rarity of the air would prevent its supporting itself on the wing; and we were, at the same time, curious to see whether it would find its way back to Bonneville, a town which we had passed through between Geneva and St. Martin, where its mate was fruitlessly expecting it. We felt an interest in the fate of this poor animal, as well as in that of its companion the fowl, both of which had shared our provisions during the whole of the ascent, and afforded us considerable amusement by the way.* Their carriage was an old kettle on the back of one of the guides, having a hole in it which served them for a window. Through this aperture they occasionally reconnoitred the country, or demanded food; but a gust of cold wind soon compelled them to withdraw their heads again. A bottle of our best wine had been reserved to drink on the summit to the health of the King and the Emperor Alexander, as well as to the memory of Saussure. H—— and myself, during a short absence of Dr. H. were even arranging between us the *etiquette* of precedence between the two monarchs, and calculating the possibility of a battle on that subject on the summit, in which case the odds were in our favour.

About twenty minutes after the change in our direction above alluded to, the difficulty of breathing gradually increasing, and our thirst being incessant, I was obliged to stop half a minute to arrange my veil; and the sun being at that moment partially concealed by a cloud, I tucked it up under the large straw hat which I wore. In this interval my companion H—— and three of the guides passed me, so that I was now sixth in the line, and of course the centre man. H—— was next before me; and as it was the first time we had been so circumstanced during the whole morning, he remarked it, and said we

ought to have one guide at least between us, in case of accident. This I over-ruled by referring him to the absence of all appearance of danger at that part of our march, to which he assented. I did not then attempt to recover my place in front, though the wish more than once crossed my mind, finding, perhaps, that my present one was much less laborious. To this apparently trivial circumstance I was indebted for my life. A few minutes after the above conversation, my veil being still up, and my eyes turned at intervals towards the summit of the mountain, which was on the right, as we were crossing obliquely the long slope above described, which was to conduct us to the Mont Maudit, the snow suddenly gave way beneath our feet, beginning at the head of the line, and carried us all down the slope to our left. I was thrown instantly off my feet, but was still on my knees and endeavouring to regain my footing, when, in a few seconds, the snow on our right, which was of course above us, rushed into the gap thus suddenly made, and completed the catastrophe by burying us all at once into the mass, and hurrying us downwards towards two crevasses about a furlong below us, and nearly parallel to the line of our march. The accumulation of snow instantly threw me backwards, and I was carried down, in spite of all my struggles. In less than a minute I emerged, partly from my own exertions, and partly because the velocity of the falling mass had subsided from its own friction. I was obliged to resign my pole in the struggle, feeling it forced out of my hand. A short time afterwards, I found it on the very brink of the crevasse. This had hitherto escaped our notice, from its being so far below us, and it was not until some time after the snow had settled, that I perceived it. At the moment of my immersing, I was so far from being alive to the danger of our situations, that on seeing my two companions at some distance below me, up to the waist in snow, and sitting motionless and silent, a jest was rising

* They were both lost in the subsequent calamity.

to my lips, till a second glance shewed me that, with the exception of Mathieu Balmat, they were the only remnants of the party visible. Two more, however, being those in the interval between myself and the rear of the party, having quickly reappeared, I was still inclined to treat the affair, rather as a perplexing though ludicrous delay, in having sent us down so many hundred feet lower, than in the light of a serious accident, when Mathieu Balmat cried out that some of the party were lost, and pointed to the crevasse, which had hitherto escaped our notice, into which, he said, they had fallen. A nearer view convinced us all of the sad truth. The three front guides, Pierre Carrier, Pierre Balmat, and Auguste Tairray, being where the slope was somewhat steeper, had been carried down with greater rapidity and to a greater distance, and had thus been hurried into the crevasse, with an immense mass of snow upon them, which rose nearly to the brink. Mathieu Balmat, who was fourth in the line, being a man of great muscular strength, as well as presence of mind, had suddenly thrust his pole into the firm snow beneath, when he felt himself going, which certainly checked, in some measure, the force of his fall. Our two hindmost guides were also missing, but we were soon gladdened by seeing them make their appearance, and cheered them with loud and repeated hurrahs. One of these, Julien Devouassoux, had been carried into the crevasse, where it was very narrow, and had been thrown with some violence against the opposite brink. He contrived to scramble out without assistance, at the expense of a trifling cut on the chin. The other, Joseph Marie Couttet, had been dragged out by his companions, quite senseless, and nearly black from the weight of snow which had been upon him. In a short time, however, he recovered. It was long before we could convince ourselves that the others were past hope, and we exhausted ourselves fruitlessly, for some time, in fathoming the loose snow with our poles. When the sad truth burst upon us, our feelings may,

perhaps, be conceived, but cannot be expressed. The first reflection made involuntarily by each of us—"I have caused the death of those brave fellows," however it was afterwards over-ruled in our calmer moments, was then replete with unutterable distress. We were separated so far from one another by the accident, that we had some distance to come before we could unite our endeavours. The first few minutes, as may be readily imagined, were wasted in irregular and unsystematic attempts to recover them. At length, being thoroughly convinced, from the relative positions of the party when the accident happened, that the poor fellows were indeed in the crevasse, at the spot pointed out by Mathieu Balmat, the brother of one of them—in our opinion, only one thing remained to be done, and that was to venture down upon the snow which had fallen in, and, as a forlorn hope, to fathom its unknown depths with our poles. After having thus made every effort in our power for their recovery, we agreed to abandon the enterprise altogether, and return to the Grand Mulet. The guides having in vain attempted to divert us from our purpose, we returned to the crevasse, from which, during the consultation, we had separated ourselves to a short distance, and descended upon the new-fallen snow. Happily it did not give way beneath our weight. Here we continued, above a quarter of an hour, to make every exertion in our power for the recovery of our poor comrades. After thrusting the poles in to their full length, we knelt down and applied our mouth to the end, shouting along them, and then listening for an answer, in the fond hope that they might be still alive, sheltered by some projection of the icy walls of the crevasse; but, alas! all was silent as the grave, and we had too much reason to fear, that they were long since insensible, and probably at a vast depth beneath the snow on which we were standing. We could see no bottom to the gulf on each side of the pile of snow on which we stood; the sides of the crevasse were here, as in other places, solid ice, of a cerulean

colour, and very beautiful to the eye. Two of the guides, our two leaders, had followed us mechanically to the spot, but could not be prevailed upon to make any attempts to search for the bodies. One of these soon proposed to us to continue the ascent. This was Marie Couttet, who had escaped so narrowly with his life; but Julien Devouassoux loudly protested against this, and resolutely refused to advance. Whether or not we could have prevailed on a sufficient number to accompany us to the summit, I cannot say; but we did not bring the point to trial, having now no room left in our minds for any other idea than that of the most bitter regret. I hardly know whether we should then have felt sufficient interest to lead us a hundred yards onwards, had that been the only remaining interval between us and the summit. Had we recovered our lost companions, I am sure the past danger would not have deterred us; but to advance under present circumstances, required other hearts than ours. I believe those who condemn us for having abandoned the enterprise when so near to its accomplishment, (and many have done so) refer all our reluctance to personal fear; but this is a charge from which we do not feel very anxious to clear ourselves. We had soon to encounter a much more serious imputation of an opposite character, that of undue rashness, in persisting in the ascent after the bad weather we had experienced. The best refutation of this charge may be seen in the *procès verbal*, held the following morning by the municipal officer, on occasion of the unhappy catastrophe. I was anxious to procure a copy of this important document before we left the Prieuré; but this being against custom, we made a singular application to the magistrate at Bonneville, the head-quarters of the district. He was obliging enough to forward a copy to each of us, to our address at Geneva. Had this arrived earlier, we should have been spared some very painful scenes in that city; where, by the industry of M. Sellique, some very injurious reports were soon in circulation against us. The reluctance ex-

pressed by the guides on our proposing to set off the preceding day, arose not so much from the danger they anticipated as from a conviction that our object in the ascent would be defeated by the cloudiness of the weather. As the same wind continued, they anticipated rain, which would have incommoded us exceedingly; but on the third morning all their objections seemed at once to vanish, and they were all so eager to proceed, that, as was observed above, we found some difficulty in selecting two to remain behind at the Grand Mulet.

To return to our narrative. All our endeavours proving fruitless, we at length tore ourselves from the spot, towards which we continued to direct many a retrospective glance, in the vague hope of seeing our poor companions re-appear, and commenced our melancholy descent. After a silent march of nearly three hours, which we performed not as before, in one unbroken line, but in detached parties, Dr. Hamel being at some distance behind and H—— in the front, we regained the Grand Mulet, where we found our tent just as we had left it in the morning. Here we met two guides, who were arrived from Chamounix, accompanied by two Frenchmen on a geological tour; they were desirous of joining our party, but on hearing the accident which had befallen us, preferred returning with us to Chamounix. As I was narrating the catastrophe to the party on the rock, one of them, in the warmth of his heart, caught me in his arms, and I was obliged to submit to a salute on both sides of the face, by way of congratulation. Though the day was now pretty far advanced, it being past three o'clock, yet we preferred continuing our descent. After a short halt, during which the guides packed up all the baggage, we once more put ourselves in motion, and addressed ourselves to the formidable task of descending the Grand Mulet. The guides promised us daylight sufficient to conduct us over all the *mauvais pas*, after which we might either take up with a shed and some straw at the *chalêt*, or proceed to the *hôtel* at Chamounix, ac-

cording as our strength and inclination should direct. Our mental excitement set us above all personal fear, and we apprehended lest this should be quickly succeeded by a nervousness, which might altogether incapacitate us for exertion. The commencement of the descent over the ridge being achieved with great caution, we soon proceeded pretty rapidly. One of the guides took the lead as usual. He was followed by one of ourselves, with a cord round his waist, which was held by the guide next in the line. By this arrangement, we were each between two guides, and the spikes in our heels gave us additional confidence in treading. M. Sellique had set off on his return as soon as we were out of sight in the morning. The two guides who had arrived with our new acquaintances the Frenchmen, had met him with his two guides in the passage of the glacier, which both these parties contrived to cross without the aid of the ladder, which remained as the main rafter of our tent above. Nothing remarkable occurred during our rapid descent to the chalêt, excepting that we found a young chamois in the glacier, which appeared to have made a fruitless endeavour, to cross it, and lost its life by a fall. Our thirst continued as violent as ever, and we drank every five minutes at the delicious drippings of the glacier. Ever since breakfast we had been in a high state of fever, which our mental agitation had no doubt much increased. Dr. Hamel's pulse was at 128 in the minute, and H——'s and mine were probably at nearly the same height.

We reached the chalêt about seven, where we refreshed ourselves with some milk and wild strawberries. Our new companions, having ascended from this spot in the morning, were now quite exhausted, and remained here for the night. We preferred continuing the descent, though in the dark, by a track which reminded me strongly of a night-march in the Pyrenees, and about nine o'clock arrived at the hotel. Mathieu Balmat had got the start of us about ten minutes, and we found a large party of women loudly bewailing the fate of the unhappy sufferers. We shut

ourselves up immediately, not being in a situation to bear company. We found at the hotel some Oxford friends, who arrived on the evening of the day of our ascent, in the midst of the thunder-storm, and were much alarmed at seeing our names in the travellers' book. During the day before they had observed us on the Grand Mulet, and that very morning had seen us on our way to the Grand Plateau. They ascertained our number to be 11, and a few hours afterwards saw us return with only 8 in the party. They even took notice that the two or three last were perpetually stopping and looking behind them. From these signs, the landlord of the hotel anticipated the melancholy tidings first brought by poor Balmat.

The next morning we sent for the relatives of the deceased. Fortunately neither of them was married, but Carrier had left an aged father, who had been wholly dependent on him for support. We left with him what we could spare; and at Geneva a subscription was soon opened for them, under the auspices of the amiable Professor Pictet, who exerted himself in their behalf. Our meeting with old Balmat was the most affecting of all. He had been one of Saussure's guides, and was brother to the hero surnamed Mont Blanc. On my commending the bravery of his poor son Pierre, the tears started into his eyes, which kindled for a moment at the compliment, and he grasped my hand with ardour as he replied "*Oui, Monsieur, vous avez raison, il étoit même trop brave, comme son père.*" The officer soon attended to conduct the *procès verbal*.

About two o'clock we set off on our return for Chamounix in two shara-bands.

Our parting with the inhabitants of the village was truly affecting. The sympathy which we could not help displaying in the grief of the surviving relatives had won all their honest hearts, and many pressed round our shara-bands for the pleasure of wishing us a safe and happy return to England. We slept, as before, at St. Martin, and the following day arrived at Geneva.

I will add a few words in explana-

tion of the immediate cause of the accident.

During two or three days a pretty strong southerly wind had prevailed, which drifting gradually a mass of snow from the summit, had caused it to form a sort of wreath on the northern side, where the angle of its inclination to the horizon was small enough to allow it to settle. In the course of the preceding night, that had frozen, but not so hard as to bear our weight. Accordingly, in crossing the slope obliquely, as above described, with the summit on our right, we broke through the outer crust, and sank in nearly up to the knees. At the moment of the accident, a crack had been formed quite across the wreath; this caused the lower part to slide down under our weight on the smooth slope of snow beneath it, and the upper part of the wreath, thus bereft of its support, followed it in a few seconds, and was the grand contributor to the calamity. The angle of the slope, a few minutes before the accident was only 28° . Here, perhaps, it was somewhat greater, and in the extreme front probably greatest of all, since the snow fell there with greater velocity, and to a greater distance. Should any one be induced to make another attempt to reach the summit by the same route, he should either cross the slope below the crevasse, and then having passed it by a ladder, mount in zig-zag towards the Mount Maudit; or the party should proceed in parallel lines, and not trust all their weight to a surface, which, whenever a southerly wind prevails, must be exposed to a similar danger. All such plans as that of fastening themselves together with a rope would be utterly useless, besides the insupportable fatigue which this method of proceeding would occasion, as will at once be acknowledged by all who have made the experiment. This plan answers well enough in the descent, and when only two or three are united by the rope; but in other circumstances it would utterly fail. At the moment of

the accident, Pierre Carrier, on every circumstance connected with whom I still feel a melancholy pleasure in dwelling, was at the head of the line, and Pierre Balmat, who, as well as his immediate follower and partner in the misfortune, Auguste Tairray, was making his first ascent, was second. Couttet had been on the summit five or six times, and was then, as well as his brother David, in the rear. The behaviour of all the guides on occasion of the accident was such perhaps, as might be expected from men thrown on a sudden completely out of their reckoning:—their presence of mind, for some minutes, seemed utterly to abandon them, and they walked to and fro uttering cries of despair. The conduct of poor Mathieu Balmat was most heart-rending to witness:—after some frantic gestures of despair, he threw himself on the snow, where he sat for some time in sullen silence, rejecting all our kind offices with a sort of irritation which made it painful to approach him. But this did not last long; he suffered me to lead him a few paces at the commencement of the descent, and then suddenly shaking himself, as if from a load, he adjusted the straps of his knapsack, and resumed his wonted firmness. At times he even chimed in with the conversation of the rest with apparent unconcern; but I observed a sort of convulsion occasionally pass across him, from which he relieved himself by the same gesture of shaking his head and throwing it backwards. It is remarkable, that, from the commencement of the descent until our arrival at the Grand Mulet, he attached himself to my friend H—, and adjusted his steps with the same assiduity as if he had been unengrossed by personal suffering.

Joseph Marie Couttet, who from his former military habits had acquired probably a familiarity with death, betrayed, as we thought, something approaching to insensibility on the occasion.* He was, as has been observed, very near sharing the fate of the poor

* He had formerly served in the *Chasseurs à cheval* in the French service, an honour which he duly appreciated. I cannot omit his laconic answer to a question proposed to him by one of the party, on the state of his mind during his rapid descent under the snow:—"Ma foi, j'ai dit à moi-même C'est fini—je suis perdu—voilà tout."

sufferers, and perhaps this very circumstance made him jealous of displaying too much feeling on the occasion. Yet, on his taking leave of me the following day, he exhibited so much warmth of regret, that I was affected almost to tears. His brother, David Couttet, another of the guides, was equally intrepid, and I believe was the means of preserving my life during the descent in the passage of the glacier. My feet had slipped from under me, and I had rolled to the edge of a crevasse, when I felt myself suddenly arrested on its very brink by the cord around my waist, which allowed me time to recover myself. The minute details respecting the guides, with which I have interspersed this narrative, will not, I feel persuaded, be deemed impertinent by those who have ever been acquainted with this highly interesting race of men. There is about them all an honest frankness of character, united with a simple though courteous behaviour, and an almost tender solicitude about the safety and comfort of those committed to their guidance, which cannot fail to make a lasting impression on those who have once known them. The delight which

they testify at finding the traveller surmount difficulties, and the looks of congratulation and encouragement which they every now and then direct towards him, contribute highly to keep up his spirit, which else might perhaps desert him at some important crisis. The principal of them are well known and appreciated at Geneva; and the reader will not therefore feel much wonder at the strong feeling which prevailed against us on our return thither. Our former companion had found it necessary to his own credit, to exaggerate exceedingly the apparent danger of proceeding higher; and it must be allowed that his account, supported as it was by the subsequent disaster, possessed strong claims upon the faith of his audience. I am happy, however, to add, that in a very few days this erroneous impression was completely done away with, and ample justice was rendered by all to the conduct of Dr. Hamel, who had been the most obnoxious to their censure, both from his being considered the leader of the party, and from his well-known ardour in similar undertakings.

(Literary Gazette.)

TOUR *through the* SOUTHERN PROVINCES *of the* KINGDOM OF NAPLES.

BY THE HON. R. KEPPEL CRAVEN.

THE name of the writer has recently attracted so much attention, as to render any personal notice unnecessary and we shall only observe, that he looks at objects with the eye of an elegant scholar, and writes upon them like a gentleman. His volume is perhaps too much of an itinerary; but there is a good deal of pleasing and useful matter in it, and the engravings which illustrate it are very beautiful.

We shall, for the present, merely quote a few loose and unconnected passages, under titles to render them intelligible.

A MEMORABLE DUEL.

"I cannot find that Ostuni is noted for any particular event in remote or recent times, except a celebrated duel,

which took place in the town about the year 1664, the details of which are so strongly indicative of the temper and manners of the times, that they may perhaps plead an excuse for their insertion.

"The management of the sword, as an offensive and defensive weapon, was at that period not only considered as the most fashionable and manly accomplishment which a nobleman could possess, but was generally practised by all ranks of persons; for it is noted that even at a less remote era the fishermen of Taranto, after the daily labours imposed by the exercise of their profession, were wont to meet in the evening, and resort to the recreation of fencing. The barbarous custom of duelling, maintained in its full force by false notions of

honour and prerogative, the inefficiency of the laws, and the errors of feudal institutions, contributed no doubt to enoble this sanguinary art, and extend the prevalence of its exercise throughout the realm.

"The Count of Conversano, called also Duke of Le Noci, of the family of Aquaviva, and the Prince of Francavilla, of that of the Imperiali, were the two most powerful lords in lower Apulia: the former boasted of his ancient descent, his numerous titles, and his great domains, and numbered among his predecessors a succession of nobles whose tyrannical and violent disposition had designated them as a race dreaded by their inferiors, and hated by their equals. The Prince of Francavilla was of Genoese extraction, but his family had been settled in the kingdom from the time of Charles the Fifth, and he emulated the Count in pride, while he surpassed him in wealth. Their territories joined, and the constant litigations arising out of their inordinate but ill-timed jurisdictions were thereby super-added to the long list of mutual injuries recorded by both families. Their animosity broke out at Naples, on some trifling occasion, when they were each in their carriage, and after a long contest of words the Count of Conversano challenged the Prince of Francavilla to decide their difference by the sword; the latter declined this mode of combat, as ill suited to his age and infirmities, but consented to the duel if the arms might be exchanged for pistols. His antagonist, who was esteemed the best swordsman in the kingdom, insisted on his first proposal, and excited the Prince to accede to it by the application of several blows with the flat side of his weapon. An insult so grossly offered in the public streets authorised the existing government, carried on through the administration of a Viceroy, to suspend or check the consequences likely to arise by placing the aggressor under arrest for a time, and subsequently ordering them both to retire to their respective estates. But the feelings of unsatisfied hatred in the one, and of insulted pride in the other, were not likely to be allayed by this exclusion from the world;

and in a short time the Prince of Francavilla proposed a champion in his cause, in the person of his sister's only son, the Duke of Martina, of the house of Carraccioli. This young man was but just returned from his travels, and his education was not completed, so that although the Count of Conversano admitted, with a brutal anticipation of success, the substitution of this youthful adversary, it was agreed that a year more should elapse previous to the final termination of their differences, and the field of battle was fixed at Ostuni, the jurisdiction of which town had been previously claimed and disputed by both noblemen. The eyes of the whole kingdom were directed with anxious and fearful expectation towards this spot; but the wishes of the majority were entirely on the side of the Duke of Martina, whose youth, accomplishments, and amiable disposition called forth the interest of all ranks. His uncle, actuated more by the apprehensions of shame in the event of defeat, than by feelings of affection for his relative, endeavoured to insure success by the following stratagem: A gentleman, who had been some time, as was the custom in those days, a retainer in his family, left it abruptly one night, and sought the Count of Conversano's castle, into which he gained admission by a recital of injurious treatment and fictitious wrongs, heaped upon him by the tyrannical and arbitrary temper of the Prince of Francavilla. A complaint of this nature was always the passport to the Count's favour and good graces, and he not only admitted this gentleman to the full enjoyment of his princely hospitality, but having found that he was an experienced and dexterous swordsman, passed most of his time in practising with him that art, which he soon hoped would insure the triumph he valued most on earth. A few days previous to that fixed for the duel, the guest, under pretence of paying a visit to his relatives, withdrew from the Count of Conversano's territories, and secretly returned to those of his employer; where he lost no time in communicating to his nephew all the peculiarities and advantages

repeated experience had enabled him to remark in the Count's manner of fencing. The Duke of Martina was thereby taught that the only chance of success which he could look to, was by keeping on the defensive during the early part of the combat: he was instructed that his antagonist, tho' avowedly the most able manager of the sword in the kingdom, was extremely violent, and that if he could parry the thrusts made on the first attack, however formidable from superior skill and strength of wrist and arm, he might perhaps afterwards obtain success over an adversary, whose person, somewhat inclined to corpulency, would speedily become exhausted from the effects of his own impetuosity. The Duke of Martina, furnished with this salutary advice, and strong in the conviction of what he deemed a just cause, awaited in calm anxiety the day of battle; and the behaviour of the two combatants on the last morning strongly characterizes their different dispositions, as well as the manners and habits of the age they lived in. The Duke of Martina made his will, confessed himself, and took an affectionate leave of his mother, who retired to her oratory to pass in prayer the time her son devoted to the conflict; while the Count of Conversano ordered a sumptuous feast to be prepared, and invited his friends and retainers after the fight; he then carelessly bade his wife farewell, and brutally alluding to his adversary's youth and inexperience, remarked, *Vado a far un sapretto*.* They met at the place appointed: it was an open space before a monastery of friars at Ostuni; but these good fathers, by their intercession and prayers, prevailed upon the combatants to remove to another similar plot of ground, in front of the Capuchin convent, in the same town: here the bishop and clergy, carrying the Host in solemn procession, attempted in vain to dissuade them from their bloody purpose: they were dismissed with scorn, and the duel began. It was of long duration, and afforded the Duke an opportunity of availing him-

self of the counsels he had received: when he found the Count began to be out of breath, and off his guard, he assumed the offensive part, and having wounded him, demanded if he was satisfied, and proposed to desist from any further hostility; but, stung to the soul by this unexpected reverse, the Count refused all offers of accommodation, and by blind revenge and redoubled animosity soon lost all command of himself, and received a second wound, which terminated the contest, together with his life. It appears that the Prince of Francavilla, whose principles were as little honourable as those of his adversary, and whose thirst of revenge was no less insatiable, had appointed a band of assassins to waylay and murder him on his way home, had he returned victorious from the conflict."

DEATH OF MURAT.

"The road from Monteleone to Nicastro, where I was to sleep, does not run through il Pizzo, but I was induced to deviate from it to visit a spot which had obtained an interest from an event closely connected with the political history of this country, and not indifferent to that of Europe at large. Joachim Murat, in the autumn of 1815, landed at il Pizzo with a few followers, and was arrested by its inhabitants, whom he had in vain stimulated to join him, thrown into a prison, condemned to be shot by a military commission in virtue of a law which he himself had promulgated, and executed four days after his ill-advised arrival.

"When Murat repaired to the public square of il Pizzo, and harangued the astonished multitude, calling upon them to recognize him as their lawful sovereign, and distributing the proclamations to the same effect which he had brought with him, the people listened to him with mute surprise, and slunk away one by one to their habitations, which they cautiously, but without delay, shut up; leaving him and his adherents to ponder on the inauspicious commencement of their enterprise.

* I am going to kill a kid, or rather to make a kid.

“The town of Monteleone, which he had embellished, and raised to the rank of a provincial capital, was supposed to be well affected towards him; it was only seven miles distant, and thither he immediately resolved to proceed, to try his better fortune. Most of the territory surrounding *il Pizzo*, and a great portion of the town itself, belongs to the Duke of Infantado; and his agent or steward resident there possessed that kind of influence which, notwithstanding the abolition of feudal rights, must always be attached to the person of a considerable landed proprietor; and he exerted it in this instance in raising the population to a sense of the danger to be apprehended from suffering the ex-king to continue his progress unmolested. Without pretending to point out the particular feelings which were supposed to have actuated this individual, I shall only advert to the treatment of his employer, the Duke of Infantado, and the indignities offered that personage during the early period of the occupation of Spain by the French, at the time that Murat was governor of Madrid.

“After a momentary delay, this person, attended by a sufficient number of the inhabitants of *il Pizzo*, strong in arms and determination, pursued the intruder with such promptitude as to gain considerably upon him before he had reached the summit of the steep acclivity above mentioned. Finding himself thus resolutely followed, and exposed to the shots which were fired by his pursuers, he considered it more advisable to seek the boats which had brought his small party; and despairing of fighting his way through the superior numbers, which thus unexpectedly attacked him, he threw himself from off the road, into the deep and rocky ravine which borders it, and through whose rugged and almost impracticable declivities he sought a nearer way to the shore. In this precipitous retreat he was accompanied by his own little troop, and followed by the townspeople and their leader; but found on his arrival at the beach, that the vessels which had brought him and his party had, through mistake, fear, or treachery,

put to sea again. He jumped into a fishing-boat, and was endeavouring to push it off from the shingles, when his opponents having overtaken him, and a shot from them having wounded one of his companions, he held up a white handkerchief, in token of surrender, and was led or rather hurried to the little fort, dignified with the name of castle, and forming the *ciadel* of *il Pizzo*. In his way there he suffered, from the mob which collected, the most injurious treatment; and it is even said that a woman who conceived herself aggrieved in the loss of one of her sons, executed as a bandit, probably most deservedly, through his orders some years before, tore off one of the whiskers from his cheek, in a fit of revenge upon the presumed author of her misfortune.

“He was at first thrust into a wretched cell, where he passed the night, but was removed to a more decent apartment, and furnished with every immediate article of necessity, through the order of the commandant of the division, who arrived from Monteleone early the next morning. A telegraphic despatch communicated the intelligence of his descent to Naples, and the same mode of conveyance brought back the order to proceed immediately on his judgment. He had landed on the 8th of October, and on the 13th, the court having pronounced sentence, he was executed, after having confessed himself and written to his wife.

“The fortress in which he was shut up is of very small dimensions; on a platform which extends over the first story, two parallel walls form a kind of uncovered corridor of about twelve paces in length, terminating in a parapet towards the sea. He stood with his back against this, and having himself given the signal, received the fire of the soldiers placed at the opposite extremity, and fell with his head against the door of a room in which all the officers who had accompanied him were at the time confined. His body was immediately buried in the principal church in the town, an edifice to which he had, in a former passage thro’ Calabria, given 2000 ducats. The vault which con-

tains his remains is marked by some boards let into the pavement." * * *

"I have more than once heard him express his conviction that he should receive his death by a musket-shot, but he had probably anticipated it in the field of battle. It is just possible to suppose that the mysterious fatality which subjected him to a fate so different on the coast of Calabria, may have awakened in the bitterness of his last reflections the scene and recollection of the summary judgment and execution over which he presided within the walls of Vincennes.

"It required all the charms of nature in their most powerful array to banish from my mind the impression produced by the sight of the humble sepulchre of him whom I had beheld revelling in the full wantonness of absolute power but eight months before he descended to it in ignominy.

"The splendour of Murat's court, perhaps the most brilliant in Europe at the period I allude to, as greatly exceeded the rank he held among other sovereigns, as the appointment and numbers of his troops were disproportioned to the resources and population of the kingdom; and both were characteristic of that indiscriminately profuse disposition which could reward the merits of an opera dancer upon the same scale of liberality with the services of a general or a minister of state.

"His wife, with the same high notions of magnificence, was by no means so injudiciously generous; and had they not both too blindly followed a system of deceit, which, though sometimes successfully adapted to subordinate political negotiations, cannot be applied with equal advantage to all times and exigencies, they might perhaps have preserved some remnants of that station to which fortune had exalted them, or at least have descended to the level of mediocrity by less perilous gradations.

"At the time that the Austrians were already in full march towards

Naples, the queen regent, as she was called, reviewed the civic guard with extraordinary grace and spirit, and assured them that a few more days would liberate them from all the hardships and dangers attached to the discharge of their functions; and the last minutes she passed in the palace were employed in graciously requesting some favourites to attend her breakfast the following morning, an injunction which was followed by her immediate removal to the ship from which she never again stepped on the Neapolitan shore.

"The aspect presented by the interior of the royal residence on this day was as extraordinary as it was novel to a spectator, accustomed to see it only in its gala trim. The courts were full of servants tumultuously demanding the arrears of their wages, and taking earnest of future payment in the seizure of the horses belonging to the establishment. The long corridors and galleries, untenanted by guards and liveried menials, presented no obstacles to the few visitors whom interest or curiosity attracted towards the closing scene of this drama. The kingly apartment itself, still adorned with the ponderous spoils of Herculaneum and Pompeii, relieved by Lyons embroidery and India muslins, was obstructed by large packing-cases, and its mosaic pavements soiled by the dirty footsteps of porters and carriers, and strewn with wisps of hay or paper shavings. The ladies in waiting, accustomed in the usual costly garb of attendance, were gnawing a few chicken bones, the scanty remains of the day's single meal; and, lastly, the indefatigable occupier of the tenement, decked out in all the elegance and *recherche* of the last Paris fashions, and preserving the careless smile of assumed complacency, strangely contrasted with haggard eyes and care-worn cheeks, was variously employed in packing up jewels, distributing money, dictating letters, and receiving or dismissing visitors with all the minute distinction of courtly etiquette."

HENRY M. DE LA TUDE.

IN the year 1749, Henry M. de la Tude, son of a Knight of the order of St. Louis, was sent to the Bastile, for the grave offence of having sported with the feelings of Madame Pompadour, the celebrated mistress of Louis XV. With the thoughtless warm enthusiasm of a young man, he had it seems attached himself to the cause of this woman in defence of her character, against the fanatics of the day. He wished to do her some ostensibly good office, and sighed to render himself of consequence in her esteem. Having heard that she was unhappy from the apprehension of poison, La Tude waited on Madame Pompadour at Versailles, to acquaint her that he had seen a parcel put into the post office addressed for her; and at the same time expressed his suspicions relative to the contents of it, and cautioned the Marchioness to beware. The parcel arrived of course, La Tude having himself put it into the post office; but the powder proved on chemical experiment perfectly innocent. The result gave the marchioness an insight into La Tude's design; and, offended at his presumption, she had him sent to the Bastile as an impostor.

La Tude with great ingenuity effected his escape from prison; and feeling unconscious of any crime demanding severity of punishment, he went, and voluntarily surrendered himself to the king. Unhappy man! Victim of the caprice and cruelty of a woman! The unfeeling marchioness, piqued at his placing more confidence in the king than herself, made such representations to his majesty, that he ordered La Tude back to the same prison, and to be immured in one of its most dreary chambers—a dungeon! where another prisoner, of the name of Delegre, was also confined by order of the marchioness.

Yet even from this impregnable fortress of barbarity, where no wealth could bribe—where no instrument of

any kind was allowed, did La Tude and his companion, without money and unaided, effect their escape.

They had neither scissars, knives, nor any edged instrument; and for an hundred guineas, the turnkey would not supply them with an ounce of thread. Upon making the calculation of the difficulties to be encountered, they found that they required fourteen hundred feet of cordage; two ladders of wood and rope, from twenty to twenty-five feet long, and another of a hundred and eight feet in length. It was necessary to displace several iron grates from the chimney; and in one night to make a hole in the wall several feet thick at the distance of only fifteen feet from a sentinel. The wooden ladder and that of rope, when made, must be concealed; and the officers, accompanied by the turnkeys, came to visit and search them several times a week. They had to make and do all these things to accomplish their design; and they had nothing but their hands to effect it with.

The hand, to those who know its use, is the instrument of all instruments. The iron hinge of the table was, by whetting on a tiled floor, converted into a knife. With this bars were removed, and a saw constructed; wood was concealed from the daily fuel to construct the ladders; La Tude's portmanteau contained twelve dozen of shirts, and other articles of apparel, out of which they made the 1400 feet of rope. The bars in the chimney took six months to displace; and the whole of these preparations cost eighteen months' work, day and night.

The moment of attempting their dangerous enterprise now arrived; one night, after supper, La Tude first ascended the chimney, and drew the ropes, iron bars, &c. up after him, leaving a sufficient quantity of the ladder in the chimney to enable his companion to ascend with less difficulty. Being now on the top, they drew up

the rest of the ladder; and then descended at once upon the platform, serving as a counterpoise to each other. They next fixed their ladder to a piece of cannon, and let it gently into the fosse; by which means they descended with their iron bars, wooden ladder, and all their equipage. During all this time the sentinel was not more than ten fathoms from them, walking upon the corridor.

This prevented them from getting up to it, to go into the garden, as they first intended; they therefore were under the necessity of making use of their iron bars. They proceeded straight to the wall which separates the fosse of the Bastile from that of the garden St. Antoine, between the garden and the governor's house. In this place there formerly had been a little fosse, a fathom wide, one or two feet deep; but now the water was up to their arm-pits.

The moment La Tude began to make a hole between two stones to introduce their iron bars as levers, the round major passed by with his great lantern, at the distance of ten or twelve feet over their heads. To prevent their being discovered, they sunk up to their chins in the water; this ceremony they were obliged to repeat every half hour when the round came by. At length one large stone was removed from the wall; they attacked a second, and afterwards a third, with equal success; so that before midnight they had displaced several cart-loads of stone; and in less than six hours had entirely pierced the wall, which was more than four feet and a half thick. They drew the portmanteau through the hole, abandoning every thing else without regret. They then descended into the deep fosse of the gate St. Antoine; whence, after a narrow escape from perishing, they got upon dry ground, and took refuge at the abbey of St. Germain des Prez.

La Tude fled to Holland; but on the demand of the King of France, he was given up by the Dutch government, reconducted to the Bastile, and more closely confined than ever.

On the death of Madame Pompadour, La Tude was informed of it by a

writing placed up at a window in the street, in consequence of some papers he had thrown from the Bastile tower.

Most of the prisoners in the Bastile were on this occasion liberated. The minister, Sartine, however, refused to set La Tude free, except on a condition which the unfortunate man, thinking derogatory to his honour, would not accede to, and he was still doomed by the remorseless revenge of that monster of inhumanity, to remain a prisoner ten feet under ground, clad in tatters, with a beard reaching to his feet, no bed but straw, no provision but bread and water, over-run with vermin! Such, alas! continued for many years the wretched situation of the unfortunate La Tude; whose only crime was having offended the favourite of his sovereign!

The ultimate liberation of La Tude is not the least wonderful part of his story. A woman, named *Le Gros*, walking abroad in June, 1781, saw lying in a corner a packet of papers, that had the appearance of having been tumbled in the dirt. She took it up, and returning home, read the contents. It proved to be a *memorial, stating part of the misfortunes of the Sieur La Tude, prisoner in a dungeon ten feet under ground, on an allowance of bread and water, for thirty-four years!*

The good woman was moved with compassion at the recital of such cruel suffering, and was incessant in her applications on his behalf to persons of rank; till at last she obtained his liberation on the 18th of March, 1784, through the influence of Baron Breteuil, who accompanied the glad tidings with a grant to La Tude of a pension of four hundred livres.

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GEORGE III. AND MR. WILKES.

The late king, George III., though remarkable for his uniform urbanity, and for seldom compromising his dignity by personal aversions, is understood to have deviated a little from this elevated line of conduct in the case of the demagogue, Wilkes. There was enough in the man's character, separated from those public grounds which made him a favourite with the people, to make any

good man detest him ; the manifestation of such a feeling on the part of his sovereign, is the only thing of the propriety of which there can be a doubt. When Mr. Wilkes went to court as Lord Mayor of London, it was not the man, but the high office he filled, which his majesty ought to have recognized ; and the City had perhaps reason to complain when their mayor was told by the lord in waiting, that it was expected he should not address his majesty.

So ungrateful was the sound of 'Wilkes and No.45,' (the famous number of the 'North Briton,') deemed to the King, that about 1772, a Prince of the Blood (George IV.) then a mere boy, having been chid for some boyish fault, and wishing to take a boyish revenge, is related to have done so by stealing to the king's apartment, and shouting at the door, 'Wilkes and No. 45 for ever !' and speedily running away. It is hardly necessary to add, (for who knows not the domestic amiableness of George III. ?) that his majesty laughed at the trick with his accustomed good humour.

THE LATE PRESIDENT WEST.

When Mr. Benjamin West, the illustrious painter, was about fifteen years of age, he was confined to his bed by a fever, and remained there several days ; the window shutter being closed, his eyes acquired the power of expansion, and he at times observed living objects in the scenery before the window, moving as it were in apparitional forms around his bed-room. It appeared extraordinary to him, that small

figures of men, cows, pigs, and fowls, should traverse the wall and ceiling of his room, and yet the act appeared, to his organs of vision, too unquestionable to doubt or to account for, upon the ground of emotions caused by his illness. He related the circumstance to his friends, who seriously feared that his intellects were impaired, and sent for a physician, who declared that he was in a favourable way of recovery ; he had no reason to infer that the mind of young West was unsound, although he could not but allow that it appeared singular that objects should be presented to his sight, which other persons did not see, and therefore he prescribed for him a composing draught. Young West discovered that, upon his covering with his finger a diagonal hole in the window shutter, the visionary objects disappeared, which first caused his mental fears to subside, sensible that there must therefore be some natural connection between the objects themselves and their representations to the wall of his apartment. Upon perforating a parlour window shutter horizontally, he produced a representation on the wall of the objects on the other side of the street ; and when he was fully recovered from his indisposition, he made a box, having one of its sides perforated, and with the reflective qualities of a mirror he produced a "camera obscura." On mentioning his discovery to Mr. Williams, an artist, he was surprised to find that he had received a more complete "camera" from England, a short time before the remarkable invention of West.

(Literary Gazette.)

DE LOUTHERBOURG'S EIDOPHUSIKON.

THIS article is respectfully dedicated to the fair, in compliment to the taste which our enlightened countrywomen have displayed in the cultivation of that beautiful and interesting department of the graphic art, the study of landscape. It would be a subject of regret to all lovers of the picturesque scenery of nature, if the ingenious con-

trivances which De Louthembourg invented, in the formation of his beautiful little stage, were consigned to oblivion for want of a record. It is well known that this original exhibition not only delighted, but even astonished the artists who crowded the seats of his theatre. Sir Joshua Reynolds honoured the talents of the ingenious contriver, by fre-

quent attendance, whilst it was exhibited in Panton Square, and recommended the ladies in his extensive circle to take their daughters, who cultivated drawing, as the best school to witness the powerful effects of nature, as viewed through the magic of his wondrous skill, in the combination of his inventive powers.

The stage on which the *Eidophusikon* was represented, was little more than six feet wide, and about eight feet in depth; yet such was the painter's knowledge of effect and scientific arrangement, and the scenes which he described were so completely illusive, that the space appeared to recede for many miles, and his horizon seemed as palpably distant from the eye, as the extreme termination of the view would appear in nature.

The opening subject of the *Eidophusikon* represented the view from the summit of Onetree Hill, in Greenwich Park, looking up the Thames to the Metropolis; on one side, conspicuous upon its picturesque eminence, stood Flamstead House; and, below, on the right, the grand mass of building, Greenwich Hospital, with its imposing cupolas, cut out of pasteboard, and painted with architectural correctness. The large groupes of trees formed another division, behind which were the towns of Greenwich and Deptford, with the shore on each side stretching to the metropolis, which was seen in its vast extent, from Chelsea to Poplar. Behind were the hills of Hampstead, Highgate, and Harrow; and the intermediate space was occupied by the flat stage, as the pool or port of London, crowded with shipping, each mass of which being cut out in pasteboard, and receding in size by the perspective of their distance. The heathy appearance of the foreground was constructed of cork, broken into the rugged and picturesque forms of a sand-pit, covered with minute mosses and lichens, producing a captivating effect amounting indeed to reality.

This scene, on the rising of the curtain, was enveloped in that mysterious light which is the precursor of day-break, so true to nature, that the imagi-

nation of the spectator sniffed the sweet breath of morn. A faint light appeared along the horizon; the scene assumed a vapourish tint of grey; presently a gleam of saffron, changing to the pure varieties that tinge the fleecy clouds that pass away in morning mist; the picture brightened by degrees; the sun appeared, gilding the tops of the trees and the projections of the lofty buildings, and burnishing the vanes on the cupolas; when the whole scene burst upon the eye in the gorgeous splendour of a beauteous day.

The clouds in every scene had a natural motion, and they were painted in semi-transparent colours, so that they not only received light in front, but by a greater intensity of the argand lamps, were susceptible of being illuminated from behind. The linen on which they were painted was stretched on frames of twenty times the surface of the stage, which rose diagonally by a winding machine. De Louthembourg, who excelled in representing the phenomena of clouds, may be said to have designed a series of effects on the same frame; thus, the first gleam of morn led to the succeeding increase of light; and the motion being oblique, the clouds first appeared from beneath the horizon, rose to a meridian, and floated fast or slow, according to their supposed density, or the power of the wind.

To illuminate the interesting scenes for this display of nature, the ingenious projector had constructed his lights to throw their power in front of the scenes; and this plan might be tried with advantage for spectacles, and particular effects at least, on the great stages of our magnificent theatres. The lamps on De Louthembourg's stage were above the proscenium, and hidden from the audience, instead of being unnaturally placed as we are accustomed to see them, by which the faces of the performers are illuminated, like Michael Angelo's Satan, from the regions below; thus throwing on their countenances a preternatural character, in defiance of all their well studied science of facial passion and expression.

Before the line of brilliant lamps, on the stage of the *Eidophusikon*, were

slips of stained glass; yellow, red, grey, purple, and blue. By the shifting of which, the painter could throw a tint upon the scenery, compatible with the time of day which he represented, and by a single slip, or their combinations, could produce a magical effect; thus giving a general hue of cheerfulness, sublimity, or awfulness, subservient to the phenomena of his scene. This too might be adopted on the regular stage, were the ingenious mechanists of the scene-room to set their wits to work; and at no vast expence, since the improvements of lighting with gas.

The inventive schemes of the artist to give motion and reality to the scenes which I have promised to describe, will display the endless resources of his original mind. The effect of a Storm at Sea, with the loss of the Halsewell Indiaman, was awful and astonishing; for the conflict of the raging elements he described with all its characteristic horrors of wind, hail, thunder, lightning, and the roaring of the waves, with such marvellous imitation of nature, that mariners have declared, whilst viewing the scene, that it amounted to reality.

Gainsborough was so wrapt in delight with the Eidophusikon, that for a time he thought of nothing else—he talked of nothing else—and passed his evenings at that exhibition in long succession. Gainsborough, himself a great experimentalist, could not fail to admire scenes wrought to such perfection by the aid of so many collateral inventions. Louthembourg's genius was as prolific in imitations of nature to astonish the ear as to charm the sight. He introduced a new art—the *pictur-esque of sound*.

I can never forget the awful impression that was excited by his ingenious contrivance to produce the effect of the firing of a signal of distress, in his sea storm. That appalling sound, which he that had been exposed to the terrors of a raging tempest could not listen to, even in this mimic scene, without being reminded of the heart-sickening answer, which sympathetic danger had reluctantly poured forth from his own loud gun—a hoarse sound to the howl-

ing wind, that proclaimed “I too, holy Heaven! need that succour I fain would lend!”

De Louthembourg had tried many schemes to effect this; but none was satisfactory to his nice ear, until he caused a large skin to be dressed into parchment, which was fastened by screws to a circular frame, forming a vast tambourine; to this was attached a compact sponge that went upon a whalebone spring; which, struck with violence, gave the effect of a near explosion; a more gentle blow, that of a far-off gun; and the reverberation of the sponge produced a marvellous imitation of the echo from cloud to cloud, dying away into silence.

The thunder was no less natural, and infinitely grand: a spacious sheet of thin copper was suspended by a chain, which, shaken by one of the lower corners, produced the distant rumbling, seemingly below the horizon; and, as the clouds rolled on, approached nearer and nearer, increasing peal by peal, until, following rapidly the lightning's zig-zag flash, which was admirably vivid and sudden, it burst in a tremendous crash immediately overhead.

Once, being at the Eidophusikon, with a party of intelligent friends, when this scene was performing over Exeter 'Change, I had the felicity to experience a most interesting treat. I had often wished for an opportunity to compare the effect of the awful phenomenon—a thunder storm, with this imitative thunder of De Louthembourg. A lady exclaimed, “It lightens!” and, in great agitation, pointed to an aperture that admitted air to the upper seats. The consternation caused by this discovery, induced many to retire to the lobby, some of whom, moved by terror or superstition, observed, “that the exhibition was presumptuous.” We moved to the gallery, and opening a door, stood upon the landing place, where we could compare the real with the artificial storm. When the exhibition was over, and we retired to sup with one of our party, the worthy Thomas Tomkins, in Sermon-lane, we naturally went into the merits of this scenic display, when it was agreed, and I repeat it not irreverently, that De

Louthembourg's was the best thunder. —To those who have not heard the sounds emitted by a large sheet of copper thus suspended, it may appear extravagant to assert so wondrous an effect; indeed it is not possible to describe the power of the resemblance—auricular evidence alone could convince.

The waves for his stage were carved in soft wood from models made in clay; these were coloured with great skill, and being highly varnished, reflected the lightning. Each turned on its own axis, towards the other, in a contrary direction, throwing up the foam, now at one spot, now at another—and diminishing in altitude as they receded in distance, were subdued by corresponding tints. Thus the perturbed waters appeared to cover a vast space. One machine of simple construction turned the whole, and the motion was regulated according to the increasing of the storm.

The vessels, which were beautiful models, went over the waves with a natural undulation, those nearest making their courses with a proportionate rate to their bulk, and those farther off moving with a slower pace. They were all correctly rigged, and carried only such sails as their situations would demand. Those in the distance were coloured in every part to preserve the aerial perspective of the scene. The illusion was so perfect, that the audience were frequently heard to exclaim, "Hark! the signal of distress came from that vessel labouring out there—and now from that."

The rush of the waves was effected by a large octagonal box, made of pasteboard, with internal shelves, and charged with small shells, peas, and light balls, which, as the machine wheeled upon its axis, were hurled in heaps with every turn; and being accompanied by two machines, of a circular form, covered with tightly strained silk, which pressed against each other by a swift motion, gave out a hollow whistling sound, in perfect imitation of loud gusts of wind. Large silken balls, passing hastily over the sur-

face of the great tambourine, increased the awful din.

The rain and hail were no less truly imitated; for the rain, a long four-sided tube was charged with small seed, which, according to the degree of its motion, from a horizontal to a verticle position, forced the atoms in a pattering stream to the bottom, when it was turned to repeat the operation. The hail was expressed by a similar tube, on a larger scale, with paste-board shelves, projecting on inclined planes, and charged with larger beads; so that sliding from shelf to shelf, fast or slow, as the tube was suddenly or gently raised, the imitation was perfect.

One of the most interesting scenes, described a calm, with an Italian seaport, in which the rising of the moon, with the serene coolness which it diffused to the clouds, the mountains, and the water, was finely contrasted by a lofty light-house, of picturesque architecture, jutting out far into the sea, upon a romantic promontory of broken rocks. The red glowing light of its spacious lantern, tinged the rippling of the water on one part of its surface, whilst the moon shed its silvery lustre on another, in sweet repose. Shipping in motion added to the interest of the scene; and a fleet in the offing, slowly proceeding on its course, melted into air.

The clouds for this scene were admirably painted; and as they rolled on, the moon tinged their edges, or was obscured, at the will of the painter; for where he had loaded the colour to opaqueness, the transparent light of the orb could not penetrate. The clouds in front received sufficient illumination from the lamps, which were subdued by a bluish grey glass, one of the slips before described. The moon was formed by a circular aperture of an inch diameter, cut in a tin box, that contained a powerful argand lamp, which being placed at various distances from the back of the scene, gave a brilliant, or a subdued splendour to the passing cloud, producing without any other aid, the prismatic circle, with that enchanting purity which is peculiar to an Italian sky.

But the most impressive scene, which formed the finale of the exhibition, was that representing the region of the fallen angels, with Satan arraying his troops on the banks of the Fiery Lake, and the rising of the Palace of Pandæmonium, as described by the pen of Milton. De Louthembourg had already displayed his graphic powers in his scenes of fire, upon a great scale, at the public theatre—scenes which had astonished and terrified the audience; but in this he astonished himself; for he had not conceived the power of light that might be thrown upon a scenic display, until he made the experiment on his own circumscribed stage. Here, in the fore-ground of a vista, stretching an immeasurable length between mountains, ignited from their bases to their lofty summits, with many-coloured flame, a chaotic mass rose in dark majesty, which gradually assumed form until it stood, the interior of a vast temple of gorgeous architecture, bright as molten brass, seemingly composed of unconsuming, unquenchable fire. In this tremendous scene, the effect of coloured glasses before the lamps was fully displayed; which, being hidden from the audience, threw their whole influence upon the scene, as it rapidly

changed, now to a sulphureous blue, then to a lurid red, and then again to a pale vivid light, and ultimately to a mysterious combination of the glasses, such as a bright furnace exhibits, in fusing various metals. The sounds which accompanied the wondrous picture, struck the astonished ear of the spectator as no less preternatural; for, to add a more awful character to the peals of thunder, and the accompaniments of all the hollow machinery that hurled balls and stones with indescribable rumbling and noise, an expert assistant swept his thumb over the surface of the tambourine, which produced a variety of groans, that struck the imagination as issuing from internal spirits.

Such was De Louthembourg's Edo-phusikon; and would that it were in being now, when the love of the fine arts has spread in so vast a degree!—that knowledge which could have appreciated its merits having increased a thousand fold, since the period when the greatest scene-painter in the world was induced to dispose of his wondrous little stage, because the age could not produce amateurs sufficient, after two seasons, to make an audience to pay for lighting his theatre!

(New Monthly Magazine.)

LETTERS FROM SPAIN BY DON LEUCADIO DOBLADO.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOUR letter, acquainting me with Lady ——'s desire that you should take an active part in our correspondence on Spain, has increased my hopes of carrying on a work, which I feared would soon grow no less tiresome to our friend than to me. Objects which blend themselves with our daily habits are most apt to elude our observation; and will, like some dreams, fleet away through the mind, unless an accidental word or thought should set attention on the fast-fading track of their course. Nothing, therefore, can be of greater use to me than your queries, or help me so much as your observations.

The most comprehensive division of the people of Spain is that of *nobles* and *plebeians*. But I must caution you against a mistaken notion which these words are apt to convey to an Englishman. In Spain, any person whose family, either by immemorial prescription, or by the king's patent, is entitled to exemption from some burdens, and to the enjoyment of certain privileges, belongs to the class of nobility. It appears to me that this distinction originated in the allotment of a certain portion of ground in towns conquered from the Moors. In some patents of nobility—I cannot say whether they are all alike—the king, after an enumeration of the privileges and exemptions

to which he raises the family, adds the general clause, that they shall be considered, in all respects, as *Hidalgos de casa y solar conocido*—*Hidalgos*, i. e. nobles (for the words are become synonymous) of a known family and *ground-plot*. Many of the exemptions attached to this class of Franklins, or inferior nobility, have been withdrawn in our times, not, however, without a distinct recognition of the *rank* of such as could claim them before the amendment of the law. But still a Spanish gentleman, or *Cavallero*—a name which expresses the privileged gentry in all its numerous and undefined gradations—cannot be ballotted for the militia; and none but an *Hidalgo* can enter the army as a cadet. In the routine of promotion, ten cadets, I believe, must receive a commission before a serjeant can have his turn—and even that is often passed over. Such as are fortunate enough to be raised from the ranks can seldom escape the reserve and slight of their prouder fellow-officers; and the common appellation of *Pinos*—pine-trees—alluding, probably, to the height required in a serjeant, like that of *freedman*, among the Romans, implies a stain which the first situations in the army cannot completely obliterate.

Noblesse, as I shall call it, to avoid an equivocal term, descends from the father to all his male children, for ever. But though a female cannot transmit this privilege to her issue, her being the daughter of an *Hidalgo*, is of absolute necessity to constitute what, in the language of the country, is called a *nobleman on four sides*—*noble de quatro costados*: that is, a man whose parents, their parents, and their parents' parents, belonged to the privileged class. None but these *square noblemen* can receive the order of knighthood. But we are fallen on degenerate times, and I could name many a knight in this town who has been furnished with more than one *corner* by the dexterity of the *notaries*, who act as secretaries in collecting and drawing up the proofs and documents required on these occasions.

There exists another distinction of

blood, which, I think, is peculiar to Spain, and to which the mass of the people are so blindly attached, that the meanest peasant looks upon the want of it as a source of misery and degradation, which he is doomed to transmit to his latest posterity. The least mixture of African, Indian, Moorish, or Jewish blood, taints a whole family to the most distant generation. Nor does the knowledge of such a fact die away in the course of years, or become unnoticed from the obscurity and humbleness of the parties. Not a child in this populous city is ignorant that a family, who, beyond the memory of man, have kept a confectioner's shop in the central part of the town, had one of their ancestors punished by the Inquisition for a relapse into Judaism. I well recollect how, when a boy, I often passed that way, scarcely venturing to cast a side glance on a pretty young woman who constantly attended the shop, for fear, as I said to myself, of shaming her. A person free from tainted blood is defined by law, "an old Christian, clean from all bad race and stain." *Christiano viejo, limpio de toda mala raza, y mancha*. The severity of this law, or rather of the public opinion enforcing it, shuts out its victims from every employment in church or state, and gives them an exclusion even from the *Fraternities*, or religious associations, which are otherwise open to persons of the lowest ranks. I verily believe that, were St. Peter a Spaniard, he would either deny admittance to people of tainted blood, or send them to a retired corner, where they might not offend the eyes of the *old Christians*. But, alas! what has been said of laws—and I believe it true in most countries, ancient and modern, except England—that they are like cobwebs, which entrap the weak, and yield to the strong and bold, is equally, and perhaps more generally applicable to public opinion. It is a fact, that many of the *grandees*, and the titled *noblesse* of this country derive a large portion of their blood from Jews and Moriscos. Their pedigree has been traced up to those cankered

branches in a manuscript book, which neither the influence of Government, nor the terrors of the Inquisition, have been able to suppress completely. It is called *Tizon de Espana*—"the Brand of Spain." But wealth and power have set opinion at defiance; and while a poor industrious man, humbled by feelings not unlike those of an Indian *Paria*, will hardly venture to salute his neighbour, because, forsooth, his fourth or fifth ancestor fell into the hands of the Inquisition for declining to eat pork—the proud grandee, perhaps a nearer descendant of the Patriarchs, will think himself degraded by marrying the first gentlewoman in the kingdom, unless she brings him a *hat*, in addition to the six or eight which he may be already entitled to wear before the king. But this requires some explanation.

The highest privilege of a grandee is that of covering his head before the king. Hence, by two or more *hats* in a family, it is meant that it has a right, by inheritance, to as many titles of grandeeship. Pride having confined the grandees to intermarriages in their own *caste*, and the estates and titles being inheritable by females, an enormous accumulation of property and honours has been made in a few hands. The chief aim of every family is constantly to increase this preposterous accumulation. Their children are married, by dispensation, in their infancy, to some great heir or heiress; and such is the multitude of family names and titles which every grandee claims and uses, that if you should see a simple passport given by the Spanish Ambassador in London, when he happens to be a member of the ancient Spanish families, you will find the whole first page of a large foolscap sheet employed merely to tell you who the great man is whose signature is to close the whole. As far as vanity alone is concerned, this ambitious display of rank and parentage might, at this time of day, be dismissed with a smile. But there lurks a

more serious evil in the absurd and invidious system so studiously preserved by our first nobility. Surrounded by their own dependants, and avoided by the gentry, who are seldom disposed for an intercourse, in which a sense of inferiority prevails, few of the grandees are exempt from the natural consequences of such a life—gross ignorance, intolerable conceit, and sometimes, tho' seldom, a strong dose of vulgarity.

As the *Hidalguia* branches out through every male whose father enjoys that privilege, Spain is overrun with gentry, who earn their living in the meanest employments. The province of *Asturias* having afforded shelter to that small portion of the nation which preserved the Spanish name and throne against the efforts of the conquering Arabs, there is hardly a native of that mountainous tract, who, even at this day, cannot shew a legal title to honours and immunities gained by his ancestors at a time when every soldier had either a share in the territory recovered from the invaders, or was rewarded with a perpetual exemption from such taxes and services as fell exclusively upon the *simple** peasantry. The numerous claimants to these privileges among the *Asturians* of the present day lead me to think that in the earliest times of the Spanish monarchy every soldier was raised to the rank of a Franklin. But circumstances are strangely changed. *Asturias* is one of the poorest provinces of Spain, and the noble inhabitants having, for the most part, inherited no other patrimony from their ancestors than a strong muscular frame, are compelled to make the best of it among the more feeble tribes of the south. In this capital of Andalusia they have, literally, engrossed the employments of watermen, porters, and footmen. Those belonging to the two first classes are formed into a *fraternity*, whose members have a right to the exclusive use of a chapel in the cathedral. The privilege which they value most, how-

* My friend Don Leucadio, it should seem learned this sense of the word *simple* when he visited Scotland. *Gentle* and *simple*, as I find in those inexhaustible sources of intellectual delight, the Novels by the author of *Waverley*, are used by the Scottish peasants in the same manner as *Noble*, y *Llano* (plain or simple) by the Spaniards.

ever, is that of affording the twenty stoutest among them to convey the moveable stage on which the consecrated host is paraded in public, on *Corpus Christi* day, enshrined in a small temple of massive silver. The bearers are concealed behind the rich gold-cloth hangings, which reach to the ground from the four sides of the stage. The weight of the whole machine is enormous; yet these twenty men bear it on the hind part of the head and neck, moving with such astonishing ease and regularity, as if the motion arose from the impulse of steam, or some steady mechanical power.

While these *Gentlemen Hidalgos* are employed in such ungentle services, though the law allows them the exemptions of their class, public opinion confines them to their natural level. The only chance for any of these disguised noblemen to be publicly treated with due honour and deference is, unfortunately, one for which they feel an unconquerable aversion—that of being delivered into the rude hands of a Spanish *Jack Ketch*. We had here, about two years ago, an instance of this, which I shall relate, as being highly characteristic of our national prejudices in point of blood.

A gang of five banditti was taken within the jurisdiction of this *Audien- cia*, or chief court of justice, one of whom, though born and brought up amongst the lowest ranks of society, was, by family, an *Hidalgo*, and had some relations among the better class of gentlemen. I believe the name of the unfortunate man was *Herrera*, and that he was a native of a town about thirty English miles from Seville, called *el Arahal*. After lingering, as usual, four or five years in prison, these unfortunate men were found guilty of several murders and highway robberies, and sentenced to suffer death. The relations of the *Hidalgo*, who, foreseeing this fatal event, had been watching the progress of the trial, in order to step forward just in time to avert the stain which a cousin, in the second or third remove, would cast upon their family,

if he died in mid-air like a villain, presented a petition to the judges, accompanied with the requisite documents, claiming for their relative the honours of his rank, and engaging to pay the expenses attending the execution of a nobleman. The petition was granted as a matter of course, and the following scene took place. At a short distance from the gallows on which the four simple robbers were to be hanged in a cluster from the central point of the cross-beam, all dressed in a white shroud, with their hands tied before them, that the hangman, who actually rides upon the shoulders of the criminal, may place his foot as in a stirrup,* was raised a scaffold about ten feet high, with an area of about fifteen by twenty, the whole of which and down to the ground, on all sides, was covered with black baize. In the centre of the scaffold was erected a sort of arm-chair, with a stake for its back, against which, by means of an iron collar attached to a screw, the neck is crushed by one turn of the handle. This machine is called *Garrote*—"a stick"—from the old fashioned method of strangling, by twisting the fatal cord with a stick. Two flights of steps on opposite sides of the stage afforded a separate access, one to the criminal and the priest, the other to the executioner and his attendant. The convict, dressed in a loose gown of black baize, rode on a horse, a mark of distinction peculiar to his class, (plebeians riding on an ass, or being dragged on a hurdle,) attended by a priest, and a notary, and surrounded by soldiers. Black silk cords were prepared to bind him to the arms of the seat, for ropes are thought dishonourable. After kneeling to receive the last absolution from the priest, he took off a ring, with which the unfortunate man had been provided for that melancholy occasion. According to etiquette he should have disdainfully thrown it down for the executioner; but, as a mark of Christian humility he put it into his hand. The sentence being executed, four silver candlesticks, five feet high, with burning wax candles of a propor-

* The Cortes have abolished this barbarous method of inflicting death.

tionate length and thickness, were placed at the corners of the scaffold; and in about three hours, a suitable funeral was conducted by the *posthumous* friends of the noble robber, who, had they assisted him to settle in life with half of what they spent for this absurd and disgusting show, might, perhaps, have saved him from this fatal end.

But these honours being what is called a *positive act of noblesse*, of which a due certificate is given to the surviving parties, to be recorded among the legal proofs of their rank, they may have acted under the idea that their relative was fit only to add lustre to the family by the close of his career.

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

ORIGIN OF BALLOONS.

DURING the darkness of the middle ages, every one at all distinguished by his knowledge in physics, was generally reputed to have attained the power of flying in the air; this idea, however, which men of the first genius had once entertained, appears to have gradually descended to a lower class of projectors, many of whom perished in their unskilful attempts.

We need not however remark on the extravagant projectors of former times, since, so late as the year 1755, and not long before the invention of balloons, a very fanciful scheme, yet on the grandest scale, for navigating the atmosphere, was made public by Joseph Galien, a Dominican friar, and professor of philosophy and theology at Avignon. This visionary proposed to collect the fine diffuse air of the higher regions where hail is formed, above the summit of the loftiest mountains, and to enclose it in a bag of a cubical shape, and of the most enormous dimensions, extending a mile every way, and composed of the thickest sail cloth. With such a vast machine, far outrivalling in boldness and magnitude the ark of Noah, it would be possible he thought to transport a whole army, and all their munitions of war!

The principles on which a balloon could be constructed had long been known to men of science; but to reduce these principles to complete effect, was still an enterprise of the most dazzling kind. This triumph over matter was at length achieved by the skill and perseverance of Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier, sons of the proprietor of

an extensive paper manufactory at Annonay. The two brothers had long contemplated the project, and after some experiments, the first public ascent of a balloon was exhibited at their native town, on the 5th of June, 1783.

They afterwards constructed a balloon on a larger scale at Paris. It reached the height of one thousand five hundred feet, where it appeared for a while suspended; but in eight minutes dropped to the ground, two miles from Paris. A sheep, a cock, and a duck, which had been put into the basket, the first animals ever carried up into the air, were found perfectly safe and unhurt by the journey; the sheep was even feeding at perfect ease.

The first *aërial voyage* ever made by man, was on the 21st of November, 1783, when Pilatre de Rozier, a young naturalist of great promise, and full of ardour and courage, accompanied by the Marques d'Arlandes, a major of infantry, who volunteered to accompany him, ascended from the Chateau of Muette, belonging to the court of the Dauphin. About two o'clock the machine was launched, and it mounted with a steady and majestic pace. Wonder mingled with anxiety was depicted in every countenance; but when from their lofty station in the sky the navigators calmly waved their hats, and saluted the spectators below, a general shout of acclamation burst forth on all sides. As they rose much higher, however, they were no longer discernible by the naked eye; they

— in the surging smoke

Uplifted spurn the ground; thence many a league
As in a cloudy chair ascending, ride,
Audacious.—

This balloon soared to an elevation of more than three thousand feet, and traversed by a circuitous route the whole of Paris, whose gay inhabitants were all absorbed in admiration and amazement. The daring aeronauts, after a journey of twenty-four or twenty-five minutes, in which they described a track of six miles, safely alighted beyond the boulevards.

Such was the prosperous issue of the first aerial navigation ever performed by mortals. It was a conquest of science which all the world could understand; and it flattered extremely the national vanity of the French, who hailed its splendid progress, and enjoyed the honour of their triumph.

Other experiments were now made in rapid succession, in which Messrs. Charles and Robert Montgolfier, Andreani, Blanchard, Rozier, Proust, the Duke of Orleans, (Egalite,) and Guyton Morveau, were the adventurers; some of whom soared to the immense height of thirteen thousand feet.

But the aerial voyage the most remarkable for its duration and adventures, was performed on the 18th of June, 1786, by M. Testu, in a balloon constructed by himself, furnished with auxiliary wings filled as usual with hydrogen gas. He ascended at four o'clock, p. m. and after reaching the height of three thousand feet, he softly alighted on a corn field, in the plain of Montmorency; and without leaving the car, began to collect a few stones for ballast, when he was surrounded by the proprietor of the field and a troop of peasants, who insisted on being indemnified for the damage he had occasioned. Anxious now to disengage himself, he persuaded them that, his wings being broken, he was wholly at their mercy; they seized the stay of the balloon, which floated at some height, and dragged their prisoner through the air in a sort of triumph to the village; but M. Testu suddenly cut the cord, and took an abrupt leave of the clamorous and mortified peasants, and rose to the height of two thousand four hundred feet. He now heard the blast of a horn, and descried huntsmen below in full chase. Curious

to witness the sport, he pulled the valve, and descended at eight o'clock, between Etouen and Varville, when he set himself to gather some ballast. While he was thus occupied, the hunters galloped up to him. He mounted a third time, and passed through a dense body of clouds, in which thunder followed lightning in quick succession: but he,

With fresh alacrity and force renewed,
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
Into the wild expanse; and through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round
Environ'd, wings his way.

At half past nine o'clock, when the sun had finally set, M. Testu was traversing the air at an altitude of three thousand feet. He was now quickly involved in darkness, and in the thickest mass of thunder clouds. The lightnings flashed on all sides, the cloud claps were incessant, and snow and sleet fell all around him. In this most tremendous situation, the intrepid adventurer remained the space of three hours, the time during which the storm lasted. A calm at last succeeding, he had the pleasure to see the stars, and embraced the opportunity to take some refreshment. At half past two o'clock the day broke in; but his ballast being nearly gone, and the balloon again dry and much elevated, he resolved to descend to the earth, and ascertain to what point he had been carried. At a quarter before four o'clock, having already seen the sun rise, he safely alighted near the village of Campreni, about sixty-three miles from Paris.

Almost the only useful purpose to which balloons have hitherto been applied with success, had for its object that of military *reconnoissance*; and in the early period of the French revolution, they were frequently used for that purpose with considerable advantage.

THE PARACHUTE.

To guard in some degree against the risk arising from a rapid and premature descent aeronauts have introduced the *parachute*, which is intended to enable the voyager, in cases of alarm, to desert his balloon in mid-air, and drop, without sustaining any injury, to the ground.

The *parachute* in its construction very much resembles the ordinary umbrella, but has a far greater extent. That used by M. Garnerin, in the most memorable descent ever made, was twenty-three feet in diameter.

This ingenious and spirited Frenchman visited London during the peace of 1802, and made two fine ascents in his balloon, in the second of which he threw himself from an amazing elevation in a parachute. This ascent took place on the 2d of September, from an enclosure near North Audley Street. At six o'clock the cords of the balloon were cut, and the balloon rapidly mounted to a great height. After hovering seven or eight minutes in the upper region of the atmosphere, he meditated a descent in his parachute. Well might he be supposed to linger there in dread suspense, and to

————— look a while

Pondering on his voyage ; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. —————

He views the breadth, and without longer pause,
Downright into the world's first region throws
His flight precipitant, and wings with ease
Through the pure marble air, his oblique way.

Mr. Garnerin, in his account of this descent, said, " I measured with my eye the vast space that separated me from

the rest of the human race. I felt my courage confirmed by the certainty of my combinations being just. I then took out my knife, and with a hand firm, from a conscience void of reproach, and which had never been lifted against any one but in the field of victory, I cut the cord ; my balloon rose, and I felt myself precipitated with a velocity, which was checked by the sudden unfolding of my parachute. I saw that all my calculations were just, and my mind remained calm and serene. I endeavoured to modulate my gravitation ; and the oscillation, which I experienced, increased in proportion as I approached the breeze that blows in the middle regions : nearly ten minutes had elapsed, and I felt that the more time I took in descending, the safer I could reach the ground. At length I perceived thousands of persons, some on horseback, and others on foot, following me ; all of whom encouraged me by their wishes, while they opened their arms to receive me. I came near the earth, and after one bound I landed, and quitted the parachute without shock or accident."

According to M. Garnerin's calculation, he had been to the height of 4154 French feet. The balloon fell on the next day near Farnham, in Surrey.

(Blackwood's Magazine.)

ODE WRITTEN IN THE CEMETERY OF PERE LA CHAISE.

THE evening mild, the sky serene,

The zephyrs thro' these poplars whispering low,
And all around this solemn scene

That gives the mind a melancholy glow,

My weary, wandering steps retain,
Where peace, and rest, and silence reign.

Declining nature feels decay,

Touch'd by October's ever-withering hand ;

Her fruits, her flowers, her foliage gay,

The Spring disclosed, and Summer saw expand,
She sheds, and soon her smiling face
Turns pale in Winter's cold embrace.

Paris, expanded to the eye,

Her barriers wide and palaces displays ;

Her lofty towers that kiss the sky,

Receive the tribute of a parting blaze,

Ere yet the sinking sun retires
To western worlds with all his fires.

Paris, thou type of ancient Rome,

Thou haughty queen of arts and nurse of war,
In thee bright science finds a home,

Youth enveloped in clouds, a leading star,
Whose rays the mystic paths explore
Of wondrous worlds unknown before.

In thee the gamester dwells secure ;

Venus, led by the dance, the song, the lyre,
Unblushing vends her joys impure,

And many virtues in her arms expire :

But here no more her incense burns

Midst graves and monumental urns.

Paris, behold thy kindred dust !

Here poets, heroes, friends, and lovers sleep.

Canst thou a tear spare for the just ?

Or hast thou charged the stone for thee to weep ?

And taught with care the doleful yew

To bear thy sorrows ever new ?

Here sleeps Delille, his harp at rest :

There Heloise, with her sage of yore,

Their loves rejoind'd, their wrongs redrest,

By envy's poison'd shafts assail'd no more.

Oppression here in vain would try

To draw a tear or force a sigh.

That little cross, that snow-white rose,
 Emblem of virtue, innocence, and youth,
 Tell where the mortal spoils repose,
 Of beauty adorn'd by piety and truth :
 A simple tomb ! but want could spare
 No more to tell a mother's care,

A mother's hope, a mother's woe ;
 Refr'd of her last sad hold to life—her child,
 And, like a reed amid the snow,
 Bending beneath the storms of winter wild.
 Real, undisguised affliction here,
 Sheds on the grave a bitter tear.

That sculptured figure seems to weep,
 In graceful attitude of studied grief
 Watching a husband's final sleep ;
 But gilded sorrows often find relief
 Where graves must never spread alarms,
 To wound a youthful widow's charms.

What dost thou here, imperious pride ?
 Must then the virtues of the dead be told
 In this abode where worms reside
 And reign supreme, in letters writ with gold ?
 No pious rites thy labours crave
 To gild the borders of the grave.

Death mocks thy care, and scorns thy rage ;
 He clips ambition's wing, and lays him low ;
 Gathers the spoils of age to age,
 Heaps up confused the wreck of friend and foe,
 And from amid the ruins high
 He throws his dart and nations die.

What marble tomb attracts my view,
 That seems to scorn the wasting hand of time,
 Bearing its sculptured honours new,
 And solid pyramidal front sublime ?
 Ah ! is Massena then no more,
 His sword then sheathed, his battles o'er ?

And so thou scaled the Alps, and bore
 Terror and ruin o'er Italia's plains,
 Saw proud Germania drunk with gore,
 And trembling Lusitania dread thy chains :
 For what ? to hide thee here, and never
 Wake more the voice of war for ever.

Here, too, *the bravest of the brave*
 Lies low, wrapp'd in obscurity and shame ;
 No flower breathes fragrance o'er his grave,
 Nor simplest monument relates his name :

He rose, he shone, his course was bright
 As meteor's glare on brow of night.

What sound is that I hear ? the sigh
 Plaintive it seems of some departed shade :
 Ah no ! look there ; the smother'd cry
 Yet heaves the bosom of that love-sick maid.
 See how, convulsed, her tender heart
 Laments its better, dearer part.

The garland wove with tender hand
 She lays upon her lover's lowly bed :
 Hoping with time it may expand,
 She plants the honour'd laurel o'er his head.
 What hand pourtray, what tongue could tell
 The anguish of that last farewell !

She quits the grave as if unseen.
 Now let me read who silent dwells below.
 "Sleep, my Eugenio—thou hast been
 The brightness of my soul—that now shall know
 Nor ray of hope, nor pleasure shine
 Till Julia's heart is cold as thine."

O simple, pleasing Lafontaine,
 O Moliere, prince of the comic muse,
 Before your tombs who can refrain,
 Or who the tribute of a sigh refuse
 To brilliant genius slumbering laid
 In night's impenetrable shade !

The stars of night advance apace,
 In silent majesty they make their way.
 My prying eyes can hardly trace
 These names of generations pass'd away,
 Here in oblivion's mantle roll'd,
 Forgotten—as tales that have been told.

But ye are not forgot, ye few
 Whose modest virtues from the world retir'd,
 Sought not the glare of public view ;
 Whose deeds of purest charity inspired
 Th' afflicted soul, the poor to bear
 Their load of misery and care.

To heavenly harps your lofty praise,
 Amid the silence of your sleep profound,
 Angelic voices pure shall raise ;
 And you shall be with lasting glory crown'd,
 Glory immortal, as your beings pure,
 When these material worlds no more endure.

PHANTASMATA ; WITH A NEW THEORY OF APPARITIONS.

When I go musing all alone,
 Thinking of divers things foreknown ;
 When I build castles in the air,
 Void of sorrow and void of fear ;
 Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
 Methinks the time runs very fleet.

Burton.

WE foresee, we shall occasionally be very serious in the course of our subject, though our object will, of course, be rather to amuse than to alarm our readers ; unless, "like children of a smaller growth," we begin by endeavouring to entertain one another, and leave off with being frightened at the stories, which our own recollection or imaginations have conjured up.

As it would be useless and cruel to think of establishing our essay towards

a theory of apparitions, on our own personal experience and that of our friends, we propose to have recourse to old Cardan, Burton, and Dr. Johnson, whenever we feel at a loss for individuals to fill our specimens of the various species and genera of ghosts. Indeed, we wonder that Darwin never undertook the task, as a supplement to his *Zoonomia*; it would have afforded a famous field for *Σκουαρία*, in the veteran gentlemen of the faculty, during the last century. *Centaurus*, *Gorgonos*, *Harpyiasque*—we should really have beheld a phantasmagorian controversy, in which Dr. Johnson would have shone, as to the nature and *substances of spirits*. The friends of the Doctor were almost tempted to believe he knew something more than he ought to do about such matters, as he affected considerable mystery, and observed, “that the belief in apparitions would become universal only by its truth, and that those, who deny it with their tongues, confess it with their fears.” However far we may be obliged to look forward into futurity for the *general acceptance* of the Doctor’s ghostly advice, or feel inclined to place it at the side of optimism or the millenium, we would not, on the other hand, be supposed to agree with those ‘wicked wits,’ who, pre-suming to laugh at every thing they do not readily understand, can make no allowances for difference of opinion, on a point, which cannot be derided by a Q. E. D.—who not only laugh to scorn the exploded doctrine of sliding-panels, trap-doors, back-stairs, tapestry, and wax-work figures, with the other instruments of the ancient romance; but wilfully and maliciously refuse to give credit to, and be tender with the consciences of such as profess a belief in supernatural visitations, shewing little sympathy with those, who labour under nervous or spectral delusions, or, indeed, under any other species of delusions or sufferings whatsoever. We should despair of making these “giants of the earth, with hearts of iron, and with ribs of steel, who never felt variation in the weather,” converts to our theory. It, perhaps, is not too much to say, that they would leave an hypochondriac, with the ut-

most carelessness and cold-bloodedness, under a burning sun in the open fields, without offering him an arm; or to sail on the water, in the glare of a patent-lamp; or leave him by himself in his library, in the

“Darkness of chaos and old night,”

towards evening, “rightly prepared to see ghosts, while seated comfortably by his library-fire, as much as if he were amidst broken tombs, nodding ruins, and awe-inspiring ivy.”

But it will be preferable to give our numerous readers a little advice out of poor Burton’s “Anatomy of Melancholy,” in order that they may avoid a *visionary* taste, than thus insist upon a comparison, which might produce a controversy between the partizans of the nervous and the bracing systems; which last, our cold-blooded wits are very apt to recommend.

We suppose most authors, in their atrabilious moods, must have paid their respects, more or less, to Democritus the younger: whether we should recommend our readers to do so, we are somewhat in doubt. If you should dip into him, you will dive: with the old English “thiws and sinews,” he has all the grace and proportions of our language, and is the only pedant, full of quotations, that we did not find disagreeable in company, after the cloth was removed. In truth, he has a very pleasing way of saying sad things; and for an hypochondriac, his croak is very inviting, and may be said rather to resemble the American (which is much more harmonious than an English) frog. Though his divisions are somewhat of the quaintest, and his distinctions occasionally without a difference, yet his notes are altogether of that pitch, which musicians would pronounce harmonious, inasmuch as they combine some breaks of discord in the croak. “Peace be to thy ashes,” old Burton! Sterne is but thy shadow: he never was half so melancholy, nor so humorous, as thou. His very archness, his indulgence of playful metaphor, and fine digressive stories, make us in love with him; perhaps, because we think he was not so very logical, and only desired to instruct and entertain. His style has

the feeling of familiar conversation, and his air is that of a courtier, though always rather downcast, as if he were perpetually out of office. This, we believe, was the case with our younger Democritus's bile, which never properly secreted itself, to which, he tells us, we are indebted for his book. Notwithstanding his formidable collections, Burton wrote some excellent poetry, whose *only* fault was that for which we have reproached but one poet of our day besides—that there was really too little of it. But let us hear his account of the feelings of persons before they see ghosts; that is, we mean, of melancholy people:—

“Most pleasant it is, at first, to such as are melancholy given, to lie in bed whole days, and keep their chambers; to walk alone in some solitary grove, betwixt wood and water, by a brook side, to meditate upon some delightful and pleasant subject, which shall affect them most; *amabilis insania* and *mentis gratissimus error*: a most incomparable delight it is, so to melancholize and build castles in the air, to go smiling to themselves, acting an infinite variety of parts, which they suppose and strongly imagine they represent, or that they see acted and done.—So delightful these toys are at first, they could spend whole days and nights without sleep, even whole years, alone in such contemplations and fantastical meditations, which are like unto dreams, and they will hardly be drawn from, or willingly interrupted; so pleasant their vain conceits are, that they hinder their ordinary tasks and necessary business, they cannot address themselves to them, or almost to any study and employment. The fantastical and bewitching thoughts, so covertly, so feelingly, so urgently, so continually set upon them, creep in, insinuate, possess, overcome, distract, and detain them; they cannot, I say, go about their more necessary business, stave off, or extricate themselves, but are ever musing, melancholizing, and carried along, as he (they say) that is led round about a heath, with a *Puck* in the night, they run earnestly out in this labyrinth of anxious and solicitous melancholy meditations, and cannot well, or willingly, refrain, or easily leave off, winding and unwinding themselves, as so many clocks, and still pleasing their humours, until, at last, the scene is turned upon a sudden, by some bad object, (query, a ghost!) and they being now habituated to vain meditations and solitary places, can endure no company, can ruminate of nothing but harsh and distasteful subjects. Fear, sorrow, suspicion, *subrusticus pudor*, discontent, cares, and weariness of life, surprise them in a moment, and they can think of nothing else, continually suspecting. No sooner are their eyes open, than this infernal plague, or melancholy, seizeth on them, and terrifies their souls, representing some dis-

mal object on their minds, which now by no means, no labours, no persuasions, they can avoid:”

“*Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*”

We may easily perceive, that the patient of Democritus is in a fair way, if he should not seek society, to be very soon in worse company than his own. Ambitious of possessing an ideal world, in which his imagination may have free scope to build in, or to destroy, he never suspects, that in this fairy-land of his own, there are more fears and sorrows lying in wait for him, than he would probably have met with in the more dull material world: add to which our theory of apparitions, lurking in the distance, just ready to seize the incautious wanderer in moments of illusive feeling, or dejection. When Dr. Johnson found himself in the latter predicament, he used to call out loudly for Port wine; and many, he declares, were the solitary bottles, which he had thus been under the necessity of drinking, without his friends. We have little doubt but this was to strengthen himself against the fear of ghosts, which long survives our belief in them, and, added to the doctor's modicum of faith, must occasionally have made him feel very uncomfortable. When we consider what we have suffered in our childhood, we shrewdly suspect that a man is still in the predicament of the officer, who had passed much of his early life in shifts and reverses, and, when he afterwards stepped into a large fortune, could never entirely conquer his fears of bailiffs, at the approach of whom he instinctively fled. Were we to endeavour to prove the appearance of apparitions by the universality of the creed, not excepting the “*odi profanum vulgus,*” we think, by a shew of hands, it would be decided in its favour. Why do we, otherwise, listen with such surpassing interest to a well-authenticated and respectable ghost-story, following Priestley, or Southey,

“——thro' many a bout

Of linked stories well made out,”

as they trace old Jeffrey, old Wesley's boarder, through the windings and crannies of the house and floors. Re-

specting such stories, Dr. Ferriar observes :

"I cannot help feeling some degree of complacency, in offering to the makers and readers of such stories, a view of the subject, which may extend their enjoyment far beyond its former limits. It has given me pain to see the most fearful and ghostly commencements of a tale of horror reduced to mere common events, at the winding up of the book. So hackneyed, so exhausted, had all artificial methods of terror become, that one original genius was compelled to convert a mail-coach, with its lighted lamps, into an apparition. Now, I freely offer, to the manufacturers of ghosts, the privilege of raising them, in as great numbers, and in as horrible a guise, as they may think fit, without offending against true philosophy ; and even without violating probability. The highest flights of imagination may now be indulged, on this subject, although no loop-hole should be left for mortifying explanations, and for those modifications of terror, which completely balk the reader's curiosity, and disgust him with a second reading."

According to this novel method, both for inventing and accounting for, the appearance of ghosts, we are informed, that it is only necessary to have a peculiar affection of the brain, when waking, in the same manner as when asleep, to enjoy the company of whatever beings we please. In this we are allowed more latitude of choice than in real life ; but we observe, that, when the Doctor comes to the *onus probandi*, and treats us with a few instances, these aerial friends of his come in whatever dress and at whatever hour they choose, without consulting us for a moment.

Before we proceed to an *analysis* of cases, we must mention one argument for the existence of ghosts, which resembles that of a famous old judge, who declared, that "there must formerly have been such a crime as witchcraft, because divers statutes had been made against it." Thus, it is very well known, that spirits of various shapes and colours have been administered, by High German Doctors of other times, for the purpose of expelling devils out of human bodies, into which it was supposed they had entered, by covertly mixing themselves with the patients' food. This is curious ; but as to seeing and hearing demons speak, it is so very notorious, that we shall not stop to

mention it. The voice, which Doctor Johnson heard, was probably, one of these ; but which he half mistook for that of his mother, calling, in a loud voice, "*Sam ! Sam !*" Far from ridiculing, or appearing to doubt the truth of our theory, Doctor Ferriar expressly says :—

"I have been forced to listen, *with much gravity*, to a man only partially insane, who assured me that the devil was lodged in his side ; and that I should perceive him thumping and fluttering there, in a manner which would perfectly convince me of his presence. Another actually declared, that he had swallowed the devil. From the most generous motives, he resisted, we are told, the calls of nature during several days, lest he should set the foul fiend at liberty."

Nothing, indeed, can be added to the diligence of Remigius, says Doctor Ferriar, with respect to the forms of demons. He was a commissioner for the trial of witches, in Lorrain ; and as he informs us, in the course of fifteen years, he condemned nine hundred criminals to the stake. The monstrous absurdities, which his book contains, are supported by juridical proofs, most of which evidently proceeded from spectral impressions, where they were not extorted by torture.

In the case of the young woman who was incessantly attended by her own apparition, she may safely be declared to have been *beside herself*. But how are we to reconcile the story of Ben Jonson to our new theory ?—"he being in the country, at Sir Robert Cotton's house, with old Camden saw, in a vision, his eldest son ; and shortly after there came letters from his wife of the death of that boy in the plague." He appeared to him, he said, of a manly shape, and of that growth he thinks, he shall be at the resurrection. Perhaps, the best way of seeking a solution for this mysterious coincidence is in the poetical imagination of old Jonson, who confessed that "he had spent a whole night in looking to his great toe, about which he hath seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians, fight very savagely, in his imagination."

"Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer's eve, by haunted stream,"]

The visions of Beaumont are given in a volume of 400 octavo pages. Among these, like the person mentioned by Aubrey, he had two particular spirits with names, which constantly attended him, besides others without names. They waited upon him, by night and day, for above three months together; called each other by their names, while several other spirits would knock at his chamber-door, and ask whether such spirits lived there, calling them by their names, and they would answer, they did. One of these spirits, in women's dress, lay down upon the bed by him every night: and told him, if he slept, the spirits would kill him, which kept him waking for three nights together.

When we reflect upon the fine genius of Tasso, we must regret that so few particulars are preserved respecting the visions, which appeared to him in his cell. At stated periods, he fancied he held unearthly dialogues with a celestial visitant, and pointed to it in the presence of spectators, conversing in a most respectful and serious manner, like Hamlet with his father. This appears to have been one of the few instances, in which the hallucination was rather gratifying than distressing to a prisoner, a lover and a poet, forsaken and oppressed. We wish we could exchange some hundred pages of Beaumont's reveries, for a few accredited visions of Torquato Tasso.

We must refer all incredulous readers to Comenius, for the visions of Kotter and Dabricius, aided by very ghostly engravings, which cannot fail to impress the subject upon their minds. The work is entitled "*Lux è Tenebris*," which, as an Irishman would observe, has rather a *spectral sound*.

"I have shewn," says Dr. F. "that a morbid disposition of the brain is capable of producing spectral impressions, without any external prototypes. The religion of the ancients, which peopled all parts of nature with deities of different ranks, exposed them, in a peculiar manner, to the delusions of the imagination; and I have had occasion, in another essay, to mention the influence, which the doctrines of Plato have exerted in this respect, even since the establishment of Christianity. From recalling images by an art of memory, the transition is direct to be-

holding spectral objects, which have been floating in the imagination. Yet, in the most frantic assemblage of this nature, no novelty appears. The spectre may be larger or smaller; it may be compounded of the parts of different animals; but it is always framed from the recollection of familiar, though discordant images. The simple renewal of the impressions of form or voice, in the case of particular friends, is the most obvious, and most forcible of those recollections. Of this kind seems to have been the celebrated apparition of Ficus to Michael Mercato, mentioned by Baronius."

On the same principles, he observes, we must explain the apparitions recorded by Vincentius, in the *Speculum Historiæ*, and extracted from him by Wolfius, in his *Lectiones Memorabiles et Reconditiæ*, particularly the appearance of Pope Benedict to the Bishop of Capua:

"Alas!" exclaimed the Bishop, "art thou not Pope Benedict, whom once I knew alive?"—"I am indeed," he returned, "I am that wretch." "How is it then with you, father? speak!"—"O I am grievously tormented; yet not so as to despair of the mercy of God, if help were stretched forth towards me, where I do indeed require it."—"Then I beseech you to rise, and seek my brother John who now fills the apostolic seat: tell him that, on my part, he distribute as soon as possible, to the poor, the treasure which lies hoarded in such a chest. O that I were well rid of all I have extorted by rapine and injustice!"

The bishop immediately set off for Rome, repeated his words to the Pope, and, delivering up his bishoprick, died a *simple monk*."

My observations on this subject may be strengthened by observing the great prevalence of spectral delusions, during the interregnum, in this country, after the civil war in 1649. The melancholic tendency of the rigid puritans of that period; their occupancy of old family seats, formerly the residence of hospitality and good cheer, which in their hands became desolate and gloomy; and the dismal stories propagated by the discarded retainers to the ancient establishments, ecclesiastical and civil, contributed altogether to produce a national horror, unknown in other periods of our history. A curious example of this disposition is afforded by the trial of Dr. Pordage, which was published under the delightful title of "*Demonium Meridianum*, or Satan at Noon-day." Among many charges brought against him, Dr. Pordage was accused of de-

moniacal visions, and of frequent apparitions in his house ; one of which consisted in the representation of a coach and six, on a brick chimney, in which the carriage and horses continued in constant motion for many weeks. It was said, "that a great dragon came into his chamber, with a tail of eight yards long, four great teeth, and did spit fire at him ; that his own angel stood by him ; in his own shape and fashion, the same shape, band and cuffs, and that he supported him in his combat with the dragon ; that Mrs. Porrage and Mrs. Flavel had their angels standing by them also ; and that the spirits often came into the chamber, and drew the curtains when they were in bed." We are not told the result of these singular charges, in which Dr. P. was considered equally guilty in keeping company with angels or with dragons. Indeed, we cannot help thinking it somewhat unjust, that, added to the fright, a man should be prosecuted for living in a haunted house.

Among the less pleasing transformations, with which Dr. F. presents us, is an instance of the lycanthropia, in which the patient imagines himself to have become a wolf—a supposition, we are told, most likely produced by narcotic potions of hyoscyamus and datura stramonium, (query, wolf's-bane ?) After this, we are followed by a series of spectres, whose claims to our regard are of a more doubtful nature. We shall still venture to mention one of them, which appeared to M. Bezuel, as it is extremely curious. He had entered into a compact, when young, with M. Desfontaines, engaging that, whichever died first, he should visit the survivor. About two years after, the agreement was fulfilled by M. Desfontaines, who had been drowned near Caen, and appeared on the day following to his friend. M. Bezuel was amusing himself at the time in hay-making at M. de Sortoville's, when he was suddenly seized with a fainting fit, succeeded by a sleepless night. He had a second fit on the following day, and in the same meadow. But on the third day, while he was on the hay-

stack, he had a still more violent attack (they had written the compact in their blood), and this last ushered in the ghost.

"I fell into a swoon," says M. Bezuel ; "one of the footmen perceived it, and called out for help. They recovered me a little, but my mind was more disordered than it had been before. I was told that they asked me, what ailed me ? and that I answered, "I have seen what I thought I should never see." But I neither remember the question, nor the answer. However it agrees with what I remember I saw then, a naked man, of half-length, but I knew him not. They helped me to go down the ladder ; but, because I saw Desfontaines at the bottom I had a fainting fit : my head got between two steps, and I again lost my senses. They let me down, and set me upon a large beam, which served for a seat in the great *Place de Capucins*. I sat upon it, and then no longer saw M. de Sortoville, nor his servants, though they were present. And perceiving Desfontaines near the foot of the ladder, who made me a sign to come to him, I went back upon my seat, as it were, to make room for him ; and those who saw me, and whom I did not see, though my eyes were open, observed that motion."

The apparition then seized him by the arm, led him into a by-lane, and conversed with him for about three quarters of an hour, informing him of all the particulars of his death. This species of conversation was frequently repeated, while his spiritual companion was invisible to every one, but himself. Dr. F. attributing the whole to spectral illusion, assures us that the approach of syncope is often thus accompanied with watching, and the gradual concoction of a ghost. The appearance of poor Desfontaines, however, was only a half-length, as this mode of halving themselves was very common among ghosts, about that period. We are informed of two old ladies, who were inhabitants of ancient castles, comparing notes respecting their different residences, one of them averring her's to be haunted by the upper part of a human figure, which explained to the other why her mansion was visited only by the lower half. There is, in addition to the variety of spectres and semi-goblins, which Dr. F. has served up, a species of intrusive ghosts, pushing themselves into company, without a meaning or a shadow of excuse. A modern poet, not in the least subject to superstition, though he

possess a pretty powerful command over the world of spirits, accompanied by a friend, went to regale one evening at an oyster-house in Edinburgh. They were shown into a small room, by themselves, and sat down to table. A stranger then walked in, whom neither of them knew; and, from his manners, they suspected nothing of the truth, as he neither swallowed the oyster-shells, nor frightened the waiter out of his wits. In a moment he disappeared, more rapidly than they well knew how—but far from the waiter complaining he had been bilked, on going into the next room to inquire after their strange guest they were assured that they had remained alone during the whole time they were within, and no one had passed

through that room, which afforded the only access to their own.

A young man, a writer in India, was surprised by the apparition of his mother, whom he had left in England, bathed in tears. He supposes this to be an intimation of his father's death; communicates what he had seen to a friend, who, thinking to give him a lesson against credulity, desires him to make an entry of the circumstances in his pocket-book. His good intentions are disappointed by the verification of the vision. As we think this last must set the question at rest for ever, we shall haunt our readers no more at present, observing, that we think many suffer from these imaginary visitants, who are ashamed to confess it to the world.

Paragraphs.

(From the English Magazines, &c. May and June 1821.)

Blackwood's Magazine says, "We are happy to inform our readers that the title of the new work, by the Great Unknown," now in the press, is "The Pirate," and the scene in Shetland, about the end of the 17th century." It will not be ready under two months.

A singular circumstance occurred at Swinestead in the afternoon of Sunday last. During a violent storm of thunder and lightning, a goose, the property of Mr. Harrison, farmer of that place was struck dead by lightning; she had at the time gathered her brood of young ones under her wings, which proved so effectual a protection that the young ones did not receive the slightest injury.—(June 2.)

MR. STOTHARD, JUN. THE PAINTER.

A black and melancholy seal has been put upon the record of this excellent artist. Pursuing his professional avocations with his accustomed ardour, in copying a window of the church of Bese, in Devonshire, the step of the ladder on which he stood unfortunately gave way, and he was precipitated to the ground: his skull was fractured, and he died upon the spot.

GEORGE IV.

His majesty a few days ago, submitted to a surgical operation in order

to have removed a wen which threatened to grow to an inconvenient size upon his head.

SIR JOHN PURCELL.

In the year 1811, the house of Sir John Purcell, of Highfort in Dublin, was attacked by a desperate gang of robbers, who forced the windows of the parlour adjoining to the room in which he had just retired to rest. They appeared to him to be about fourteen in number. He immediately got out of bed, and his first determination being to make resistance, it was with no small mortification that he reflected upon the unarmed condition in which he was placed, being destitute of a single weapon of the ordinary sort. It happily occurred to him, that having supped in the bed-chamber on that night, a knife had been left behind by accident, and he instantly proceeded to grope in the dark for this weapon, which fortunately he found, before the door, leading from the parlour into the bed-chamber, had been broken open. While he stood in calm but resolute expectation that the progress of the robbers would soon lead them to his bed-chamber, he heard the furniture which had been placed against a nailed-up door expeditiously displaced, and immediately afterwards the

door was burst open. The moon shone with great brightness, and when this door was thrown open, the light streaming in through three large windows in the parlour, afforded Sir John a view that might have made an intrepid spirit not a little apprehensive. His bedroom was darkened to excess, in consequence of the shutters of the windows, as well as the curtains, being closed; and thus, while he stood enveloped in darkness, he saw standing before him, by the brightness of the moon-light, a body of men, all armed, and of those who were in the van of the gang, he observed that a few were blackened. Armed only with this case-knife, and aided only by a dauntless heart, he took his station by the side of the door, and in a moment after, one of the villains entered from the parlour into the dark room. Instantly upon advancing, Sir John plunged the knife into the robber's body, who upon receiving this thrust, reeled back into the parlour, crying out blasphemously that he was killed; shortly after another advanced, who was received in a similar manner, and who also staggered back into the parlour, crying out that he was wounded. A voice from the outside gave orders to fire into the dark room, upon which a man stepped forward with a short gun in his hand. As this fellow stood in the act to fire, Sir John had the amazing coolness to look at his intended murderer, and, without betraying any audible emotion whatever, that might point out the exact spot where he was standing, he calmly calculated his own safety, from the shot which was preparing for him: and in this state he stood, without flinching, until the piece was fired, and its contents harmlessly lodged in the wall.

As soon as the robber fired, Sir John made a pass at him with his knife, and wounded him in the arm, which he repeated again in a moment, with similar effect; and, as the others had done, the villain upon being wounded, retired, exclaiming that he was wounded. The robbers immediately rushed forward from the parlour into the dark room, and then it was that Sir John's mind recognised the deepest sense of danger, not to be oppressed by it, however, but to

surmount it. He thought all chance of preserving his life was over, and he resolved to sell that life still dearer to his intended murderers, than even what they had already paid for the attempt to deprive him of it. He did not lose a moment after the villains had entered the room, to act with the determination he had adopted; he struck at the fourth fellow with his knife, and wounded him, and at the same instant he received a blow on the head, and found himself grappled with. He shortened his hold of the knife, and stabbed at the fellow with whom he found himself engaged. The floor being slippery, Sir John and his adversary both fell, and while they were down, Sir John thinking that his thrusts with the knife, tho' made with all his force, did not seem to produce the decisive effect which they had in the beginning of the conflict, he examined the point of his weapon with his finger, and found that the blade of it had been bent near the point. As he lay struggling on the floor, he endeavoured, but unsuccessfully, to straighten the curvature in the knife; but while one hand was employed in this attempt, he perceived that the grasp of his adversary was losing its constraint and pressure, and in a moment or two he found himself wholly released from it; the limbs of the robber were in fact unnerved by death. Sir John found that this fellow had a sword in his hand, and this he immediately seized, and gave him several blows with it. At length the robbers finding so many of their party had been killed or wounded, employed themselves in removing the bodies, and Sir John took this opportunity of retiring into a place a little apart from the house, where he remained for a short time. They dragged their companions into the parlour, and having placed chairs with the backs upwards, by means of those they lifted the bodies out of the windows and afterwards took them away. When the robbers retired, Sir John returned to the house, and called up a man servant from his bed, who during this long and bloody conflict had not appeared, and consequently received from his master warm and loud upbraidings for his cowardice. Sir

John then placed his daughter-in-law and grand child, who were his only inmates, in places of safety, and took such precautions as circumstances pointed out till the daylight appeared. It appeared in evidence on the trial of one of the robbers, that they were nine in number, all of whom were armed, and that two of them were killed and three severely wounded in the conflict.

FEMALE ADVOCATE.

Mademoiselle Bourgoïn, one of the most elegant actresses in Paris, appeared some time ago in a new character, and on a new stage; where, before severer judges than she usually addressed, she not only obtained the applause which she generally commanded, but a solid verdict in her favour. She had ordered a shawl from a shopkeeper, on condition that if it did not suit on trial, it was to be returned. In this shawl she attempted the character of *Monimia*, but it did not produce the expected effect. She therefore sent it back to the shopkeeper, who refused to receive it, and cited her before the Tribunal of First Instance for the price, alleging that the sale of the article was complete; that the shawl had been hemmed in her possession; and that by that act of ownership, she had precluded herself from taking benefit of the original condition. The actress pleaded her own cause; and having proved that the sale was conditional, and that the shopkeeper had hemmed the shawl himself, obtained a verdict against him. The fair pleader left the court in triumph, amid the shouts of a numerous crowd, who accompanied her to her carriage, and extolled her forensic eloquence as much as they had formerly applauded her dramatic acting.

TEACHING A COW.

A gentleman lately riding near his own house in Ireland, saw a cow's head and fore feet appear at the top of a ditch, thro' a gap in the edge on the road side; he heard a voice alternately threatening and encouraging the cow; he was induced to ride up close to the scene of action, when he saw a boy's head appear behind the cow. "My good boy," said he, "that's a fine cow." "Och,

that she is," replied the boy, "and I am taching her how to get her own living, plase your honour." The gentleman did not precisely understand the meaning of the expression, and had he directly asked for an explanation, would probably have died in ignorance; but the boy, proud of his cow, encouraged an exhibition of her talents; she was made to jump across the ditch several times, and this adroitness in breaking thro' fences was termed "getting her own living." Thus, as soon as a cow's education is finished, she may be sent loose into the world to provide for herself; turned to graze in the poorest pastures or highways, she will be able and willing to live upon the fat of the land.

BOY AND HIGHWAYMAN.

A boy having sold a cow, at the fair at Hereford, he was way-laid by a highwayman, who at a convenient place demanded the money; on this the boy took to his heels and ran away; but being overtaken by the highwayman, who dismounted, he pulled the money out of his pocket and strewed it about, and while the highwayman was picking it up, the boy jumped upon the horse and rode home. Upon searching the saddle bags, there were found twelve pounds in cash, and two loaded pistols. The horse was also valuable.

SALE OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S PICTURES.

The sale of the late Lady Thomond's collection was on Saturday crowded beyond any precedent that we know of. Mr. Christie's room seemed a proud human monument in honour of England's arts, and of her departed favourite. Beauty, rank, wealth and sentiment, formed the living memorial; and the results of the two days occupied with this business may be long looked to as a criterion of the estimation in which our Reynolds was held, and of the value of his works. Well did the scene exemplify Shree's admirable lines, for here indeed the delightful painter

Made a Mausoleum of mankind.

The curiosity, as well as interest attached to this master, led us to obtain a marked catalogue of the sale. There were 32 pieces by Sir Joshua in the first day's sale (May 19); and 36 in the second, the whole number in this unrivalled collection thus extending to 68. The amount produced on Friday was £9236.12s.—on Saturday, £9882 15s.6d.—total £13,119 10s. 6d., exclusive of the sum for copies, busts, &c.

The first picture sold was a portrait of Mrs. Hartley, as Jane Shore, at only £18 7s 6d. The first of any large value, was Sir Joshua with a book, to Lord Normanton at

£215 14s. A woody landscape, to Mr. Phillips, M.P., for £68 5s. Lady Hamilton, to Mr. Lambton, for £212 2s.: a View from Richmond Hill, £162 15s. Lord Norman-ton purchased a Girl, seated on her heels, hugging a kitten, for £309 15s.: though in a sad state, and with a varnish like coarse turpentine, cracked into wide chasms. A Female Drawing, the companion to the Kitten, an elegant specimen of the master, £106 1s. to Mr. Rogers. Mrs. Hartley, as a Bacchante with an infant on her shoulder, £304 10s. to Col. Howard; who also obtained the Gypsy Fortune-teller, at £252. A young Girl, whole length, with a scarlet mail, £267 15s. to the Marquis of Lansdown. The delightful picture of the Piping Shepherd Boy, was knocked down to Mr. Phillips, at £430 10s.

The second day was a grand day of contest. Half the aristocracy and amateurship of the metropolis were in the field. Mr. Morritt gave £225 15s. for the admired picture to which the name of Hope nursing Love has been attached. Lord Dunmore, in a high-land garb, a bold portrait, was sold to Mr. Woodburn, for £119 14s.: and soon after, came on the most interesting part of the whole, the great original designs. It was thought that these would have found their way to the king's collection, but his majesty only purchased the Dido on the funeral pile, for £735. The portraits of Sir Joshua and Jarvis, brought £430 10s. Lord Fitzwilliam: and its companion, the Peasant Girl, Children, &c. £420. Mr. Zachary: while Lord Fitzwilliam again came in, at £630 for the Shepherd Boy, Dog, and ruined Column. Charity, the centre figure of the Cardinal Virtues, was, after a severe struggle, assigned to Lord Norman-ton, at £1,575, the highest sum given at the sale. The same noble person purchased the rest of these designs: Faith, at £420; Hope, £682 10s.; Temperance, £680; Justice, £1,155; Fortitude,

£735; and Prudence, £367 10s.; total for the seven £5,545! Mr. Soane was the fortunate purchaser of the Snakes in the Grass, and a very fine one, at £535 10s.

At the sale of Mr. Kemble's library, there were three rare articles in Old English Poetry which called forth the enthusiasm of collectors.

Syr Degore, a Poetical Romance of excessive rarity, consisting of eighteen leaves, printed by Wynkyn de Worde; £36. 10s.

Here begynneth a lyall Treatyse of the Byrth and Prophecie of Martin, a Poem, printed by Wynkyn de Worde; £26. 15s. 6d.

Chancer's Canterbury Tales, a Manuscript of the 14th or 15th century; £51. 10s. 6d.

A Collection of early printed Spanish Comedies, was bought by Mr. Heber, for £37. 5s. 6d.

Shakspear's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, first edition, inlaid throughout, not a very superb copy, was bought by Mr. Boswell at the enormous sum of £112. 7s.

NEW WORKS.

World in Miniature, containing Africa in 4 vols. It constitutes the second division of a work intended to embrace all the nations of the globe under the title of the World in Miniature.

A History of the late War in Spain and Portugal, in three vols. quarto, is in press, by Dr. Southey, Poet Laureate.

A Synopsis of the various kinds of Difficult Parturition, with Practical Remarks on the Management of Labours. Third Edition, with considerable Additions, and an Appendix, of illustrative Cases and Tables. By S. Merriman, M. D. Lecturer on Midwifery.

Practical Electricity and Galvanism. Second Edition, improved. By John Cuthbertson.

Swan's Dissertation on Morbid Local Affections of the Nerves.

THE MANIAC.

SEE yonder sits, with sad and vacant eye,
Which scarce the wind can hush, his lengthened sigh,
One lost to reason, lost to all her powers,
Lest to the world with all its conscious hours:
He hears the wind that howls around his head;
He hears the storm, but all its terrors fled;
The thunder rolls, the quiv'ring lightnings play,
But all their horrors cannot wake dismay:
'Twas said the cause was love, but ill bestowed,
When the fair fickle object he had loved
Left all, her little home, and friends beside,
To be another's, and a stranger's bride:
And ever since that hour, that parting day,
That saw the ship convey his love away,
He wanders wild, along the sea-beat shore.
Nor heeds the billows that around him roar,
Himself more tossed than the stormy waves,
While reason totters, and the maniac raves;
"I'll give," (he cries,) "these pretty shells, I'll give
Them all, ah, all, to Delia, if she live.
See, see, she comes, I'll haste to give her these,
In her white hand, and on my bended knees,
Ah, nearer see, no, no, I but mistake,
My eyes grow dim, beclouded much of late;
'Twas but the shade that glides along the hill,
Those airy vapours that allure me still:
Oh, horror, madness all, I had forgot,

Away, ye haubles, leave me to my lot,
She's gone, and left me, wretched here to die;
Left me to perish in my misery;
Once I could weep, but now I cannot weep,
Nor will these eye-balls pour their kind relief;
O! sleepless ocean, ever foaming near,
Could I but tell thee all my sorrow here,
Thy heaving bosom then would throb the more,
And briny tears would deluge all the shore.
Hush! did my Delia speak? it cannot be?
I have no Delia now, that thinks of me,
'Twas but the whispering of the passing wind,
That sighs in pity, and is far more kind:
No more of this, 'twill crack my brain, no more,
I call on you, ye vultures, as ye soar,
And ye, all tow'ring eagles, as ye fly,
Whose habitation soars amid the sky,
To have some pity on this grief-worn head,
And from your dizzy nests in swiftness sped,
To dig a little grave along this shore,
Where I can slumber, and be seen no more:
Here shall the waves run dancing o'er my bed,
And here the sea-gull hover o'er my head,
The talking wind shall tell its nightly lore
Thro' the dread night, when I am heard no more;
Here rest this wasting, and this haggard frame,
Nor love, nor madness, more disturb this brain."

SPIRIT

OF THE

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CAPTAIN PARRY'S VOYAGE.

THIS book, which has been so long expected, has at length made its appearance ; but it has been published so very late in the month, as to render it utterly impossible for us to present any thing more than a general analysis of its contents. Even this we should not have done, had not the subject been one of very universal interest. On the 10th of June, 1819, the *Hecla* and *Griper* sailed from the Nore with a complement of ninety-four men. After enduring the usual dangers from icebergs and "besettings," and all the various impediments usual in the North Seas, they entered Lancaster's Sound, in high spirits, and without having undergone any casualty, on the 1st of August.* They had passed innumerable capes, headlands, and promontories ; to all of which Captain Parry annexed some name, according to the custom of previous discoverers. At one or two islands some of the crew landed, where, however, they found nothing remarkable, except that in one, which they called *Sir Byam Martin's* island, there were the distinct remains of four Esquimaux habitations. On the fourth

they had the satisfaction of penetrating so far westward within the Arctic circle, as to entitle themselves to the reward of 5000*l.* allotted by Act of Parliament for the achievement of that enterprise. In order to commemorate this success, a bluff head which they had just passed was called *Bounty Cape* ; and Captain Parry, having assembled the crews after Divine service on the 5th, announced to them their good fortune, and ordered an addition to their allowance for the day. We may be permitted, here, to remark, en passant, that nothing could well have exceeded the attention to the minutest circumstances which regarded his seamen, the inventive powers for the promotion of good humour, or the zeal and benevolence with which he put his plans into execution, than was evinced by the commander of this expedition throughout the whole of the voyage. Shortly after this, a fresh gale arising from the northward, and the ice continuing to oppose an impenetrable barrier to their further progress, they dropped anchor in a bay of Melville Island, which they named the Bay of the *Hecla* and *Griper*. Some of the

* Here, Captain Parry remarks, they seemed to have got into the head-quarters of the whales, eighty-two being seen on the 30th July : hence he concludes the Greenland fishermen's idea, that the presence of ice is necessary for the finding of whales, to be erroneous—there not being any ice in sight at the time. —Many of the party landed at Possession Bay, and recognised the objects they had remarked there on their former Expedition ; and Mr Fisher, the assistant-surgeon, found the tracks of human feet upon the banks of a stream, which seem, at first, to have struck him with as much surprise as Robinson Crusoe felt at seeing the print of the savage's foot in the sand ; but, on a more accurate examination, they were discovered to have been made by the shoes of the same party eleven months before.

crew landed on this island, where they collected in a day two thirds of a bushel of coals, being equal to the daily consumption of the Hecla ; and Mr. Dealy was fortunate enough to kill the first musk ox to which the sportsmen could get near. It was at such a distance, however, from the ship, that they could not transport it thither ; but a piece of the beef was brought as a sample, the taste of which appears to have been much more inviting than the perfume. The crews of both vessels suffered here the most serious apprehensions for the safety of Mr. Fife, and a party from the Griper, who had lost their way on the island, while deer hunting. The whole earth was one waste of white around them ; and the snow continued to fall so incessantly, that the various flag-staffs which were set up as guides could not be discerned at a few yards distance. Just, however, as the sun was descending on the third day from their departure, a signal from the Griper announced the joyful intelligence that they were descried on their return. The account which they gave was, that they had lost their way a few hours after their separation from the ship, and had wandered about ever since. At night they endeavoured to shelter themselves from the inclemency of the weather, by erecting little huts of stones and turf, and setting fire with gunpowder to the loose moss. Their food consisted of raw grouse, of which fortunately they were able to obtain sufficient for their subsistence. They were much debilitated, and severely frost-bitten, both in the toes and fingers ; and the night on which they returned proved so dreadfully inclement, that their exposure under it must have been certain death. In gratitude for this signal escape, they distinguished the western head-land by the title of *Cape Providence*.

Captain Parry had been given the option by the Admiralty of returning to England after he had minutely explored Lancaster's Sound, or of wintering in the Arctic regions, as he thought proper. He preferred the latter ; and the increasing perils of the navigation, the unpromising appearance of the ice to the westward, together with the ad-

vanced period of the season, admonished him that it was now high time to look out for winter quarters. He determined to return to the Bay of the Hecla and Griper, as being the only one which he had observed as at all calculated for security. He proceeded therefore on his return ; which was effected slowly, and with considerable difficulty, owing to the perpetual formation of the ice, which was never interrupted, although the waters were agitated by a hard gale. What was their mortification, on their arrival off Fife's Harbour, to find that the whole bay was covered with one solid sheet of ice, which had been formed since their previous visit ! It became, however, absolutely necessary to secure themselves for the winter ; and in doing this, the sailors displayed wonderful ingenuity and perseverance. The only way to preserve the ships was, by cutting a passage for them through the ice ; and to accomplish this, they, in the face of snow storms, actually worked nineteen hours during the first day ! Our readers may have some idea of the extent of this undertaking, when we inform them that the length of this canal was 4082 yards, and that the average thickness of the ice was seven inches. At a quarter past three on the third day, they tracked the ships through this canal into winter quarters, an event which was commemorated by three hearty cheers. Here then they were to remain for at least eight months ; during three of which a glimpse of the sun would not be visible ; and it became immediately necessary to commence preparations for meeting this new and extraordinary situation. Not a moment was lost in the commencement of their operations. The masts were all dismantled, except the lower ones ; and a kind of housing was formed on deck by lashing the yards fore and aft amidships, and supporting them by upright planks, over all of which, a thick wadding-tilt, such as usually covers waggons, was thrown by way of roof, and formed a comfortable shelter, at least from the snow and wind. The boats, spars, running sails, and rigging, were all removed to the land, in order to afford the crews room

for exercising on deck, whenever the inclemency of the weather prevented their going ashore. The next consideration was the preservation of the health of the crews during this trying period. The difficulty of keeping the bed-places dry, may be gathered from the fact of a crust of ice forming every night of more or less thickness according to the temperature of the atmosphere, on the inner partition of all sides of the vessel. The steam arising from their brewing was so annoying, that, valuable an anti-scorbutic as beer was, they were obliged to discontinue their brewery. The cold was obviated by means of heated air-pipes; and a strict attention to diet, except in one instance, effectually counteracted the scurvy. The men were obliged to drink a certain proportion of lime-juice, sugar, and water, every day in the presence of an officer. The allowance of bread was diminished to two thirds; and a pound of Donkin's preserved meat, together with one pint of vegetable or concentrated soup, was substituted for one pound of salt beef weekly. Sour kroust and pickles, with as much vinegar as could be used, were issued at regular intervals. The men were carefully mustered every morning and evening, and a medical inspection of them took place once a week. Captain Parry himself examined the beds every day; and when the crews could not exercise on shore, they were obliged to run on deck for several hours keeping time to some merry tune. The consequence of these very judicious arrangements was, that only one instance of mortality occurred during the entire expedition; and that was hastened, if not altogether created, by predisposing causes. Placed in this novel and awful situation, Captain Parry proposed the erection of a theatre on deck, and that performances should take place during the winter—a proposition which was gratefully acceded to; and accordingly on the 5th of November, sailors, officers and commander, all appeared in *Miss in her Teens*, to the great satisfaction, as the play-bills would express it, of a crowded and delightful audience. A weekly newspaper, called the *North Georgia Gazette*,

was also actually composed and printed on board, the officers becoming voluntary contributors, and Captain Sabine acting as editor. We are a little jealous that it was not a Magazine; but it must be confessed, that the establishment of a newspaper was a tempting speculation, where there was neither a stamp-office, nor an Attorney-General.

The effects of the cold were most distressing: the least exposure of the hand in the open air, caused such severe frost-bites, that amputation became sometimes unavoidable, and the skin generally adhered to any metallic substance with which it came in contact! In one or two instances, persons labouring under the consequences of severe cold seemed to have had their minds as well as their persons torpidified; they looked wild, spoke thick, and inarticulately; and, when recovering, exhibited all the symptoms of complete intoxication; so much so, indeed, that Captain Parry could not have credited that they were sober, if he had not perfect demonstration that they had taken nothing stronger than snow water. On the 4th of November, the sun bade them farewell, and did not appear again above their horizon, till the 8th of February, an interval of ninety-six days! The *North Georgia Gazette*, which is now in the London press, theatre once a fortnight, the *Aurora Borealis* at times, and the howling of wolves, trapping of white foxes, and tracing of wild deer, were their principal occupations. We find that there were not only political, but dramatic authors on board; for a play was actually written on board the *Hecla*, and played, with the thermometer below Zero on the stage. The piece had decided success; though we apprehend there was not much *clapping of hands* during its performance. The wearing of leather on the feet even caused such frost-bites, that the Captain was obliged to substitute a kind of canvass boot, lined with woollen. During their refuge in winter quarters, they formed a number of hunting parties, and obtained by that means, not only amusement, but a considerable supply of fresh provisions. The following is a list of the game killed on the shores of Mel-

ville Island, during a period of twelve months : 3 musk oxen, 24 deer, 68 hares, 53 geese, 59 ducks, 144 ptarmigans, making a sum total of 3,766lb. of fresh meat. Capt. Parry, also, by artificial means, contrived to grow some small sallad on board the vessel ; but his seeds all perished on shore in soil to which vegetation seems to have sworn eternal hostility.

It is very remarkable, that some of their dogs formed a very close, and even tender acquaintance with the wolves on Melville Island, so much so, as to stay away for days and nights from the ship, and only one was lost ; but whether he was a voluntary exile, or whether he was devoured by the male wolves, remains a problem : the latter, we fear, was the case, from the circumstance of one of the captain's own favourites returning, after a long visit, severely lacerated. Some of the animals in these regions appear, indeed, remarkably tame ; and there is a very entertaining account given by Capt. Parry, of his forming an acquaintance with a rein-deer, in his excursion across Melville Island. Capt. Sabine and he, having been considerably a-head of the rest of the party, sat down to wait for them, when a fine deer came up, and began to gambol round them, at a distance of thirty yards. They had no gun ; and at all events considered that hostility would have been but a bad return for the confidence reposed in them. When the rest of the party appeared, the deer ran to pay them a visit ; but they being less scrupulous, fired two shots at him without effect, when he returned to Capt. Parry even nearer than before, accompanying him, and trotting round him like a dog, until the rest of the party came up ; upon which, with much good sense, he disappeared.

We are sorry we have not room to detail Capt. Parry's account of his tour thro' Melville Island, which possesses considerable interest. They collected some specimens of mineralogy ; and, amongst others, a piece of fossil wood ; saw abundance of sorrel and saxifrage ; and in many places, a great deal of grass and poppies. The whole island bore evident marks of being frequented much

by game ; and from the marks in several places, seemed to abound in musk oxen, deer, hares, foxes, grouse, plover, geese, and ptarmigan. The wolves appear to prey upon the foxes ; and a beautiful little white one, which was caught in a trap near the Hecla, showed evident symptoms of alarm when it heard their howl. The month of July turning out very favourable, the ice began gradually to disappear ; and on the 1st of August, the ships took their departure from Winter Harbour, where they had lain for very near 10 months. Even after leaving this, they were terribly impeded by the ice ; and the Captain called a council of officers, to have their advice on his future operations. They all agreed that it would be most wise to run a little along the edge of the ice to the eastward, in the hope of finding an opening to lead to the American continent ; and, if this should fail, that then they should, after a reasonable time spent in the search, return to England. This return was rendered doubly necessary, as the exhaustion of their principal antiscorbutic, and the diminution of their fuel, made the delay of another winter a dangerous experiment. They determined, however, in the first instance, to penetrate still further southward from their present condition ; so as, if possible, to bring the accomplishment of the passage through Behring's Strait, within the scope of their remaining resources.

Pursuing this direction they made land, which they had no doubt had been, at no great distance of time, visited by the Esquimaux ; and, in a few days after, they were agreeably surprised by encountering a whaler. Some idea may be formed of the icebergs in these seas, from the account which Captain Parry gives of two, which he passed by on Sunday, the 3d of September, and which he estimates at the height of from 150 to 200 feet above the surface of the water ! On the morning of the 5th, they met also another whaler, which proved to be the *Lee*, of Hull, Mr. Williamson, master, who reported that he had seen some Esquimaux a few days before, in the inlet, which had been, in 1818, the riv-

er Clyde, and which was then only a little to the southward of them. As Captain Parry thought it probable that these people had never before been visited by Europeans, and as it might be of consequence to examine the inlet, he determined to stand in to the land. While they were making the best of their way to the islands, it is curious enough that they met the identical iceberg which had been measured in 1818, and which was then ascertained to be *two miles in length*! It was aground in precisely the same spot as before. At six in the evening, being near the outermost of a groupe of islands, with which they afterwards found this inlet to be studded, they observed four canoes paddling towards the ship. The Esquimaux advanced boldly up, and had their canoes taken on board by their own desire. They approached amid the loud vociferations of their inmates, who were found to be an old man much above sixty years of age, and three younger ones from nineteen to thirty. On receiving a few presents, they began making a number of ejaculations, which they continued till they were hoarse, accompanying their noise by a jumping gesture, which was more or less violent, according to the powers of the jumper. They went down into the cabin; and the old gentleman was persuaded to *sit for his picture* to Lieutenant Beechey, which he did very quietly for more than an hour; but it seems to have required all the pantomine rhetoric which Captain Parry was possessed of, to keep him in his position. However, the old gentleman turned out to be a wag, and mimicked the gestures of the gallant navigator, with such humour, as to create considerable diversion among the bye-standers. His patience, however, was put to a very severe test, as a barter for commodities was going on between the crew and his companions, very near him, all the time he was sitting. They seemed to have a very good notion of making a bargain; and their manner of concluding it was by licking the article purchased twice all over; after which ceremony, it was considered to be final. There are some things, we imagine,

with reference to which this mode of consummation would not be very agreeable. The canoes were found to move much faster in water when there was no sea, than the ship's boat, but only one person could sit in each. Those people seem to have very strict notions of honesty, and they showed every disposition to do the crews any service in their power. They acquired very quickly several words of English, which they were fond of repeating; and, in their gestures and vociferations, evinced a strong inclination to humour. Captain Parry tells us, quite in the spirit of our delectable old friend, Jamie Boswell, that when these people looked through a telescope, or a kaleidoscope, *some of them shut the right eye, and some of them the left*. We hope this was carefully noted among the discoveries in the log book.

The Captain afterwards landed on the main land, and visited two of the Esquimaux tents, where they were received by men, women, and children, with a general, but welcoming vociferation. They exchanged several articles with the crew, and were very strict in their dealings. In order to prove their honesty, Captain Parry relates that he had sold an axe to an old woman, for a dog, and had given her the axe in advance; the dogs were exceedingly shy, and she might easily have evaded the performance of her contract; but she immediately set off with a kind of thong noose, which they are obliged to use for the purpose, and soon presented the purchaser with one of the finest in the country. There is a minute description of these people, which serves to fill up a few pages; but they appear, both in person and habitation, not to differ from the general class of Esquimaux. They seem, indeed, not to be very delicate in their appetites; for both old and young, when a bird was given them, swallowed it *feathers and all*, in the most ravenous manner. This delicate propensity seems to be fully participated by the four-legged companions; for it seems the dog which Captain Parry purchased from the old lady, after having been regularly fed, immediately, and without scruple, swallow-

ed a large piece of canvass, a cotton handkerchief which had been just washed, and part of a cleek shirt. We are of opinion, that the old lady was very right to part with him. It certainly showed a due regard for her seal-skin wardrobe. The puppies would at any time, if permitted, kill themselves by over eating; and it is curious enough, that in the different bargains, the children invariably, and without any question, exercised a right over the *young* dogs. The behaviour, however, of the simple people, impressed the navigators with a high respect for them; and they never evinced, in all their intercourse, the least disposition to purloin any thing. The crews made them some trifling presents, for which they were very grateful, and they watched the departure of the vessels in sorrowful sight.

On the 26th of September, the ice appeared to be so packed towards the westward, as to preclude all possibility of any farther progress, or indeed of minutely examining the coast, there being then twelve hours of darkness. Under these circumstances any farther attempt was considered useless; and the ships steered to England, in their passage to which they experienced very stormy weather. During this expedition, perhaps, the most interesting phenomenon, which the navigators remarked, was the effect which the approach to the North Pole obviously had upon the needle.

From the time of their entering Lancaster's Sound, the sluggishness of the compasses, and their great irregularity, became apparent; and, at last, the directive power of the needle became so weak, as to be completely overcome by the attraction of the ship. In a few days, the binnacles were removed, as useless lumber, from the deck to the carpenter's room; and the true courses, and direction of the wind, were in future noted in the log-book, as obtained to the nearest quarter point, when the sun was visible, by the azimuth of that object, and the apparent time. With respect to the main object of the expedition, Captain Parry seems to entertain very sanguine expectations. In

addition to the discoveries which have been already made by himself, to those of Cook and Mackenzie, and on an inspection of the map, he thinks it almost a certainty that a north-west passage into the Pacific will be finally accomplished, and that the outlet will be found at Behring's Strait. But this he considers altogether impracticable for British ships, in consequence of the length of the voyage which must first be performed, in order to arrive at the point where the work is to be begun. Upon the whole, therefore, he considers that any expedition equipped by England with this view, would act with greater advantage by at once employing its best energies in the attempt to penetrate from the eastern coast of America, along its northern shore. Whatever may be the ultimate fate of these attempts, and whatever may be the ultimate result of these discoveries, which may, perhaps, add something to the science and the fame of our country, but which will, we fear, prove of but little practical utility, taken in a commercial point of view; still there certainly can be but one opinion as to the zeal and capabilities of Capt. Parry. He seems to have performed the duties entailed on him by the Admiralty, not only with the skill of an able seaman, but to have much recommended his performance of them by the good humour and humanity which marked his conduct in the most trying situations. Perhaps the loss of the sun, and the inutility of the needle, and the frost bites in *Winter Harbour*, will not give the land reader half so distinct an idea of the perils to which such seas expose the navigator, as a single glance at some of the plates which are given in this volume. The situation of the ships at times must have been tremendous; and nothing can have been more awful than to behold sea and shore, hill and valley, in short, nature herself, under the aspect of one continued iceberg—no sound to break upon the silence, but the explosions of the ice, or the howling of the wolves; and no living thing to meet the eye, except some ravenous and half-famished animal.

Our limits, and the late time at which we received this volume, will not allow

us to give more than what we are aware is, and necessarily must be, a very hurried sketch, but we hope we have said enough to direct the reader to the original fountain. The gallant navigator is again cased in icebergs, from the shafts

of criticism—we sincerely wish him a good voyage, a happy termination—smiles and welcome from the Esquimaux Venus, and all the rewards of the board of Admiralty.*

(Monthly Magazine, June.)

COTEMPORARY FEMALE GENIUS.

AT no period of our history has Female genius triumphed more than in our own days. At the present time there are living not less than twenty-four ladies of pre-eminent talents as writers in various departments of literature and philosophy, whose names deserve to be specially enumerated, and whose several works and superior pretensions deserve to be treated at large in your pages. For the present, I shall name them as they occur to my mind, and not presume to class them in the order of merit. These brief notices justify me, however, in calling the attention of writers of greater power to the subject.

MRS. BARBAULD, distinguished during fifty years, by her elegant productions in verse and prose.

MRS. HANNAH MORE, for nearly an equal period, by various moral and controversial writings; not inferior for style and energy of mind to any thing produced by the other sex.

MRS. RADCLIFFE, who as a novelist, may be ranked among the first geniuses of the age and country.

MISS EDGEWORTH, a distinguished writers of novels, moral compositions, and works of education.

MISS CULLEN, the amiable and ingenious authoress of *Mornton*, and *Home*, novels distinguished for their benevolent sentiments and spirited composition, honourable alike to her heart and head.

MRS. OPIE, whose various works in verse and prose, are distinguished for their originality, ingenuity, good taste and elegant composition.

MRS. INCHBALD, who as a dramatist and novelist, has produced various works which will ever rank high among the classics of our language.

MISS HUTTON, respectable as a novelist, powerful as a general writer, and able as a philosophical geographer, as proved by her recent work on Africa.

MISS H. M. WILLIAMS, who though

* We have already adverted to the great distance at which sounds were heard in the open air, during the immense cold. This is more particularly noticed, however, in the following passage: "We have often heard the people distinctly conversing, in a common tone of voice, at the distance of a mile; and to-day, (11th February) I heard a man singing to himself as he walked along the beach, at even a greater distance than this."—P. 143. This apparently singular effect was owing to the uniform density which the air maintained during the long night of this region; the same principle on which Humboldt, in his beautiful Essay on the cataracts of the Orinoco, explains the increase of their noise during the night, and whose converse, in like manner, accounts for that remarkable deadness of all sounds, which, it is said, accompanies the first streamings of the Sirocco, or Harmattan wind, and augments the terrors of an impending hurricane or earthquake. The halos, with their accompanying pathelia and paraselenes, seen at Melville Island, were, as usual in such latitudes, exceedingly brilliant; but, for the most part, they were regular, and not unusual in their forms. The Aurora Boreales were faint, generally seen in the south-west quarter, and never affected either the electrometer or the compasses.

Capt. Parry, in the expedition which he is now conducting, is understood to intend to push through Hudson's or Cumberland Straits, and try his fortune in Repulse Bay, or Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome; purposing, if he can find a passage in either of them, to draw to the westward along the main-land of America, and between it and the ice. In doing this he anticipates some difficulties; and before leaving England, he is said to have expressed, like a wise man, his desire that the public should be prepared to hear of them.

We must not close our observations without expressing our approbation of the illustrative plates, most of them conveying to the mind of the reader the full effect which the scene had produced on the eye of the artist, and particularly the plate which represents the vessels laid up in Winter Harbour, in beholding which, the words of Aspatia, in the *Maid's* Tragedy,

"Paint me a desolation,"

involuntarily rose to our lips.

long resident in Paris, may be claimed as an Englishwoman, and is an honour to the genius of her countrywomen in history, politics, eloquence and poetry.

MRS. CAPPE, a lady whose strength of understanding and powers of diction have led her to grapple with subjects of the highest order, and she has published several works in theology, education, and biography.

MISS PORTER, a novelist of the first rank in the powers of eloquent composition, whose *Thaddeus of Warsaw* and other works, will long be standards in the language.

MISS BENDER, who figures with equal distinction as a novelist, historian, and critic.

MRS. GRANT, who has distinguished herself in morals, philosophy and the belles lettres.

MRS. MARCET, who had proved her powers of mind in her *Conversations on Natural Philosophy, &c.*

MRS. LOWRY, who writes and lectures with great ability on mineralogy and geology.

MISS OWENSON, (Lady Morgan) whose powers of eloquent writing, and moral and political reasoning are not surpassed by any author of her time.

MRS. WAKEFIELD, compiler of many useful and ingenious works for the use of children and schools.

MRS. IBERTSON, whose discoveries

with the microscope on the *Physiology of Plants*, ranks, her high among experimental philosophers.

MISS HERSCHEL, whose ingenuity and industry in astronomical observation, have obtained her a splendid reputation throughout the civilized world.

MISS AIKIN, niece of Mrs. Barbauld, who soaring above productions of mere taste and fancy, has in her *Memoirs of Elizabeth*, proved her powers in history and philosophy.

MRS. GRAHAM, the able writer of several volumes of travels, which are distinguished for their sound philosophy and enlightened views of society.

M. D'ARLAY, (Miss Burney) whose *Evelina*, *Cecilia*, *Camilla*, and other novels place her among the first and most original writers of any age.

MISS BAILLIE, whose *Plays on the Passions* and other productions are highly esteemed by every person of good taste.

Besides others of less celebrity, but perhaps equal merit, whose names are not present to the recollection of the writer.

Few persons till they behold this enumeration, will have suspected that our own days could boast such a galaxy of genius in the fair sex; and it may also be questioned whether the other sex can produce a list in many respects of superior pretensions.

(Blackwood's Magazine.)

VANDERDECKEN'S MESSAGE HOME ;

OR, THE TENACITY OF NATURAL AFFECTION.

OUR ship, after touching at the Cape, went out again, and soon losing sight of the Table Mountain, began to be assailed by the impetuous attacks of the sea, which is well known to be more formidable there than in most parts of the known ocean. The day had grown dull and hazy, and the breeze, which had formerly blown fresh, now sometimes subsided almost entirely, and then recovering its strength, for a short time, and changing its direction, blew with temporary violence, and died away

again, as if exercising a melancholy caprice. A heavy swell began to come from the south-east. Our sails flapped against the masts, and the ship rolled from side to side, as heavily as if she had been water-logged. There was so little wind that she would not steer.

At two P.M. we had a squall, accompanied with thunder and rain. The seamen, growing restless, looked anxiously a head. They said we would have a dirty night of it, and that it would not be worth while to turn into

their hammocks. As the second mate was describing a gale he had encountered off Cape Race, Newfoundland, we were suddenly taken all aback, and the blast came upon us furiously. We continued to send under a double reefed mainsail and foretopsail till dusk ; but, as the sea ran high, the captain thought it safest to bring her to. The watch on deck consisted of four men, one of whom was appointed to keep a look-out ahead, for the weather was so hazy, that we could not see two cables' length from the bows. This man, whose name was Tom Willis, went frequently to the bows, as if to observe something ; and when the others called to him, inquiring what he was looking at, he would give no definite answer. They therefore went also to the bows, and appeared startled, and at first said nothing. But presently one of them cried, " William, go call the watch."

The seamen, having been asleep in their hammocks, murmured at this unreasonable summons, and called to know how it looked upon deck. To which Tom Willis replied, " Come up and see. What we are minding is not on deck, but a-head."

On hearing this, they ran up without putting on their jackets, and when they came to the bows there was a whispering.

One of them asked, " Where is she ? I do not see her." To which another replied, " The last flash of lightning shewed there was not a reef in one of her sails ; but we, who know her history, know that all her canvass will never carry her into port."

By this time, the talking of the seamen had brought some of the passengers on deck. They could see nothing, however, for the ship was surrounded by thick darkness, and by the noise of the dashing waters, and the seamen evaded the questions that were put to them.

At this juncture the chaplain came on deck. He was a man of grave and modest demeanour, and was much liked among the seamen, who called him Gentle George. He overheard one of the men asking another, " If he had ever seen the Flying Dutchman before, and if

he knew the story about her?" To which the other replied, " I have heard of her beating about in these seas. What is the reason she never reaches port ?"

The first speaker replied, " They give different reasons for it, but my story is this : She was an Amsterdam vessel, and sailed from that port seventy years ago. Her master's name was Vanderdecken. He was a staunch seaman, and would have his own way, in spite of the devil. For all that, never a sailor under him had reason to complain ; tho' how it is on board with them now, nobody knows ; the story is this, that in doubling the Cape, they were a long day trying to weather the Table Bay, which we saw this morning. However, the wind headed them, and went against them more and more, and Vanderdecken walked the deck, swearing at the wind. Just after sunset, a vessel spoke him, asking if he did not mean to go into the Bay that night. " Vanderdecken replied, " May I be eternally damned if I do, tho' I should beat about here till the day of judgment !" And to be sure, Vanderdecken never did go into that bay ; for it is believed that he continues to beat about in these seas still, and will do so long enough. This vessel is never seen but with foul weather along with her."

To which another replied, " We must keep clear of her. They say that her captain mans his jolly boat, when a vessel comes in sight, and tries hard to get along-side, to put letters on board, but no good comes to them who have any communication with him."

Tom Willis said, " There is such a sea between us at present, as should keep us safe from such visits."

To which the other answered : " We cannot trust to that, if Vanderdecken sends out his men."

Some of this conversation having been overheard by the passengers, there was a commotion among them. In the meantime the noise of the waves against the vessel, could scarcely be distinguished from the sounds of the distant thunder. The wind had extinguished the light in the binnacle, where the compass was, and no one could tell which way

the ship's head lay. The passengers were afraid to ask questions, lest they should augment the secret sensation of fear which chilled every heart, or learn any more than they already knew. For while they attributed their agitation of mind to the state of the weather, it was sufficiently perceptible that their alarms also arose from a cause which they did not acknowledge.

The lamp at the binnacle being relighted, they perceived that the ship lay closer to the wind than she had hitherto done, and the spirits of the passengers were somewhat revived.

Nevertheless, neither the tempestuous state of the atmosphere, nor the thunder had ceased; and soon a vivid flash of lightning shewed the waves tumbling around us, and, in the distance, the Flying Dutchman scudding furiously before the wind, under a press of canvass. The sight was but momentary, but it was sufficient to remove all doubt from the minds of the passengers. One of the men cried aloud, "There she goes, top-gallants and all."

The chaplain had brought up his prayer-book, in order that he might draw from thence something to fortify and tranquillize the minds of the rest. Therefore, taking his seat near the binnacle, so that the light shone upon the white leaves of the book, he in a solemn tone, read out the service for those distressed at sea. The sailors stood round with folded arms, and looked as if they thought it would be of little use. But this served to occupy the attention of those on deck for a while.

In the mean time, the flashes of lightning becoming less vivid, shewed nothing else, far or near, but the billows weltering round the vessel. The sailors seemed to think that they had not yet seen the worst, but confined their remarks and prognostications to their own circle.

At this time, the captain, who had hitherto remained in his birth, came on deck, and, with a gay and unconcerned air, inquired what was the cause of the general dread. He said he thought they had already seen the worst of the weather, and wondered that his men had raised such a hubbub about a capful

of wind. Mention being made of the Flying Dutchman, the captain laughed. He said, "he would like very much to see any vessel carrying top-gallant-sails in such a night, for it would be a sight worth looking at." The chaplain, taking him by one of the buttons of his coat, drew him aside, and appeared to enter into serious conversation with him.

While they were talking together; the captain was heard to say, "Let us look to our own ship, and not mind such things;" and accordingly, he sent a man aloft, to see if all was right about the foretop-sail yard, which was chafing the mast with a loud noise.

It was Tom Willis who went up; and when he came down, he said that all was tight, and that he hoped it would soon get clearer; and that they would see no more of what they were most afraid of.

The captain and first mate were heard laughing loudly together, while the chaplain observed, that it would be better to repress such unseasonable gaiety. The second mate, a native of Scotland whose name was Duncan Saunderson, having attended one of the University classes at Aberdeen, thought himself too wise to believe all that the sailors said, and took part with the captain. He jestingly told Tom Willis, to borrow his grandam's spectacles the next time he was sent to keep a look-out a-head. Tom walked sulkily away, muttering, that he would nevertheless trust to his own eyes till morning, and accordingly took his station at the bow, and appeared to watch as attentively as before.

The sound of talking soon ceased, for many returned to their births, and we heard nothing but the clanking of the ropes upon the masts, and the bursting of the billows a-head, as the vessel successively took the seas.

But after a considerable interval of darkness, gleams of lightning began to reappear. Tom Willis suddenly called out, "Vanderdecken, again! Vanderdecken, again! I see them letting down a boat."

All who were on deck ran to the bows. The next flash of lightning

shone far and wide over the raging sea, and shewed us not only the Flying Dutchman at a distance, but also a boat coming from her with four men. The boat was within two cables' length of our ship's side.

The man who first saw her, ran to the captain, and asked whether they should hail her or not. The captain, walking about in great agitation, made no reply. The first mate cried, "Who's going to heave a rope to that boat?" the men looked at each other without offering to do any thing. The boat had come very near the chains, when Tom Willis called out, "What do you want? or what devil has blown you here in such weather." A piercing voice from the boat, replied in English, "We want to speak with your captain." The captain took no notice of this, and Vanderdecken's boat having come close along side, one of the men came upon deck, and appeared like a fatigued and weatherbeaten seaman, holding some letters in his hand.

Our sailors all drew back. The chaplain, however, looking stedfastly upon him, went forward a few steps, and asked, "What is the purpose of this visit?"

The stranger replied, "We have long been kept here by foul weather, and Vanderdecken wishes to send these letters to his friends in Europe."

Our captain now came forward, and said as firmly as he could, "I wish Vanderdecken would put his letters on any other vessel rather than mine."

The stranger replied, "We have tried many a ship, but most of them refuse our letters."

Upon which, Tom Willis muttered, "It will be best for us if we do the same, for they say, there is sometimes a sinking weight in your paper."

The stranger took no notice of this, but asked where we were from. On being told that we were from Portsmouth, he said, as if with strong feeling, "Would you had rather been from Amsterdam. Oh that we saw it again! — We must see our friends again." When he uttered these words, the men who were in the boat below, wrung their hands, and cried in a piercing

tone, in Dutch, "Oh that we saw it again! We have been long here beating about: but we must see our friends again."

The chaplain asked the stranger, "How long have you been at sea?"

He replied, "we have lost our count, for our almanack was blown over board. Our ship, you see, is there still; so why should you ask how long we have been at sea; for Vanderdecken only wishes to write home and comfort his friends."

To which the chaplain replied, "Your letters, I fear, would be of no use in Amsterdam, even if they were delivered, for the persons to whom they are addressed are probably no longer to be found there, except under very ancient green turf in the church-yard."

The unwelcome stranger then wrung his hands, and appeared to weep; and replied, "It is impossible. We cannot believe you. We have been long driving about here, but country nor relations cannot be so easily forgotten. There is not a rain drop in the air but feels itself kindred to all the rest, and they fall back into the sea to meet with each other again. How then, can kindred blood be made to forget where it came from? Even our bodies are part of the ground of Holland; and Vanderdecken says, if he once were come to Amsterdam, he would rather be changed into a stone post, well fixed into the ground, than leave it again; if that were to die elsewhere. But in the mean time, we only ask you to take these letters."

The chaplain, looking at him with astonishment, said, "This is the insanity of natural affection, which rebels against all measures of time and distance."

The stranger continued, "Here is a letter from our second mate, to his dear and only remaining friend, his uncle, the merchant who lives in the second house on Stuncken Yacht Quay."

He held forth the letter, but no one would approach to take it.

Tom Willis raised his voice, and said, "One of our men, here, says that he was in Amsterdam last summer, and he knows for certain, that the street

called *Stuncken Yacht Quay*, was pulled down sixty years ago, and now there is only a large church at that place."

The man from the *Flying Dutchman*, said, "It is impossible, we cannot believe you. Here is another letter from myself, in which I have sent a bank-note to my dear sister, to buy some gallant lace, to make her a high head dress."

Tom Willis hearing this, said, "It is most likely that her head now lies under a tomb-stone, which will outlast all the changes of the fashion. But on what house is your bank-note?"

The stranger replied, "On the house of Vanderbrucker and Company."

The man of whom Tom Willis had spoken, said, "I guess there will now be some discount upon it for that banking-house was gone to destruction forty years ago; and Vanderbrucker was afterwards amissing.—But to remember these things is like raking up the bottom of an old canal."

The stranger called out passionately, "It is impossible—We cannot believe it! It is cruel to say such things to people in our condition. There is a letter from our captain himself, to his much-beloved and faithful wife, whom he left at a pleasant summer dwelling, on the border of the *Haarlemer Mer*. She promised to have the house beautifully painted and gilded before he came back, and to get a new set of looking-glasses for the principal chamber, that she might see as many images of *Vanderdecken*, as if she had six husbands at once."

The man replied, "There has been time enough for her to have had six husbands since then; but were she alive still, there is no fear that *Vanderdecken* would ever get home to disturb her."

On hearing this the stranger again shed tears, and said, if they would not take the letters, he would leave them; and looking around he offered the parcel to the captain, chaplain, and to the rest of the crew successively, but each drew back as it was offered, and put his hands behind his back. He then laid the letters upon the deck, and placed upon them a piece of iron, which

was lying near, to prevent them from being blown away. Having done this, he swung himself over the gangway, and went into the boat.

We heard the others speak to him, but the rise of a sudden squall prevented us from distinguishing his reply. The boat was seen to quit the ship's side, and, in a few moments, there were no more traces of her than if she had never been there. The sailors rubbed their eyes, as if doubting what they had witnessed, but the parcel still lay upon deck, and proved the reality of all that had passed. *Duncan Saunderson*, the Scotch mate, asked the captain if he should take them up, and put them in the letter-bag? Receiving no reply, he would have lifted them if it had not been for Tom Willis, who pulled him back, saying that nobody should touch them.

In the mean time the captain went down to the cabin, and the chaplain having followed him, found him at his bottle-case, pouring out a large dram of brandy. The captain, although somewhat disconcerted, immediately offered his glass to him, saying, "Here *Charters*, is what is good in a cold night." The chaplain declined drinking any thing, and the captain having swallowed the bumper, they both returned to the deck, where they found the seamen giving their opinions concerning what should be done with the letters. Tom Willis proposed to pick them up on a harpoon, and throw it overboard.

Another speaker said, "I have always heard it asserted that it is neither safe to accept them voluntarily, nor when they are left to throw them out of the ship."

"Let no one touch them," said the carpenter. "The way to do with the letters from the *Flying Dutchman* is to case them upon deck, by nailing boards over them, so that if he sends back for them, they are still there to give him."

The carpenter went to fetch his tools. During his absence, the ship gave so violent a pitch, that the piece of iron slid off the letters, and they were whirled overboard by the wind, like birds of evil omen whirling through the air. There was a cry of joy among the sail-

ors, and they ascribed the favourable derdecken. We soon got under weigh
change which soon took place in the again. The night watch being set, the
weather, to our having got quit of Van- rest of the crew retired to their births.

(New Monthly Magazine.)

VERSES TO MY FIRST-BORN.

By Madame de Surville.

MY cherish'd infant ! image of thy sire !
Sleep on the bosom which thy small lip presses ;
Sleep, little one, and close those eyes of fire,
Those eyelets which the weight of sleep oppresses.

Sweet friend ! dear little one ! may slumber lend thee
Delights which I must never more enjoy !
I watch o'er thee, to nourish and defend thee,
And count these vigils sweet, for thee, my boy.

Sleep, infant, sleep ! my solace and my treasure !
Sleep on my breast, the breast which gladly bore thee !
And though thy words can give this heart no pleasure,
It loves to see thy thousand smiles come o'er thee.

Yes, thou wilt smile, young friend ! when thou awakest,
Yes, thou wilt smile, to see my joyful guise ;
Thy mother's face thou never now mistakest,
And thou hast learn'd to look into her eyes.

What ! do thy little fingers leave the breast,
The fountain which thy small lip press'd at pleasure ?
Couldst thou exhaust it, pledge of passion blest !
Even then thou couldst not know my fond love's measure.

My gentle son ! sweet friend, whom I adore !
My infant love ! my comfort, my delight !
I gaze on thee, and gazing o'er and o'er,
I blame the quick return of every night.

His little arms stretch forth—sleep o'er him steals—
His eye is closed—he sleeps—how still his breath !
But for the tints his flowery cheek reveals,
He seems to slumber in the arms of death.

Awake, my child !—I tremble with affright !—
Awaken !—Fatal thought, thou art no more—
My child !—one moment gaze upon the light,
And e'en with thy repose my life restore.

Blest error ! still he sleeps—I breathe again—
May gentle dreams delight his calm repose !
But when will he, for whom I sigh—oh when
Will he, beside me, watch thine eyes unclosed ?

When shall I see him who hath given thee life,
My youthful husband, noblest of his race ?
Methinks I see, blest mother, and blest wife !
Thy little hands thy father's neck embrace.

How will he revel in thy first caress,
Disputing with thee for my gentle kiss !
But think not to engross his tenderness,
Clotilda too shall have her share of bliss.

How will he joy to see his image there,
The sweetness of his large cerulean eye !
His noble forehead, and his graceful air,
Which Love himself might view with jealousy.

For me—I am not jealous of his love,
And gladly I divide it, sweet, with thee ;

Thou shalt, like him, a faithful husband prove,
But not, like him, give this anxiety.

I speak to thee—thou understand'st me not—
Thou couldst not understand, though sleep were fled—
Poor little child ! the tangles of his thought,
His infant thought, are not unravelled.

We have been happy infants, as *thou* art ;
Sad reason will destroy the dream too soon ;
Sleep in the calm repose that stills thy heart,
Ere long its very memory shall be gone !

(Monthly Magazine.)

BUENOS-AYRES AND SOUTH-AMERICA.

THE power and numbers of the priests are greatly diminished since the revolution ; their power, from the progress of knowledge, and their numbers, from many who favoured the old Spanish government, having been banished up the country. Their increase is guarded against by a late decree, which prevents any man from taking the vows who is under forty years of age. The great body of them are ignorant, or at least know nothing modern ; many barely know Latin, and “as for classics, they ne'er miss 'em.” The Bishop of *Charcas*, who was a friar in Spain, is said by them to be the only man in South America who knew Greek. The Vulgate is the limit of their knowledge, and half of them do not know but that it is the original.

Of their three vows, poverty, humility, and chastity, it is difficult to say which they disregard the most ; from their general conduct, however, it may be inferred, that they deem the last the most perfectly ridiculous. Several of them are professed Deists, but not in the presence of their poor deluded countrymen of the lower class.

A gazette is published weekly ; but the inhabitants have unfortunately very little curiosity, and give it no encouragement. It contains decrees of the government, chiefly news from Europe, translated from English papers, and occasionally original articles of no great merit. Decrees, called *bandos*, are read aloud in the streets, at the drum-head. Thirteen numbers of a weekly pamphlet called the *Independiente*, were published in the time of *Alvear*, with whose fall fell *Moreno*, the author.

From the nature of the language, the composition of verses is generally slow, easy, and common, even amongst the lowest class ; some of these display much feeling. I was informed from good authority, that there are in this country many improvisatori, in Spanish, *palladores*, or *repentistas*, who will speak in extempore verse, on any subject which may offer. Whilst my acquaintance with the language was imperfect, I could not estimate properly, but always overrated a person's abilities ; every thing sounded oracular, because spoken in a foreign language. This principle is noticed by Dugald Stewart.

Their mode of living is peculiarly their own ; a few of the higher class take coffee or chocolate in the morning, and of later years some drink tea in the evening ; but the universal substitute of all classes, in the morning and evening, is the tea of Paraguay, called by the Spaniards *yerva*, and by the natives *cac*. Immense quantities of this herb are brought from the interior for the use of the town and its vicinity, and is retailed generally at about 3d. sterling per lb. It is prepared in a small gourd shell, called a *matté*, by pouring hot water on it, either with or without sugar, and the liquor is immediately sucked through a tube, at the lower end of which is a bulb full of small holes, to prevent the herb, which is nearly a powder from passing to the mouth. The *matté* is repeatedly handed round to all present, being replenished from time to time with fresh herb and water. To a stranger it seems a very poor beverage, and the manner of taking it in-

delicate, as all suck from the same tube ; but the natives are extremely fond of it, as are also some foreigners, who have been long in the country. Some take it four or five times in a day, which, from its being taken hot, is extremely injurious.

At their dinners are seen no puddings, pies, or joints of meat, but small slices of the latter instead, like beef steaks ; soups and stews, with loads of grease, which oppress the stomach, and shew their effects in the cadaverous countenances of the Creoles. The *siesta*, after dinner in warm weather, is universal. A heavy supper is taken at night. The men are smoking segars half their time, the women occasionally and in private. Both sexes lead very sedentary lives, except country people. The vice of drunkenness is unknown amongst the better class of Spaniards, and rare in the lower ranks : they consider it a national vice of the English, so seldom do they see one of us who is habitually sober. Dancing is a common amusement, and gambling is not rare. The theatre is a poor affair, but pretty well frequented : the actors are some old Spaniards and some mulattoes, and the actresses all mulatto women. At the back of the pit during the performance, is stationed a party of soldiers, with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets. These people are only to be governed by force ; a constable with his staff would be despised, and probably stabbed immediately ; soldiers are always employed to apprehend and commit to prison suspected persons.

Bull-fights are exhibited in a large circular area, inclosed by a wooden building, provided with seats for the spectators, who are generally very numerous. A bull, fed for the purpose, is goaded forth into the open space. Seven or eight fellows, called *Banderillos*, tease and irritate him by brandishing small flags before his eyes. These he chases to all parts of the ring, and they retreat by narrow openings provided for the purpose. Small darts, with crackers affixed to them, are thrown into his neck, till the poor animal foams and bellows with pain and rage. The *Picador*, on horseback, goads him with a long pole strongly pointed with iron. Next comes

the *Matador*, who, with a straight sword pierces him in the neck repeatedly. Then four persons come in on horseback, noose him, and drag him out, where, if not dead, he is killed, and immediately flayed. Thus I saw ten fine animals destroyed. To this mean, cruel amusement, a relic of the infamous gladiatorial shews of the Romans, the Spaniards are greatly attached. The detestable practice of cock-fighting is also common. Horse-racing is carried on to a moderate extent.

The carnival, which lasts three days, is devoted to amusement ; the women at the windows and on the tops of the houses, throw water on all within their reach. Painted egg-shells, stopped at the ends with wax, and filled with water, are sold by boys in the streets, and are thrown at the women by the young men. This is briskly returned with water, and the parties seldom escape without a good ducking. Any one passing through the streets is sure to get wet to the skin, and it is better to take these things with good humour.

The 25th of May, the anniversary of their independence, is a day of great rejoicing. No work is done ; the great square is illuminated at night, triumphal arches covered with olive branches are erected, emblematic devices are exhibited, with music, dances, &c.

In Europe, we have mistaken ideas as to the opulence of the cities of South America. Nature has here done much—inan nothing. Buenos Ayres, Rio Janeiro, Lima, or even Mexico cannot compare, in point of wealth, with Liverpool, Bristol, or Glasgow,—the trading towns of North America, New-York, Philadelphia, &c. The Spanish towns contain some wealthy individuals, as a few ecclesiastics and some officers of the Spanish king, who cheat him and oppress the people ; but our towns of the same population, can produce more instances of extraordinary opulence thrice told, and at least ten times as much wealth in the great body of the people.

A country of industry is a country of wealth : this, though by nature capable of any thing, is at present a country of laziness and poverty. A

Spaniard's wealth appears great because it is all displayed: an elegant woman may be seen pacing the streets in silks and scarlets, who, the moment she enters her house, changes her clothes, and sits down to sow or make segars for a livelihood.

The stores and shops of the town are full of English goods; our cottons, woollens, hardware and pottery meet the eye on all sides, in profusion; our manufacturers, as is their custom, have overstocked the market.

The Spaniards frequently complain of the bad quality of many articles of British manufacture, but will not pay the price of a good article. As the general idea is that the English are rich, they are here, as in most foreign parts, regarded as fair game, and cheated accordingly.

There are in the town, British of all classes and descriptions, as also French, Italians, and Portuguese. It may be remarked that these last soon mingle with the natives, and are lost in the common mass, whilst the British, from their very different habits, and their pertinacious adherence to them, as well as a striking difference in appearance, are always a distinct people. In the *Estancias*, and even amongst the *Pampas* Indians, are to be found numbers of British who deserted from the troops of Beresford and Whitelock, and live in contented barbarism, eating beef and horse-flesh.

Several respectable British houses are established here, and there are some British settlers, who, for the sake of being married to a Spanish woman, have become catholics; some, perhaps, from conviction, and some who before had no religion, now, at least, profess one. The people have, in general, but little respect for these converts, whom they call *Christianos parados*, or standing christians, because, when re-baptized after the catholic mode, they are too big to be held in the priests' arms, and are therefore sprinkled standing.

They are generally as stupidly jealous of foreigners as the old Spaniards, particularly if they seem to be getting money. All that a foreigner gains, they consider as their loss, and cannot

be convinced that a country gains by the industry of its inhabitants, let them be born in it or not. In September, 1815, the shopkeepers, &c. made a representation against the competition of foreigners, but it was little attended to by the government, which is more enlightened than the people.

The country, as far as it is appropriated, contains generally three kind of property, namely, *Quintas*, or market gardens, chiefly near the town; *Chacra*, or corn farms, a little further out; and *Estancias*, or grazing farms, still further back. On most of these the buildings are wretched, being made with sticks and rushes plastered with mud, and roofed with rushes. One large room, with a door of rushes or ox-hide, contained the whole family, and unless the cooking is carried on in a separate building, a fire is lighted in the middle of the house, and the smoke finds its way out at the door. Near these huts is sometimes planted a kind of tree, an *ombu*, for the shade which it affords, wood being useless.

In the *Quintas* are raised all kinds of fruits and vegetables; peaches, the most abundant fruit in this country, are sold very cheap during their season, February and March. In the country they may be bought for less than a shilling sterling per bushel, and they are retailed in the town at from 20 to 50 for a *medio* ($3\frac{3}{4}$ d.) sterling. Generally, 15 or 20 carts, each containing about 15 bushels of them, may be seen standing in the market at once. About this time also, melons and water-melons are abundant and cheap. Grapes, apples, pears, figs, nectarines, pomegranates, quinces, and apricots make their appearance during the summer, but none in such abundance as peaches. The apple-tree does not thrive on the south side of the river Plate; the fruit is poor and soon decays. The Monte Video side, which is, I believe, quite a superior country, produces them in abundance. Bitter oranges are common and cheap, as are lemons; sweet oranges are thick-skinned and of little flavour. Cherries and Strawberries are scarce and dear. Gooseberries, currants, raspberries, and plums are unknown.

(Imperial Magazine.)

ON THE COMPRESSIBILITY OF WATER.

IN the first volume of the Imperial Magazine, an article appeared, describing various experiments on the pressure of the ocean. Similar experiments have since been made, by Mr. Jacob Perkins, on his passage from America to this country, and published in the last number of the Philosophical Transactions, in a paper entitled the "Compressibility of Water." This article has been handed to us by a correspondent who calls himself *Selector*.

"A strong empty porter bottle was sunk to the depth of 150 fathoms, having first lightly corked and sealed it in the following manner. Six coverings of cotton cloth, saturated with a composition of sealing wax and tar, were strongly fastened over the cork by a cord wound round them, directly under the projection at the neck of the bottle. After the bottle had been suffered to remain at the depth above mentioned a few minutes, it was drawn up. No water was found to have been forced into it, neither was there any visible change at the mouth.

"The same bottle was again sunk at the increased depth of 220 fathoms: when drawn in, it was found to contain about a gill of water, but not the slightest visible change had taken place in the sealing.

"The same bottle was now sunk, for the third time, to the still greater depth of 300 fathoms: when drawn up, only a small part of the neck was found attached to the line. Its appearance was truly interesting. The bottle was not broken by external pressure, but evidently by the expansion of the condensed sea-water, which had found its way through the sealing. Upon examination, it was found the cork had been compressed into half its length, making folds of about one-eighth of an inch; and that the coverings, consisting of six layers of cloth and cement, had been torn up on one side before the bottle burst. The effect produced

upon the cork cannot, we imagine, be accounted for but in one way, viz. that the water divided into very minute particles, must, by the surrounding pressure of the water, have been forced through the coverings, and filled the bottle; that the water thus forced in, and condensed to a great degree, expanded as the pressure was removed by drawing towards the surface, not only so as to press the cork back into the neck, and, owing to the resistance of the coverings, compress it half its size, but to separate the neck from the body of the bottle.

"Experiment 4. An empty porter bottle the shortest that could be found, was stopped in the following manner. A cork with a large head was firmly driven into the neck; it was then covered with six layers of fine linen, saturated with a composition of tar and wax, over them was applied a covering of leather, and all perfectly secured by being well bound at the neck. The bottle thus prepared was sunk 270 fathoms. When drawn in, it was found perfectly sound, and the sealing unchanged; but filled with water to within an inch of the cork. The coverings were taken off, layer after layer, but no signs of moisture were visible. Had the bottle remained down a sufficient length of time to have completely filled, it would undoubtedly have been broken by the expansion of the water, upon being drawn towards the surface, as was the case in the former experiment. It is worthy of remark, that when the water from this bottle was poured into a tumbler, it effervesced like mineral water.

"Experiment 5. In this experiment two strong bottles were sunk to the depth of 500 fathoms; one of them was stopped with a ground glass stopper, and well cemented, then placed in a strong canvass bag: when the bag was drawn in, it was found that the bottle had been crushed into many thousand pieces. The other bottle was very lightly corked, but not having

been left down a sufficient length of time, it came up whole, filled to within one and a half inch: the cork had been driven in and remained so; but the cementation was unaltered, excepting at the surface, where it had become a little concave."

(Blackwood's Magazine, June.)

SICILY.

Mr. Editor,

Edinburgh, June 6, 1821.

AMID the various accounts which have been given to the world, on the late events at *Naples*, I do not remember to have seen, not to say a *narrative*, far less even an *anecdote*, of those which occurred last summer in *Sicily*, and which had their immediate origin in the political changes at the seat of government. During that period I resided in the south of Italy, and must naturally have had many opportunities of hearing occurrences, which my countrymen at home could not be supposed to have the means of being acquainted with. From one gentleman who was at Palermo during the horrors of the revolution, I had many interesting details of that event; and if you deem the following account, which is strictly conformable to his narrative, at all worthy a corner in your valuable Magazine, it is at your service. I merely omit *names*--delicacy to those persons I was acquainted with, will sufficiently plead my apology.

The accounts of the revolution at Naples--the desertion of the troops into Calabria--the demand for a constitution--the proclamation of one--and the King's ratification, reached the capital of Sicily at a time when every body's attention was taken up with the festivities attendant on the celebration of their national saint's festival (St. Rosalia.) The great changes on the Continent appeared in no way whatever to diminish the general joy, or restrain the populace from paying due respect on the succeeding Sunday, which was to be the day when the statue of their protectress would be borne through the streets with wonted pomp. Foreigners of all classes, but more especially Englishmen, were astonished at this apparent apathy, and ridiculed,

with seemingly just severity, the miserable listlessness of this enervated people. They were, however, deceived. This apparent calm was but the prelude to an unexpected storm; and that storm burst forth on the very day dedicated to the most imposing spectacles of religion.

My friend, his wife, and daughter, had been invited by a gentleman of their acquaintance to his house, in the morning of Sunday, for the purpose of getting a better view of the procession in honour of the saint, than they could do elsewhere. They had sat a considerable time, indeed nearly to the end of it, when their host, from certain indications in the mob, and his local knowledge of the people, added to some rumours whispered about at the beginning of the parade, of an unexpected tumult, pulled my friend by the arm, and begged him, for any sake, to retreat to his hotel, and provide for the security of the ladies. For some time his anxiety to behold the continuance of the pageant, made him slight his friend's entreaties, till this often-urged solicitude, confirmed partially by his own observations, hastened him from the room. They had but little way to go, and although encountered by suspicious-looking ruffians in their road, entered their hotel, which was in the Great Square, in safety. Scarcely had they effected this, when a shout from the populace, and a discharge of firearms, told that the religious ceremonies were over. It was the signal for their cessation, and the commencement of the rioting. A wild cry directed my friend's regards to the Square, where he observed a parcel of soldiers flying before the multitude. They made several attempts to stand, and were joined by others, but always beaten off. The

first attack by the rioters was on the jail. This they succeeded in breaking open, and liberating all the felons. These wretches, covered with their red and yellow rags, cut a sorry figure, and hastened either to hide themselves among the mob, who had now increased to immense numbers, or to disencumber themselves of their *insignia* in the garments of those who lay dead about them, from the fire of the soldiery. One monk, in the garb of his order, came forth with this respectable crew, bearing his matras very coolly on his shoulders. Though beaten back, the military still continued their fire, which their adversaries returned; and my friend observed, that every time one of the latter fell, he was, if wounded, borne to the rear—if killed, had part of the regimentals of the next dead soldier thrown over him, in order to encourage the idea, that the latter were suffering the most from the conflict. In fact, they were finally obliged to fly. Every check to their desires now removed the mob proceeded to the main object of their mission. This was to pillage the hotel of General Church, immediately opposite my friend's, like so many locusts, entering at all quarters, rifling, plundering, burning, and not hesitating to exclaim, "If they found the General, they would kill him!" Luckily for him, he effected his escape; but a number of gentlemen, who were chiefly foreigners, lost their all by the dreadful rapacity of the mob. They threw furniture, clothes, money, every thing out of the windows; dashed the superb mirrors and glasses to pieces; with the most infatuated cruelty, stripped many of the persons they found in the house of the essential articles of common clothing, scarcely being prevailed upon to spare them their lives. Having consummated their triumph, they attacked the buildings where all the public archives and valuable documents of state were preserved. These they collected into the middle of the square, and forming them into a huge pyramid, set the whole mass on fire. All this while the alarm of the numerous inhabitants of the square may be easily conceived. The uncertainty of

the views of the rioters, and the little hope of the military being able to restore tranquillity, added to their embarrassment. They dared not stir out for fear of being murdered, and to remain within seemed equally bad. As the most probable way of turning the enraged multitude, (from whom they every moment dreaded an attack,) my friend and the other Englishman in his hotel collected all their trunks and valuables, and having emptied their contents on the floor, indulged the hope that the semblance of submission might be of avail. The ladies in the house then removed to an inner apartment, as remote as possible from danger, and the sight of what was going on. Their policy was not tried: with the expiring flames of the consuming archives the mob retired. The succeeding night was dreadful: no sleep; but no attack. Monday passed tranquilly: the mob went about, but committed no excesses; several of the leading authorities of the town thinking the whole but the effect of a popular feeling against General Church, were in hopes that peace and order would be again restored.

My friend, however, determined to leave a city which was in such an unsettled condition. Two days before the tumults, he had intended to sail by the Neapolitan packet to Naples, and had, fortunately, at that time procured his passport and passage. A young Englishman, who was to have been his companion, but who forsook, from negligence or some other cause, to take out his, bitterly repented his folly, and wished to bribe somebody to make an attempt to get him one now; but no one could be found to undertake the office. With the hopes, therefore, of getting on board the packet, he sallied out to the water-side; but, to his inexpressible disappointment, not a boat could be got hold of, and the packet had put to sea, to be without the reach of the batteries. He returned to his hotel—his only hope of relief, in succeeding tranquillity. In the meanwhile, the great body of the troops had shut themselves within the barracks, and closed the gates, having as yet taken no part against the people; but to

the terror of every one, on Tuesday morning they made a sally, and commenced an attack on them. The people had evidently been aware of their intention, for, instead of flying, they resisted, and a regular action commenced. It raged long and bloody; but by degrees waxing fainter in the immediate neighbourhood of my friend's residence, he deemed it his duty, at all perils, to make another attempt to get his wife and daughter on board the packet. He sent his servant to one quarter, while he went in another direction. His own attempt was unsuccessful; but his servant had the luck to espy an English gentleman just leaving the beach, in his boat, for the same purpose. He told his tale; and on mentioning that ladies were in distress, the gallant man rowed back, and bade him tell his master he was at his service. To get the ladies secretly and securely to the boat was now the point; it was no time for compliments. This they happily effected by keeping close to the walls of the houses, under shelter of the broad extending roofs; though they ran imminent danger twice or thrice, from the crossing shots of the skirmishers, pursuing each other from street to street. Their brave pilot, Mr. D——, was very near losing his life for his humanity; for, having pulled his boat ashore to await their coming, a flying troop of vagabonds rushed down upon

him, and mistaking him for an Italian, from his dark complexion, held their daggers to his throat. His presence of mind saved him. He saw their mistake, and as a last resource, pronounced the word "*Inglese*." It was enough; the crowd re-echoed it with "*Vivas*," and passed on their way. My friend and his party got on board; they pushed off, and thought themselves secure from danger; but they perceived, with dread, the ramparts in the possession of the populace, and men standing at the guns with matches in their hands. Whether they omitted firing on them for humanity's sake, or whether they were not observed, is uncertain: they reached the Neapolitan frigate in safety. They found her decks crowded with refugees of every description:—Princes, lawyers, divines,—in short, every one who, dreading the popular resentment, had been fortunate enough to escape to this vessel. Among others, I believe, was the commander-in-chief. The Duchess of —, who would scarcely have condescended a few weeks before to have cast eyes on Mrs. B——, was now most humbly thankful for the loan of a few of the meanest articles of dress. The heat was very great, and their decks extremely crowded; but every body suffered with a good grace, thankful to Providence they had escaped the horrors of a revolutionary banditti.

(Blackwood's Magazine, June.)

ADVENTURE IN HAVANA.

I HAD not spent more than a fortnight in Havana, when I was seized with the yellow fever. This disease prevails there, to a great degree, during summer and autumn, and makes dreadful ravages among foreigners of every description. It sometimes attacks people very suddenly, and almost without any previous warning.

When first taken ill, I was in a merchant's ware-house, making inquiries about a vessel in which I proposed going to the eastern extremity of the island. As the owner was out, I determined to wait until he came home,

and accordingly seated myself on a bale of goods. I gradually sunk into a state of feverish torpidity, during which I had an indistinct conception of where I was, but could not rouse myself, or make any resistance whatever. At last, I lost all sense of external objects. I dreamed that I went on board the vessel I had been inquiring about, and that we sailed down the harbour with a fair wind. Suddenly, from some cause or other, I fell overboard, and sunk to a considerable depth. When I regained the surface, I saw the vessel a little way before me, and called loudly for help,

but she swept along, under a press of canvass, and no one in her seemed to hear, or pay the least attention to my cries. I looked behind me in despair, to discover if any boat was approaching to afford assistance, but, to my horror, saw the whole surface of the harbour covered with the floating bodies of dead seamen tied upon planks. The vessels around seemed deserted, rotten, and falling to pieces, and the most awful stillness prevailed in every direction. In my agonies I caught hold of one of the corpses, and seated myself upon it. The limbs and muscles of the dead man were instantaneously relaxed—he uttered a horrible shout, burst the cords that tied him, and caught me firmly in his arms. We immediately began to sink, and the struggles I made to extricate myself from his grasp awakened me.

I continued for some time in a state of overpowering agitation and giddiness; and on recovering a little, perceived that there was no one in the warehouse but an old Spaniard, to whom I could not explain my situation, as he did not understand a word of English. I therefore walked out, and endeavoured to make my way to the boarding-house where I lodged; but my confusion was such, that in spite of all my efforts at recollection, I got bewildered, and at the same time so fatigued, that I was obliged to take refuge in a coffee-house near the Church of St. Domingo.

Here I sat upon a bench, stunned by the rattling of billiards, and unheeded by the crowds of Spaniards that bustled around. I knew that I was attacked by the yellow fever, and I also knew that few of my age or temperament ever recovered from it. I was a friendless stranger in a foreign land. But the thoughts of all this did not depress me. I felt as if I could die more calmly in a country, and among a people, whose language I did not even understand, than at home, in the midst of friends and associates. The presence of the latter would endear life, and their grief would embitter its termination;—but when every thing around was revolting, affectionless, and gloomy, the world had no hold upon the heart, and

could be relinquished without regret. —Though excessively weak, I immediately left the coffee-room, and soon reached my lodgings, which fortunately, were not far distant: and from them I was removed, by the advice of a medical man, to a sick-house.

The establishment which is known by this name in Havana, resembles a private hospital, it being intended for the accommodation of strangers and foreigners who are seized with the fever, and who have no one to take charge of them during their illness. The sick person is provided with an apartment, attendance, medicines, and diet, and may send for any physician he chooses. In summer, houses of this kind are full of Europeans, who die very suddenly, and in great numbers.

One night during my convalescence, I was disturbed, after I had gone to bed, by repeated groans and the sound of hard breathing, which proceeded from the chamber below mine. I next heard some person walking quickly backwards and forwards, and then a noise of a heavy body falling on the floor.

As the people of the house were in bed, I got up, that I might inquire if any one wanted assistance, and went down to the door of the apartment, which was half open. On looking in, I saw a man dressed in a bed-gown, pacing hurriedly about, and sometimes muttering a few words. A lamp stood upon the table, and when the light fell upon his countenance, I perceived it to be much flushed and agitated.

I entered the room, saying I feared he was ill, and would call up a nurse to attend him. “Ay, ay!” cried he, “all a damned imposition. They’ve got me here hard and fast, and don’t care how it goes with me—But they won’t make much more out of me, that’s one comfort. Oh, sir! I’m a miserable man—I want to write a letter—I want pen, ink, and paper—A small sheet will do.”

“I entreat you to return to bed,” said I; “you shall have all these articles to-morrow morning.”—

“To-morrow morning!” cried he with vehemence. “You don’t know what you’re talking about. The doc-

tor told me to-day—yes he did—that I would not live till then—May God Almighty prove him a liar!—I've got into a wrong port here—Why the hell didn't we all go to the bottom last voyage!—This is a dreadful place to die in—Five dollars a day," continued he, raising his voice; "What confounded sharks they are!—My birth here isn't worth the tenth of that—Well, well, when I'm dead I hope my corpse will bring a plague upon the house, and infect every one that comes near it—May every Spaniard that meets my burial in the street drop down dead, and be eternally damned!—I was at Ramsay's funeral the other day—The coffin was hardly big enough to hold him—and what a burying-place?—The coffins are piled above one another, and their corners stick through the ground—The carrion-crows flew about, as if they were glad to see us in our black clothes—I'll be laid there by and bye.—Lord help me!—But I must write that letter."

Perceiving that it would be in vain to attempt to compose him, I went up to my own room, and brought down writing materials. "Ay, that's right," said he; "thank you. I must write to my wife—Poor young creature, she's in the Orkneys now—We could live there for two weeks on the money I'm now paying for a day's board and lodging. I will tell her that I am well, and coming home soon; for if she knew I was dying, she would break her heart—Two or three days ago I hoped to have seen her again, but this infernal fever has taken me aback with a vengeance."

"I suppose you are master of some vessel in the port," said I.—

"No, no, not master," returned he; "my days of being master were over long ago, though I once commanded as nice a sea-boat as ever went before the wind—howsoever, that's neither here nor there now. But I'll tell you the whole. About two years since, I sailed a small vessel, and owned a part of her. Our trade lay chiefly in contraband goods; and well was she fitted for it, for nothing on the seas could keep up with her. Ay, many a time, when chased by a king's cutter, we

thought it no more than play, because we knew we could get clear of her the moment we had a mind.

"Well, one day, as we were hauling out of a French port, a young man came alongside in a boat, and entreated hard to be taken on board. Now, you know smugglers never like to take passengers; so I flatly refused to have any thing to do with him. However, he told a rigmorole story about his being so short of money, that if he was obliged to remain any longer in France, he would not have enough to pay his passage home, and said I might land him in whatever British port I chose. Well, I took him on board, and we set sail. At first, things went pleasantly enough between us; for he was a clever young man, and had a world of knowledge. I used often to talk to him of the Orkney Islands, of which I was a native, and always spoke of them as partially, as every one must do, who has enjoyed their delightful climate, and all the good things which they abundantly afford. He at last began to joke with me about my fondness for my native place, which, he said, was only fit for the habitation of bears and seals. Now it's so natural for a man to love his country, that none but a wretch would try to put him out of conceit with it; and I should not be surprised to hear even one of these Spaniards say, that this infernal hole of a town was the finest place in the world.

"Well, this young fellow's railery went farther every day, and began to cut me to the heart. I often tossed about in my berth for hours together, thinking on his sharp jokes, and wishing to death that I had the power of answering them with effect, and handling him as severely as he did me; for he was easy of speech, and had a cool temper; but I was not gifted in either of these ways.

"One day at dinner, when he was going on in his usual style, I lost patience altogether, and called him a liar, and threw my fork at his head. He turned as white as that sheet of paper for a moment, but soon recovered himself, and did not offer to touch me. I grew more and more provoked; for I

had hoped that he would strike me, and so give me a fair reason for closing upon him, and choking him, or beating his life out. But as I could not do this with any show of justice, I ordered him forward among the seamen, forbidding him, at the same time, ever to enter the cabin again.

"He obeyed so quietly, that my mind quite misgave me about what would be the end of the business; for I knew he was a lad of spirit, and never would forgive the disgraceful insult I had put upon him. That afternoon I sent him his trunk, and he never afterwards came farther aft than the mainmast. He used to remain below all day; but generally made his appearance upon deck when it got dark, and sat there in deep thought. Often at night, when all were in their births, except myself and the helmsman, and other two hands, I have observed him gazing stedfastly upon me for hours together. This behaviour would fill my mind with such fearful forebodings, as kept me from sleeping when my watch was over.

"We got into port after a tolerably fair passage. We had scarcely dropped anchor before he came to me, as I stood by the cabin-door, and requested to know how much he owed me for his passage; adding, that I had used him very ill, since he had never yet said any thing with the intention of hurting my feelings in the least degree. These fair words threw me off my guard; for after having received from him the sum due me, I foolishly allowed him to go on shore. He went direct to the Custom-house, and informed against me. Whether he really knew, or only suspected, that I had prohibited articles on board, the devil perhaps knows best; but be that as it may, the officers were alongside in the course of half an hour. The short and the long of it was this—both the vessel and cargo were seized.

"This was a terrible blow. The owners owed me a good round sum of money; but so far from expecting them to pay it, I felt convinced that they would throw me into jail, whenever they got hold of me. I had settled my wife on a small place in the Ork-

neys. Part of its price was paid, and the remainder had now become due; but the seizure of the vessel at once deprived me of those means of making up the sum that I had counted upon. It was some time before I quite knew the terribleness of my misfortune; but at last it burst upon me like a hurricane—assailing me first in one quarter, and then in another.

"At night I wandered about the streets, not knowing what to do. It was dark, and rained, and blew hard; but I did not mind the weather. In passing a door, where there was a light, I saw the young man who had betrayed me, walking along the opposite side of the way. I followed him, and many a time could have knocked him over, without being seen by any one; but I desisted, for I had not resolved upon what sort of revenge I was to take. Revenge I was determined to have, and that very night too. At last he went along the pier—I looked round a moment—every thing seemed quiet—I slipped behind him, and pushed him over. The tide was just coming in, and the dashing of the sea, and the noise of the wind, drowned his cries, if he uttered any. I heard him plunge—that was enough for me.

"That night I slept at a mean tavern. I did not sleep. I lay in bed, repenting that I had taken such a poor revenge. He has only been choked with water, thought I, and the like happens to many an honest seaman.

"Next morning, on going to my window, which looked to the harbour, I observed a great crowd of people gathered round something, but could not see what it was for their heads. I grew quite dizzy, and began to tremble all over. They soon began to move along the street below me. I ran back from the window, and then to it again, four or five times, impelled by a dreadful curiosity, which I feared equally to resist, and to yield to. However, I got a glimpse as they passed along. His head was sadly mangled; but I didn't do that, you know.

"I was well convinced, that my only safety lay in making off as fast as possible; and I embarked that very

day in a sloop bound for the north of Scotland. We had a most baffling time of it, and it appeared doubly so to me, because I was continually thinking what terrible tidings I would bring to my wife and children, and how destitute we would all be.

"From the sloop, I went on board another vessel, which carried me to that part of the Orkneys, where my family were. Notwithstanding the dark weight that lay upon my mind, I felt a pleasantness of heart, when I saw my native place again. It almost set me a crying, and I thought more of my country than ever, when I reflected upon what I had brought myself to, by standing up in its defence.

"I soon broke the disastrous intelligence to my wife. As we were in absolute poverty, I found it necessary to ask relief from my father-in-law. This was a trying business, for he was a hard tyrannical man, and had just married a second wife; however, after a deal of parleying and abuse, he consented to take my family into his own house, provided they would make themselves useful. As for me, he said, I must shift for myself. By his recommendation, I soon got a berth on board a small vessel bound for New York. From that port, I sailed in a ship to this here Havana. A mercantile house lately offered me the charge of a vessel, destined for a very unhealthy part of the West Indies, which I immediately accepted, for I knew I could make a good voyage of it. But this accursed fever has moored me fast, and death will soon make all things square. Now I have told you all this black story; I would rather the whole world should know it, than that I should die. Is there no help? Is there no power in physic?—Oh, it would be nothing to founder at sea!—Nothing compared with dying in this gloomy deliberate way. But I must begin writing, only I'm afraid I'll not be able to make out a connected letter."

"If you insist upon writing to your wife," said I, "let me persuade you to tell her truly in what state you are."

"Nonsense, nonsense," cried he, "I'm not such a wretch. I suppose

you think, because I pushed a devil into the sea, I have no mercy about me at all. Revenge is sweet, you know. I like to give every man his own again, be it good or evil; but I would not harm a fly, if it had not injured me. I don't want to kill my wife. I dare say, poor girl, her stepmother makes things go hard enough with her already. I will tell her I am very well, and the hope of seeing me again will keep alive her spirits. You had better go away now—I'll write best alone."

After in vain endeavouring to persuade him to defer his purpose till morning, I returned to my own apartment.

My first thought, when I awakened next day, was about this unfortunate seaman, and I called up a negro man, who belonged to the house, and inquired if he was still in life.

"No," returned the negro, "he's dead—dead sure enough: I've just come from telling them to make his coffin. The coffin-makers like to see me—I go to them often, for white *massas* die very fast now. They die so soon, that my *massa* can't make any thing of them. If they would all get better, and stay long like you, it would answer very fine." I asked at what hour he died.

"Me no know that," answered the negro. "Nobody was beside him; but it could not be long time since, for I heard him fighting hard with death, and wished him far enough, for breaking my sleep. I found him quite stiff this morning, with a sheet of paper held so strong in his hand, that I had some ado to pull it out. He be buried this afternoon; but we no know where his friends are; so *massa* will just take him out to the grave in a volant alone by himself."

Early next morning, the superintendent of the house came into my room, and informed me that a sick gentleman below wished anxiously to speak with me. I immediately accompanied him to the apartment of the stranger, who took no notice of us when we entered, for he had sunk into a sort of lethargic slumber. His face was deadly pale, and the sharpness of his features

indicated approaching death. My attendant having roused him, and mentioned the cause of my visit, left us together.

"I am informed," said he, endeavouring to raise himself up in his bed, "that you are of the medical profession, and I wish to ask one question, which, for the sake of a dying man, I conjure to answer truly—is the fever under which I now labour infectious?"

"Assuredly not," returned I; "I never supposed it to be so."

"Thank God!" exclaimed he; "then I shall yet enjoy a few moments of comfort before I die. What a relief this information is! Poor Maria, you will still"—Here he shook with agitation, and tears began to roll down his cheeks.

"I owe you an explanation of this behaviour," said he, recovering himself a little; "since you have removed an uncertainty which has hitherto increased the disquiets of my deathbed. I arrived here a few days ago, from Baltimore. I intended to have commenced business in this town as a merchant, and accordingly brought along with me a daughter—an only daughter. Being attacked with the fever almost immediately, I was conveyed to this house, for I had not provided any place of my own. My daughter lives at present with an American lady. She has come to see me twice, against my express commands; and I have ever since been full of terror, lest she should have received infection in the course of her visits. But you tell me this cannot be;—trusting in such an assurance, I will send for her—that I may see her again before I die."

"That you can do without risk," said I; "but are you not too ready to yield to desponding thoughts?"

"No, no, no, I feel something here," returned he, laying his hand on his breast; "I know it is—it must be death. Oh, that the Almighty would yet grant me a little time! I do not ask it for my own sake, but for *her's*.—'Tis hard to be denied, since there is no selfishness in my petition;—but perhaps I'm mistaken. Oh beware how

you contract any ties that will bind your heart to this earth;—our parting is severe enough without *them*."——

He turned his face from me. In a little time I addressed him, but received no reply—for he was dead.

One afternoon, while taking my usual walk round the court, my attention was arrested by the sound of persons speaking in a tone of altercation and entreaty. In a little time, the superintendent of the house looked from the door of one of the apartments, and asked me to come in.

On entering, I perceived a young man, seated on a bed, half-dressed, and in the act of putting on the remainder of his clothes. He was much emaciated, and so weak, that he trembled excessively; but his manner evinced a degree of resolution and impatience, which seemed to supply the place of strength. A mulatto woman stood looking at him with an expression of astonishment and unconcern.

"No person in his senses would think of leaving my house, when in such a state," said the superintendent to me.

I inquired if the young man was not delirious. He overheard me, and called out fiercely, "No, sir, I am not delirious—I know what I'm about, and am determined to do as I please. I have given reasons for my conduct already."

"Rather strange ones, though," said the superintendent to me.—"This morning he asked how much he owed me for the time he had been in this house.—When I satisfied him on this point, he said he must go away, 'as he had scarcely money enough to pay what was already due; now I've just been telling him'——"Say no more," interrupted the young man; "I will not contract debts, when I have no possible means of paying them. A friend of mine has a ship in the harbour—I will go on board of her, and die there."

"Why, it's not worth while moving," said the mulatto woman, "for the doctor told me you could not live two days. My master won't mind the expence of keeping you that time, if you

can secure him against the charges of your funeral."

"Peace," cried the superintendant; "Sir, I entreat you to remain here for my sake, if you will not for your own. The credit of this house would be injured, if any sick person left it before he had perfectly recovered."

"I am of that opinion too," said I to the young man; "but you shall never be under obligations you cannot cancel, while it is in my power to assist you. Allow me to offer my services in extricating you from your difficulties."

The superintendant and nurse, perceiving that he had abandoned his intention of immediately removing, left the room, and I again asked if I could be useful to him in any way.

"A few days ago," said he, "your generous offers would have proved valuable beyond all description; and I would instantly have accepted of them. But now they are of no avail, unless they could be made the means of purchasing life. Were that granted me, I would soon have it in my power to step into the enjoyment of perfect happiness. But I will tell you my unfortunate story.

"I arrived in this town about three weeks ago, from Philadelphia, where I have hitherto resided. I was bred to mercantile business; but as, owing to the depressed state of commerce that has lately existed throughout America, I could not procure either a situation, or any employment, I spent my time in idleness, and at last fell in love with a young lady, who also became attached to me. We wasted away our hours in each others company, without ever thinking seriously of the future. When my destitute state happened to force itself upon my mind, I smothered the recollection of it, by building castles in the air, and trying to believe that some piece of good fortune awaited me.

"However, I was eventually roused to exertion, by the death of my dear one's mother. In consequence of this event, she was obliged to leave Philadelphia, and reside with a rich brother, who lived in the country. We had no longer any opportunity of seeing each

other; and the distress I suffered on this account, and the thoughts of the misery which my supineness would be the means of inflicting upon her, made me determine to push my fortune somewhere abroad. As I understood some Spanish, and could procure a few letters of recommendation to persons in Havana, I soon decided upon coming here.

"When I arrived, I hastened to call upon those people to whom I had introductions. They received me politely enough, and promised to forward my views as much as possible, at the same time encouraging me with flattering hopes. My finances were low when I reached this city, and the brilliant prospects in which I foolishly indulged, did not tend to make me economical. At last, I began to perceive the necessity of limiting my expences, and retired to obscure lodgings, where I lived in the narrowest manner possible.

"I had made several agreeable acquaintances, though the suspense and anxiety I suffered, made me indifferent about having much intercourse with them. However, there was a young Spaniard, for whom I felt a particular regard. One evening, he called at my rooms, and requested me to accompany him to his aunt's, that he might introduce me to some of his countrywomen. We went and took coffee with the ladies, and it being a festival of the church, it was agreed that we should go to the public ball, that takes place on such occasions.—It was late when we left the ball-room, and my friend and I accompanied the ladies home. Contrary to my expectation, they requested us to enter the house, and pressed the matter so strongly that we complied. We had not sat long, when cards were proposed; but I took alarm at this, being well aware of the expertness of the Spaniards in playing games of chance, and of my own inability to cope with them, on account of my imperfect acquaintance with their language. I therefore protested against remaining any longer, but without avail, for my friend and the ladies opposed every thing I said. I would have departed notwithstanding all this, but I did not know the way

home, and feared to risk my life by wandering alone through the streets of Havana at midnight.

"We accordingly sat down to cards, and I lost so fast that I began to have suspicions of unfair play. I was soon stripped of all the money I had about me, but my friend offered to be security for whatever the ladies should win from me. When I had lost to a large amount, we rose and took leave, but not before some warm words that passed between us, made me give him, in disdain, a promissory note for the sum I had borrowed.

"Next morning, my reflections were not of the most agreeable kind, for my finances could ill support the encroachments which the preceding night's play had made upon them. After breakfast, I went to the coffee-house, and there met a gentleman whom I had seen at the ball. He inquired in a very significant manner for the ladies I had escorted there. On my requesting an explanation, he informed me that they were women of no reputation, and that the young Spaniard, whom I called my friend, was employed by them to entrap strangers, and bring his dupes to their house, that they might have an opportunity of cheating them at cards, or obtaining money from them in a more licentious way. This information wounded my pride as deeply as my losses at cards had drained my purse; and I could not but bitterly repent that I had given a promissory note to one who so little deserved my confidence. However, as things could not be retrieved, I endeavoured to forget my misfortunes, and went to the post-office to inquire if there were any letter for me. I got one, which I knew from the superscription to be from my beloved. She informed me, that her brother having died suddenly, had left her thirty thousand dollars, and concluded by requesting, that I would return to Philadelphia immediately, as her fortune and herself were now at my disposal.

"The perusal of this letter made me tremble with joy. Every thing around me seemed delightful, and I even began to regard, with some degree of complacency, my perfidious companion, and his female associates. Having learned

from the coffee-house books that a vessel had just cleared out for New York, I immediately went on board of her, and agreed with the captain for a passage, which was to cost me nearly the whole sum I had in my possession.

"On my return home, after having made these arrangements, I suddenly recollected that the young Spaniard had a bill upon me for such an amount, that, if I paid him, it would be impossible for me to go to New York. The agonies I felt, on recalling this circumstance, were succeeded by a severe struggle between love and honour. If I left Havana, without discharging my debt, my unprincipled associate would proclaim and prove me a villain and a fugitive; but if I remained and answered his demands, I would not have it in my power to sail for the United States, until I received remittances from my friends there; and I knew that I could honourably discharge the bond I had given, by sending him the sum when I reached Philadelphia.

"You may easily suppose how this conflict ended. I went on board the vessel, which was to sail that afternoon, and endeavoured to find a justification of my conduct, in the reflection, that almost no person in similar circumstances would have acted otherwise. The thoughts of the happiness that awaited me, had little effect in shortening the hours that were to elapse before we set sail. At last, to my great joy, the seamen began to heave up the anchor. I sat in the cabin, counting the turns of the windlass, and inhaling with delight the favourable breeze that blew through the windows.

"In the midst of all this, the captain called me upon deck. When I got there, I saw the custom-house boat lying alongside, and the harbour-master, who stood in her, immediately demanded my passport.—I attempted to answer, but my alarm was such, that I could not speak. He then addressed me in English, and I so far recovered myself as to tell him, that I had no passport, being ignorant that such a thing was necessary. "You must return ashore then," said he, "I must do my duty." I pleaded against this, but

it was all in vain. He probably considered my agitation and distress as proofs of guilt and terror, and the captain himself seemed anxious to get rid of me. My trunks being lowered into the boat, I was obliged to follow, and the harbour-master ordered his men to row to the wharf.

"On reaching it, we found a crowd of people talking together, and among them I recognized the young Spaniard. He was telling the others, in Spanish, what a villain I was, and how I had attempted to run away without paying my debts. As the harbour-master had no accusation against me, he merely bade his men put my trunks on the wharf, and went away. When my treacherous associate perceived this, he advanced towards me, and after using very insulting language, demanded payment of his note. My feelings were at that time too deep to shew themselves externally. I opened my portmanteau, and counted out the sum into his hands, and having called a *volante*, drove to the lodgings which I had formerly occupied.

"At first, the violence of my resentment against the author of my calamities in some degree prevented the invasions of grief; and the cruel exposure of my conduct, which he had made to persons who were ignorant of my peculiar situation, and who would of course put the worst constructions upon

every thing, stung me even more than the disappointment I had suffered.

"Next morning I made inquiry at the coffee-house, and at several other places, if any vessel was soon expected to sail for the United States, and learned that there would be one in less than a week. My next business was to raise money to pay my passage. I tried various plans without success, till at last, overcome with fatigue and misery, I fell sick, and having no one to attend me at my lodgings, was conveyed to this house of disease. I am aware, that death will soon put a period to my agonizing regrets, but you may well suppose, that I am little prepared to meet it; for the happiness, which the fatal incidents just related have bereft me of, appears to grow more and more desirable as life ebbs away, and I would prefer the possession of her, whom I shall never see again, to an assurance that I should henceforth abide in the company of blessed angels."

My health being now re-established, I left the sick-house the following day. However, previous to my departure, I was informed of the death of this young American, and could not but reflect, with gratitude, upon my preservation from the fatal effects of a pestilence which daily made so many persons its victims.

(London Magazine, June.)

SELECTION OF IRISH MELODIES.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

THE eighth, and, we fear, the last number of the Irish Melodies, by the union of whose music to his beautiful verse, Mr. Moore has laid his country under such infinite obligations, has just issued from the press. When, in a former portion of the work, the poet bade "farewell to his harp," with all respect for him, we doubted his sincerity. "At lover's perjuries they say Jove laughs."—At poet's lapses, then, why should mortals be too serious? In this case it is impossible, because the delinquent has the double justification of love and poetry. However,

there is prefixed to this number a general and final dedication of the entire work to the nobility, and gentry of Ireland, which really looks as if it was brought to its termination in good earnest. Why this should be so, is not for us to say. The poet is still, and long may he continue so, in full possession of his fine faculties; and the wild mountains and valleys of his country are still rich in most melodious airs, which have escaped the accompaniments of Mr. Bishop. Whether, however, this is to be the last sound of the Irish harp, or whether it will pro-

duce another dulcet echo, its music has certainly established, for Ireland, a high name in vocal science, and the verse to which it has been "married" places its author amongst the very first lyric poets of any age or nation—even by the side of Horace and Anacreon. Beautiful as are many parts of his *Lalla Rookh*, and exquisite as we admit many of his epistles from America to be, it is to his songs that Moore must trust for immortality, and immortal he must be as long as English ladies can *love*, or Irish gentlemen can *drink*, which, we take it, is as much of immortality as any modern bard can consider himself equitably entitled to. The lyrist has, indeed, in this respect, a great advantage over the brotherhood of Parnassus. The heart of every one takes its season of benevolence, and grows tired of satire—the mind will not for ever chill itself within the shade of ethics, and neither heart nor mind can sustain eternally the horrors or the heights of the epic aspirant. But the lyrist strays carelessly along the verges of the mountain.—The echoes which he awakens, if not loud, are sweet; and the chords with which he produces them are heart-strings. He identifies himself with the passions of youth—he associates himself with the pleasures of manhood—he sighs melodious comfort in the bower—he sings most mirthful logic over the bottle—he resounds and sweetens the music of the chase; and whether with young or old—in bowers, or copses, or hauquets—sighing with lovers, or carousing with Bacchanals, he entangles himself with the richest threads of our existence—he is determined, at all events, to have a garland; and, when the season of the flowers is past, he jovially awaits its return, clustering his brows with the fruitage of the vineyard. In this last department, indeed, Moore has one living rival in the patriarch person of Captain Morris; but he has only one—there is no one else *similis aut secundus*. It is no disparagement to any one to admit Morris to a convivial competition. Bacchus in his wildest, merriest, and most classical moods, has not a more inspired idolater than the veteran laureate of the vintage—the snows of

eighty winters have not withered a leaf of his laurels, and even Mont Blanc's "diadem" might melt in the sunshine of his perennial imagination. 'That time flies fast, the poet sings,' and 'That I think's a reason fair to fill my glass again,' will remain the standard justifications of every reveller who can blend wine, and wit, and music together, as long as the ivied god retains a single votary to hiccough over his orgies. Of course when we speak of the songs of Captain Morris, we speak only of those which he composed *before the second bottle*,—of those which age may hear without a blush, and to which youth may listen without any fear of the consequences. As the lyrist of love, however, Moore stands alone and unrivalled. Anacreon might rise from his grave to hear him, and Lalagè herself, whether "dulce ridens," or "dulce loquens," might forget for him, for a moment, even the nightingale of Italy.

Of the songs contained in the present number, the one composed in memory of Mr. Grattan is the most elaborate, if not the happiest. But it is scarcely fair to consider it altogether as a song, because a note informs us that only the first two verses are intended to be sung. It is a poem, which the heart aided the head in dictating, and its subject well deserves the celebration. The first patriot of any country is worthy the commemoration of its first poet. It is set to a mournful but spirited air, called *Macfarlane's Lamentation*.

Shall the harp then be silent, when he, who first gave
To our country a name, is withdrawn from all eyes?
Shall a minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave,
Where the first—where the last of her patriots lies?

No—faint tho' the death-song may fall from his lips,
Though his harp, like his soul, may with shadows
he crost,

Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,
And proclaim to the world what a star hath been
lost!

What a union of all the affections and powers,
By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refin'd,
Was embraced in that spirit—whose centre was ours,
While its mighty circumference circled mankind.

Oh, who that loves Erin—or who that can see
Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sub-
lime—

Like a pyramid, rais'd in the desert—where he
And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time!

That *one* lucid interval, snatch'd from the gloom
And the madness of ages, when, fill'd with his soul,
A nation o'erleap'd the dark boonds of her doom.
And, for *one* sacred instant, touch'd Liberty's goal!

Who that ever hath heard him—hath drank at the
source
Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
In whose high-thoughted darg, the fire, and the
force,
And the yet untam'd spring of her spirit are
shown—

An eloquence, rich—wheresoever its wave
Wander'd free and triumphant—with thoughts
that shone through,
As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave,
With the flash of the gem, its solidity too.

Who, that ever approach'd him, when, free from the
crowd,
In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
'Mong the trees which a nation had giv'n, and which
bow'd,
As if each brought a new civic crown for his head—

That home, where—like him who, as fable hath told,
Put the rays from his brow, that his child might
come near—

Every glory forgot, the most wise of the old
Became all that the simplest and youngest hold
dear.

Is there one, who hath thus, through his orbit of life,
But at distance observ'd him—through glory,
through blame,

In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
Whether shining or clouded, still high and the
same—

Such a union of all that enriches life's hour,
Of the sweetness we love and the greatness we
praise,

As that type of simplicity blended with power,
A child with a thunderbolt only portrays,—

Oh no—not a heart, that e'er knew him, but mourns,
Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is
shrin'd—

O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong the urns
Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind!

We are not fond of accusing poets,
and particularly such poets as Mr.
Moore, of any thing like plagiarism.
He is too original to become an imita-
tor of any one—too rich in his own
stores to draw upon the coffers of another,—but there certainly is a singular,
and rather suspicious coincidence in
one of the songs of this number, and
the lines which we annex, and which
are selected from a pretty, and rather
unjustly neglected poem, published by
Murray in 1813.

Ne'er ask the hour—what is it to us
How time deals out his treasures?
The golden moments, lent us thus,
Are not *his* coin, but Pleasure's.

If counting them over could add to their blisses,
I'd number each glorious second;
But moments of joy are, like Lesbia's kisses,
Too quick and sweet to be reckon'd.
Then fill the cup—what is it to us
How time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand but Pleasure's!

Young Joy ne'er thought of counting hours,
Till Care, one summer's morning,
Set up, among his smiling flowers,
A dial, by way of warning.

The parallel lines to which we al-
lude are these:

Fronting the ocean, but beyond the ken
Of public view and sounds of murr'ring men,
Of unhewn roots composed, and gnarled wood,
A small and rustic oratory stood—
Two mossy pines, high bending, interwove
Their aged and fantastic arms above.
In front, amid the gay, surrounding flowers,
A dial counted the departing hours,
On which the sweetest light of summer shone—
A rude and brief inscription mark'd the stone—

To count, with passing shade, the hours,
I placed the dial 'mid the flowers;
That one by one, came forth and died,
Blooming and withering by its side.
Mortal, let the sight impart
Its pensive moral to thy heart.

The coincidence cannot fail to strike
the reader; it may, however, certainly
be altogether accidental. The name of
the poem is "The Missionary."—
There are a number of other very beau-
tiful poems, which our limits will not
allow us to select. The poem called
the "Parallel" is extremely touching,
and quite characteristic of the author.
In taking our leave of this volume,
which we recommend to all who have
"music in their souls," we cannot con-
clude better than by noticing the great
simplicity and beauty of the air to
which the words, "Oh banquet not,"
are set, and by quoting the following
fine hymn, which we wish the Neapol-
itans could have heard in their ranks,
before they relinquished the last hope
of freedom for the land of song.

Oh, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files, array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!
When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet's voice repeating
That song, whose breath
May lead to death,

But never to retreating !
 Oh the sight entrancing,
 When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files, array'd
 With helm and blade,
 And plumes, in the gay wind dancing !

Yet, 'tis not helm or feather—
 For ask yon despot, whether
 His plumed bands
 Could bring such hands
 And hearts as ours together,
 Leave pomps to those who need 'em—
 Adorn but man with freedom,

And proud he braves
 The gaudiest slaves,
 That crawl, where monarchs lead 'em.
 The sword may pierce the beaver,
 Stone walls in time may sever,
 'Tis heart alone,
 Worth steel and stone
 That keeps men free for ever !
 Oh that sight entrancing,
 When the morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files, array'd
 With helm and blade,
 And in Freedom's cause advancing !

(Blackwood's Magazine, June.)

DECORATIONS OF GRAVE YARDS.

THERE is nothing more solemn than a walk in the church-yard, and did the good people of Edinburgh, who manage the public affairs of their fellow-citizens, think it expedient, meditations among the tombs might not be unpleasant. But as things are at present arranged, no one who has not learnt to look upon the most disgusting and repulsive objects in nature with indifference, will, as a matter of choice, visit any of the Edinburgh repositories of the dead. A late traveller, Mr. Williams, from an inspection of the cemeteries of other countries, has suggested the propriety of some improvements in our own ; and I am happy to observe, that several individuals, who think shrubs and flowers are fully as ornamental as rank grass, nettles and hemlock, have dressed up the little spots intended for their last repose in a very becoming manner. I would therefore suggest, for the consideration of those who have the power of carrying improvements into execution, that all the church-yards should be carefully levelled, and divided by walks into long dormitories of six or eight feet in breadth, edged with box or other ornamental border ; and that the friends of the deceased should, for so many years, have the liberty of planting such shrubs or flowers over the little spots where their friends were interred, as they should judge proper.

Were this plan to be carried into execution, instead of hillocks formed of human bones and fragments of coffins, our cemeteries would present the appearance of a large garden, in which the contemplative might walk and pe-

ruse the lettered monuments with some degree of comfort. A *laurel* bush might then mark to the eye of the passer the last resting-place of a celebrated character ; a *none-so-pretty* might betoken that the inhabitant below was not deficient in personal charms ; a *noli me tangere*, indicate that the little spot was sacred to a maiden lady ; and a *lily* or *narcissus* tell, more eloquently than a thousand words, that innocence and virtue reposed there in peace. *Forget me not* might mark the graves of the most intimate and dear friends—the *primrose* or the *snow-drop*, the earthy cradles of infancy and childhood—while a *red* and *white rose* might pleasingly recal to the memory of children, the virtues, or the tender ties which had united the hearts and the hands of their parents.

Farther ; might not the regal corolla of an *iris* point out the last bed of a noble personage—a cluster of *tulips* perpetuate the remembrance of the scarlet and ermine of official characters—and the *ivy* mark to the mind the accommodating manners of a courtier ? Might not a *cabbage* or a *cauliflower* raise an appropriate vegetable urn over the grave of an alderman—a *bush of holly*, or *furze*, betoken the unapproachable dormitory of a lawyer—and a plant of *hellebore*, or *rhubarb*, point out the remains of a professor of the healing art ? The distinctions of nations might even be perpetuated after death ; and those who attached value to such distinctions, could easily be gratified. The *shamrock* might flourish over the grave of an Irishman—the *thistle* rear

its head over the remains of a native of Scotland—and the *leek* raise its green pillar over the sleeping-place of a Welshman. The dreams of the poets would thus be converted into reality; and the fabled transformations of mortals into flowers, be made evident to the most unlettered imagination. The roses and the lilies of beauty, prematurely snatched away, would, in this manner, bloom afresh in the lilies and the roses which decorated the graves of the fair; and the reputation of virtues or talents, expand in perennial luxuriance over the silent beds of those who were distinguished for wisdom or beneficence.

I am aware that the space necessary for the comfortable accommodation of the dead would require the providing of additional ground; but as this is already imperiously required for the present population, and must be speedily procured in some shape or other, this objection to the proposed plan is easily got over. Besides, I see no great harm, in the present poverty of the city funds, in making the overcrowded population of our churchyards pay the necessary expenses of the new arrangement. The sale of the soil, to the depth of seven or eight feet, for the purposes of the farmer, would at the same time that it removed a serious and alarming nuisance, increase the agricultural produce of the country for many years to come; and the indecency or the violation of feeling which such a measure might be thought to involve, vanishes at once, when it is considered how often the soil is dug over, that the ashes of one individual may cover the body of another. To the patriotic and public spirited, moreover, such violation of sepulchral repose comes recommended by many powerful considerations. The spendthrift and the miser would thus become equally useful, in increasing the supply of bread-corn; and many a one, who in his life never did one charitable deed, would be forced to contribute his mite to the raising of potatoes or oats for the poor. Public depredators would be made to refund some of their ill-acquired gains; and the cir-

cle of humanity would be extended, and the duty of charity practically inculcated, by the indiscriminate combination of all to the common welfare.

This violation, besides, can make but little difference to those good people in Edinburgh, who have been accustomed to eat the mutton fattened on the graves of their fathers, or to be served with the milk of cattle, for whom, with greater decency, the grass of the church-yard is periodically cut. A spike of corn is certainly a more delicate medium for the transformation of animal matter than the stomach of a sheep; and it strikes me as less revolting, to reap the virtues of our ancestors in a field of corn, than to swallow them in the shape of fat mutton. The opposition of the clergy to the measure, which the loss of the pasturage would be sure to induce, might be compromised by an annual payment in money; or the reverend gentlemen might be allowed to expose to sale the superabundant flowers which decked the graves of their parishioners.

Finally, if a majority of my fellow citizens approve of the plan for making our churchyards a more becoming place for their last repose, they can very easily bring about its execution. They have only to meet, and unanimously resolve, neither to die nor to be buried, till a place be prepared for their reception, which may indicate, by its more decent appearance, and modest ornament, that the grave is not the final, but only the temporary abode of human beings. The want of the necessary profits, made by the kirk-sessions, and the undertakers, on the rites of sepulture, would soon bring these commercial bodies to reason. And, even though a sufficient number of citizens should not be found, who were inclined to live longer on the account, the managers of some of the dissenting chapels need only to purchase a piece of ground, and lay it out in the manner proposed, to break the monopoly—secure to themselves a sure and increasing fund, for the purposes of charity,—and, by lessening the absurd expence, make it not so serious a matter for a poor man to die.

CORNUCOPIA

OF LITERARY CURIOSITIES AND REMARKABLE FACTS.

Ovid tells us, in his *Fasti*, that the she-goat which suckled Jupiter broke off one horn against a tree ; that his nurse Amalthea picked it up, wreathed it with garlands, filled it with grapes and oranges, and thus presented it to young Jove, who made it his favourite play-thing. When he was grown up, and had acquired the dominion of the heavens, he remembered his horn of sweet-meats, made a constellation in memory of it, and promoted Amalthea to be the goddess of plenty, or fortune, whose symbol it became. This horn is called 'Cornucopia,' and is feigned by the mythologists incessantly to shed a variety of good things.

THE RULING PASSION.

ANY thing may be believed of human wickedness ; but, let it be added, that nothing is incredible of human virtue : for, without this, we should libel human nature. Just so may any thing be believed of human folly and weakness ; for who is there without his ruling passion, too often a weak one.—What woman ever thought herself ugly ? What wit ever thought himself dull ? Who is without his hobby while living, and his peculiar regrets for a certain unachieved something when dying ? But we are under the necessity of adducing only some of those authenticated materials which may be supposed entertaining, or we could increase this paper by a discussion in a different way ; but that would be too grave for the purpose, and, after all, perhaps, unnecessary ; for mankind may be instructed while they are diverted, and, perhaps, this is the best mode after all of effecting such object.

It is affirmed that St. *Anselm*, archbishop of Canterbury, finding himself near death, at the age of 76 years, wished for a little delay, that he might finish a very obscure question, which he had begun, on the origin of the soul. If he had obtained yet 76 years of life more, says Baritholinus, I doubt whether he could have made an end of such an obscure question.

The Roman emperor *Adrian* composed, in his last moments, the celebrated address to his soul, which Mr. Pope has so sublimely imitated, beginning

'Vital spark of heavenly flame,' &c.

Mademoiselle *Bilberon*, of Paris, had, all her life-time, a passion for anatomy, says Grimm. She attended the dissections of dead bodies for a long time ; and, at length, got possession of such knowledge, that she moulded all the

parts of the human body in great perfection. Sir John Pringle, who saw them, said that stench only was wanted to make them actual. But what a propensity for a lady !

Butterfly Hunting.—In a letter from Mr. Brune to Mr. Rawlins, June 14, 1735, in the Bodleian collection, he states, that one Mr. Vernon followed a butterfly *nine miles* before he could catch him !

N. T. *Barthe*, of Marseilles, was the author of the *Selfish Man*, and other dramatic pieces ; but he had one propensity, extremely common among authors, of delighting to read his compositions to all who came in his way. Colardeau had been one of his friends, but, latterly, they had seldom met. Barthe, however, on hearing that Colardeau was given over by the faculty, flew to his house, and finding him yet able to understand what was said to him, "I am shocked," said he, "to see you so ill, and yet I have a favour to ask of you ; it is to hear me read my *Selfish Man*."—"Consider, my friend," said Colardeau, "I have only a few hours to live."—"Alas ! yes, but that is the very reason that makes me so anxious to know your opinion of my piece." He pressed the subject so much, that the dying man was compelled to submit ; and after hearing it through, without interruption, "Your character," said Colardeau, "is only deficient in one essential point."—"What is it ?" Barthe inquired. "Yes," rejoined Colardeau, with a smile, "it only wants the power of forcing a dying man to attend to the reading of a comedy in five acts."

Curran's ruling passion was his joke. In his last illness, his physician observing in the morning, that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered—

ed, 'That is rather surprising, as I have been practising all night.'

Sophia Charlotte, first queen of Prussia, and sister to our George I, was a great character, beside being well read in history, natural philosophy, theology, &c. She spoke most of the European languages with ease. Just before her death, some of her friends wanted to introduce a Calvinist minister into her apartment; but she said to them, "Let me die in peace without disputing on this occasion." One of her ladies of honour, of whom she was very fond, was dissolved in tears: "Do not cry for me," she said, "for I am now going to satisfy my curiosity on the principles of things, which Leibnitz could not explain to me, on space, infinity, on being, on nothing; and I am preparing for the king, my husband, the shew of my funeral, where he will have another opportunity to display his magnificence." Pollnitz says, that M. de la Bergerie, the minister of the French church, who assisted her in her last moments, was so surprised at her courage and calmness, that he was more attentive to hear than to exhort her. "I have," said she, "for twenty years seriously studied my religion, and have read the books that treated of it with too much application to be in any doubt as to my principles. You cannot mention any thing to me but what I have read; and what you can say to me will certainly add nothing to my opinion." She died in her thirty-seventh year.

Jerome Cardan was an astrologer, and, among other things, foretold the time of *his own* death. Jerome, however, being very well at the time his his prediction should have been fulfilled, and loving his reputation better than his own life, *starved himself*, that he might verify his prediction. Bayle says, "Cardan was afraid of surviving the falsehood of his prognostics, and so tender of his honour, that he could not endure the reproach of having proved a false prophet, and wronging his profession. Few people, in the like case, stand up with so much courage and affection for the honour of their art." Thus did Cardan verify his ruling pas-

sion—a most extraordinary instance of astrological superstition and vanity!

Alonzo Cano, a Spanish artist, may be literally said to have felt the ruling passion strong in death: for, when the priest, who attended him, presented the crucifix, he turned his eyes away, and refused to look at it, because the sculpture was so badly executed! but asked for a plain cross, which, being brought to him, he devoutly embraced it, and expired!—*Jacob's Travels in Spain*.

There have been instances, within our own personal recollection, of two gentlemen, who, taking it into their heads to commit suicide, (a cowardly act,) by cutting their throats, have yet so cautiously placed themselves, as not to dirt any part of the room with their blood. Such was their still remaining love of cleanliness.

Curiosity, it is said, is woman's ruling passion: we admit it not:—still the following goes far to fortify the assertion:—On April 25th, 1769, at Constantinople, the Turks were removing the standard of Mahomet, making a grand procession through the city: all Christians, upon this occasion, were forbid to appear in the streets or at their windows. But the wife and daughter of the Imperial minister, excited by curiosity, placed themselves at a secret window to observe the procession; which was no sooner discovered by the Turks, than they attacked the ambassador's house, and endeavoured to force an entrance. But the servants of the minister opposing them, well armed, a dreadful fray ensued, in which no less than one hundred persons lost their lives, and the ambassador's lady was very roughly treated. Some of the rioters dragged her down into the courtyard, and made preparations to strangle her; when a party of janissaries, who were despatched to her assistance by an aga in the neighbourhood, happily came and preserved her. Upon complaint being made of this outrage, by her husband, to the grand vizier, that minister expressed great sorrow for the insult that had been offered, and assured him he should have all the reparation it was possible to procure. A few hours after

the vizier sent the Imperial minister a rich present of jewels for his lady, *and a bag, which was found to contain the heads of the three principal rioters.*

Voltaire tells us, that *Camoens* was shipwrecked on the coast of Malabar, or Mero, (in Cochin China, according to Mickle,) but swam ashore, holding up his poem, which he had mostly written at sea, in one hand, which otherwise had been, perhaps, lost for ever.

M. de la *Condamine* displayed an insatiable curiosity to witness executions : at that of *Damien*, he forced his way through the crowd, close to the executioner's elbow, and there stood with pocket-book and pencil in hand, while, at every tug of the pincers, or blow of the iron-bar, he exclaimed, with agonizing impatience, "Qu'est ce qu'il dit ?" Les satellites de Maître Charlot voulurent l'écartier comme un importun ; mais le bourreau leur dit, "Laissez, monsieur est un amateur."—(*Grimm.*) The exact story is told as of *George Selwyn*, and the same infernal ruling passion for seeing *such* sights proved to have belonged to him.

The following instance is given us by Mr. Dutens :—"The Duke de Crillon was at Avignon at the period when the Duke of Ormond died there ; and having entered his chamber at the very moment when the latter was dying, he had nearly been witness to a remarkable scene, which had just taken place, between the expiring nobleman, who was a true pattern of politeness, and a German baron, also one of the most polite men of his country. The duke, feeling himself dying, desired to be conveyed to his arm-chair ; when, turning towards the baron, "Excuse me, sir," said he, "if I should make some grimaces in your presence, for my physician tells me, that I am at the point of death."—"Ah, my lord duke !" replied the baron, "I beg that you will not put yourself under any constraint on my account."

Baker, in his *Chronicle*, speaks of *Henry Beaufort*, cardinal of Winchester, who was extremely rich, crying out, upon his death-bed, in such speeches as

these : "Fye—will not death be hired ? Will money do nothing ? Must I die, that have such great riches ? If the whole realm of England would save my life, I am able either by policy to get it, or by riches to buy it !"

The ruling passion may be as well exhibited at the fatal tree, as elsewhere ; and was once by a woman of the name of *Dugoe*, who was remarkably strong and masculine, but for all that she was cast for death for stripping her lodgings, in the year 1763. She once stabbed a man, in Newgate, who was evidence against her. At the place of execution, getting her hands loose, she struggled with the executioner ; gave him such a blow on the breast as almost beat him down, and then disposed of her hat, clothes, and cardinal in spite of him.

Mr. Day, the eccentric founder of *Fairlop* fair, had a housekeeper, who had lived with him for thirty years, and was equally eccentric. She had two very strong attachments : one to her wedding-ring and garments, and the other to tea. When she died, Mr. Day would not permit her ring to be taken off : he said, "If that was attempted, she would come to life again ;" and directed that she should be buried in her wedding-suit, and a pound of tea in each hand : and these directions were literally obeyed.

The study of grammar was the great passion of the *Abbe Dangeau* : one day somebody was talking to him of the apprehensions entertained that some great revolution was about to take place in public affairs ; "That may be," said the abbé, "but whatever happens, I am extremely rejoiced that I have in my portfolio at least thirty-six conjugations perfectly completed."

The ruling passion, or the current of the matrimonial gale, must certainly have blown *due east* with Mr. Powell, who, in the year 1776, married Miss Elizabeth East, being the fourth wife he had married of the same name !

When *Fabre d'Eglantine*, one of the French revolutionists, was in prison, the thing which seemed to trouble him most was, that he had left an unpublished

comedy among his manuscripts, and apprehended Billaud Varennes would publish it as his own.

The ruling passion of a Frenchman is—'Our fine France!' To this national vanity truth itself must give way, experience bite the dust. Hear *St. Foix*! 'In three or four thousand years the names of the other nations, who inhabit Europe, will scarce be known; whereas *our* language will be the learned language, and will be taught to children. Every one will pride himself in being acquainted with *our* history, and in enumerating the celebrated names of *our* kings and heroes; the softness and politeness of *our* manners will be admired by posterity,' &c.

Dr. *Paul Hiffernan*, an author of no celebrity, was, however, not only an eccentric character, but evinced the ruling passion more strongly than any other we can quote. Sober or drunk, no one ever knew his residence: he frequented coffee-houses, and had his letters addressed there, but he ever adroitly evaded letting any one know where he lodged. The wits and wags of the day tried every expedient, but in vain. Mr. Dossie, secretary to the Duke of Northumberland, used to spend his evenings at Slaughter's coffee-house, and he had the eccentric, or odd, way of insisting upon seeing the last of the company home; and, as Hiffernan was no starter from the bottle, they were frequently the last. The latter, however, had the address to defeat his friend's politeness; for finding that 'apologies,' and 'declining the friendly office,' 'that he lodged a long way off,' &c., all in vain, he then fairly set out towards the City: Dossie persisted till he got to St. Paul's church-yard: "Pray, doctor, do you live much farther?"—"Oh yes, sir!" says the doctor, "and on that account I told you it would be giving you a great deal of trouble." This revived the other's civility, and on they marched till they reached the Royal Exchange. Here the question was asked again, when the doctor, who found him lagging, and thought he could venture to name *some* place, replied, that "he lived at Bow."

This answer decided the contest; Mr. D. confessing he was not able to walk so far, and wishing the doctor a good night, walked back to his lodgings near Charing Cross with great composure. And as soon as Mr. Dossie had fairly got the start, Dr. H. walked home to his own lodgings in one of the little courts in St. Martin's Lane.

Poor Paul was singularly improvident; and, when the hour of sickness came on, was entirely dependent on the generosity of his friends; and as they did not at all times know his precise situation, his poverty would cause him to crawl out. Calling one morning at a friend's house, he was so faint and spiritless, that he was unable to walk up to the drawing-room: he was told in as delicate a way as possible, 'that, as sickness always brought on additional expenses, if he would give his friend his address, he would very readily *lend* him a guinea per week until he recovered!'

The doctor received the promise of the loan with becoming gratitude, but referred him for his address to the usual place, "The Bedford coffee-house."—"My dear doctor," says the other, 'this is no time to trifle. I assure you, in the most solemn manner, I do not make this inquiry from any impertinent curiosity, or idle wish, to extort a secret from you under your present circumstances; my only reason is, for the quicker despatch of sending you any thing that may be needful.' The doctor still expressed his gratitude with a sigh, and ardent gripe of the hand, but left the house referring his friend to—the Bedford coffee-house. It was in vain to expostulate further: the gentleman sent on the two following Saturdays a guinea each day, sealed up in a letter; but on the third Saturday, no messenger arriving to receive it, upon inquiry, it was found he was *no more*, having died the preceding evening.

Handel's early oratorios were but thinly attended. That great composer would himself, however, often joke upon the emptiness of the house, which, he said, 'would make de moosic sound all de petter.

Hearne the antiquarian.—We insert a prayer of his, exemplifying his character in a very remarkable way, "O most gracious and merciful Lord God, wonderful in thy providence; I return all possible thanks to thee, for the care thou hast always taken of me. I continually meet with singular instances of this thy providence, and one act yesterday, when I unexpectedly met with three old MSS. for which, in a particular manner, I return my thanks!"—We never met with an anecdote more strikingly illustrative of the ruling passion than this of simple Hearne's.

La Mothe de Vayer ever showed a most extraordinary fondness for the relations of voyagers, and of every information from foreign countries. This propensity he retained till death; and the last words which he uttered to a friend, who attended on his last moments, were, "Have you heard, my dear sir, any news from the great Mogul?"

Cardinal *Mazarin* (like the dissimulating *Tiberius*) carried his courtier-like love of mystery and falsehood even into his death-bed. He sent for the Prince of Condé, and told him something in confidence, which that prince was quite inclined to believe, perceiving the dying state of his eminence. But a very short time after his death sufficed to prove, to his utter astonishment, that, even in that awful situation, the cardinal had not told him one word of truth.

The anecdote of *Anne Oldfield*, a celebrated actress, who, in her last moments, was so entirely engrossed with the dress in which she should be arrayed after her death, puts us in mind of a similar anecdote of the French Princess

de Charolais. Although, in the agonies of death, it was easier to bring her to receive the last sacraments, than to take off her *rouge*: no longer able to resist the entreaties of her confessor, she at length consented—"But in this case," said she to her attendant woman, "give me some other ribands; you know that, without *rouge*, yellow ribands look frightful on me." The last words of Mrs. Oldfield were, "One would not look like a fright after one's death,"—or, according to Pope,

One would not sure look ugly when one's dead,
And—Betty!—give these cheeks a little red!

Sir Joshua Reynolds declared as follows to Mr. Northcote, "That to procure a really fine picture, by Titian, he would be content to sell every thing he possessed in the world to raise money for its purchase;" adding, with emphasis, "I would be content to ruin myself."

But never was the ruling passion more displayed than by a poor Swiss, who was in the mad-house of Zurich. He was rather afflicted by imbecility than madness, and was allowed his occasional liberty, which he never abused. All his happiness consisted in ringing the bells of the parish-church; of this he was somehow deprived, and it plunged him into despair. At length he sought the governor, and said to him, 'I come, sir, to ask a favour of you. I used to ring the bells; it was the only thing in the world in which I could make myself useful, but they will not let me do it any longer. Do me then the pleasure of cutting off my head; I cannot do it myself, or I would save you the trouble.' Such an appeal produced his re-establishment in his former honours, and—he died ringing the bells.

Paragraphs.

(From the English Magazines, &c. June 1821.)

Our readers will be entertained by the perusal of *Two Letters to Lord Byron*, by the Rev. W. L. BOWLES, in answer to his Lordship's letter. Whether poetry be more indebted to what is sublime and beautiful in nature or in art, is the *vexata questio*, and whatever opinion the reader may form for himself he will agree that Mr. Bowles shews great alacrity and spirit in the contest, and makes very good fight. Mr. B. seems to be delighted with the opportunity of entering

into a controversy with the noble Lord, and certainly upon many points pushes him very hard. The letters are well written, with a fluency which shews them to have been thrown off in the warmth of the moment, and the thorough good humour which pervades them pleases the more, when contrasted with the usual bitterness of similar productions, from which indeed Lord Byron's letter is not altogether free.

A novel feature of the month, is the pres-

ence of the Madagascar Prince, Rataffe, brother of King Radama, of that island, who had been introduced to the King. His person is good, his manners not unworthy of his rank, and he converses in tolerable French. His brother has likewise applied for missionaries and mechanics to instruct his people not only in religion, but in the arts of civilized life. By these means we may acquire some knowledge of the interior of that vast island, which is now an utter blank in geography. It is erroneously stated in the newspapers that he is king over the whole island, but this is a mistake. It contains two or three sovereignties and numberless chiefs, who are in a great measure independent. For some curious particulars of these people, we refer the reader to the tenth number of the *Journal of Voyages and Travels*.

In the lately published transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay is an account of a surgical case, in which the loss of a portion of bone in the arm of an Arab has been supplied through the dexterity of a native surgeon, by a silver tube.

We have pleasure in calling attention to Messrs. BROWELL and Co's discovery for the prevention of Mildew in Canvass, at a time when the immense property vested in shipping is suffering severely from the ruinous diminution of freightage. Their process prevents mildew in flaxen and hempen canvass of every description: not only in those kinds of canvass which are whitened by bleaching, but the browner kinds are also secured by this process from mildew, whether in use or laid up in store. An opportunity is thus given of using with safety those kinds of brown canvass which, when made of good materials and evenly woven, are stronger than the Coker canvass, and have been excluded from use on board the superior class of ships solely from their liability to mildew. Messrs. Aikin, Babington and Marcet, certify in regard to the just principles of the preparations, while experiments made in the Royal Navy for several years, conducted by the orders of the Navy Board under the care of their own officers on the coast of Africa, America and Newfoundland, amply prove the efficacy of Messrs. Browell's discovery.

An Englishman of the name of Cochrane, has reached Irkutsk on foot, on his road to America, by the north east promontory of Asia. On the thirteenth of September last, he had travelled 8,000 versts, in 123 days, entirely on foot, and sleeps in the open air, and wears nothing but nankeen breeches.

Mr. A. A. Watts has in the press *Specimens of the Living Poets*, with biographical and critical prefaces. The work will be comprized in two volumes crown octavo; to which will be added an appendix containing notices of those poets who have died within a few years.

Mr. Campbell, the Missionary, whose former travels into South Africa are before the public, has lately returned after another journey equally interesting. He penetrated 800 miles from Cape Town, a greater distance than any other traveller whose good fortune it has been to return, and considerably beyond Latakoo. Several new and large towns were discovered. The population of some of these amount to 10,000 or 12,000 persons; the people friendly and do-

cile, possessing much skill in the manufacture of pottery, in smelting of iron, and other useful arts; besides so intelligent as to know the value, and wish for, the introduction of better informed artizans. They have likewise desired missionaries to be sent to them, a wish which will be doubtless complied with by the directors of that society.

Shortly will be published in 4to with thirty plates and maps, a copious History of Brazil, including more particularly its Geography and Commerce, by Mr. James Henderson, recently returned from S. America.

Mr. Busby, the architect, is preparing a Description of all the principal State Prisons or Penitentiaries, in the United States of America. The work will be illustrated with plans and views of those establishments, in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, which were visited by Mr. B in the years 1818 and 1819.

There is at this time on sale, at the Museum of Mr. ACKERMANN in the Strand, London, one of the most splendid specimens of Bibliography which has ever perhaps been offered to the world. It consists of the History of Westminster Abbey, published by Mr. A. and this copy is characterised by the following circumstances: the letter press is on vellum, the 84 original drawings by our first artists have been introduced, the titles of the drawings and of the volumes are by the late Mr. Tomkins, and the binding unites every point of magnificence, having cost no less than £278. The total cost of the three volumes in drawings, vellum, writing and binding, has been £1796; but the proprietor gratified with the honour of preparing such a book, asks no more than £1500 for it.

ANIMAL SOCIABILITY.

Mr. Editor,

June 1821.

Sir,—In the first volume of your excellent and entertaining miscellany, is an article, entitled, "Instinctive Animosity of Animals doubtful." Meeting lately with a similar instance, I have been induced to send it for insertion.

On visiting a friend lately, he observed, that he had a wonderful family of rather opposite characters, dwelling together, which he shewed me; this was a female cat, and four young rabbits, which she was suckling with her own kitten. It appears from the account which he gave me, that the cat, a few days before, had four kittens. About the same time, a rabbit, that he had in the house, brought forth four young ones also: but the mother dying, they were induced to try to rear the young ones, by giving them milk, &c. They, however, found, in the course of a day or two, that they refused to take any food, in consequence of which, my friend drowned three of the kittens, and put the young rabbits to the cat, who immediately began to suck, and invite them to suck, which, to his astonishment, they did. They are at present very well, and bid fair to make fine rabbits. The cat which has thus acted the part of a parent, caresses them, and appears very fond of them; and they run about the room with the old cat and her kitten, and amuse the family with their gambols: nor has she shown the least animosity, but suffers them to jump upon her back, and practise a thousand playful tricks, to the no

small astonishment of my friend and his visitors!

I must confess, that I have been at a loss to account for the circumstance; and had I not been an eye-witness of the fact, I should certainly have felt disposed to doubt its reality. These things have given rise to a train of reflections in my own mind, respecting the animosity that appears to exist in the world, among the animal tribes. I would therefore beg leave to propose the following questions;---

Is the animosity discoverable between animals, instinctive, or not? If instinctive, as some of our naturalists assert, why is there sometimes a manifestation of a contrary disposition? and if not instinctive, from what cause does the animosity originate? An answer to these inquiries by some of your able correspondents, will very much oblige your constant reader, NEANTIAS.

An Essay on the Utility of Sea-Bathing, &c. By J. W. Williams, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Mr. Williams is not the first who has treated the subject of bathing as connected with the doctrine of *animal heat*. This is a department of his work, which he seems most maturely to have investigated, and therefore he speaks upon it with decision and assurance. We submit the following quotation, as expressing the author's views upon this particular; for which we beg leave to make the author himself responsible.

"It may not be unseasonable to repeat the conclusion to which our enquiries led us, when treating on the use of the cold bath in health, viz. to avoid the erroneous and mischievous custom of *cooling*, before the act of bathing. We have, we trust, fully shown, that a large demand on the vital energies, in such a state of exhaustion, would occasion a wasteful expenditure of the natural strength, and expose the body to the most serious effects. In these resorts of the invalid, (watering-places,) we too frequently see persons slowly walking down to the sea side, lest they should become heated, and even reposing with careful solicitude on the open beach, exposed to the keen blast until they are *cool enough* to bathe. Of all errors, this is one of the most fatal; and it were better, like Falstaff, to plunge into the waters "*hissing hot*," than to enfeeble the living forces of the system by so baneful a piece of caution."

The Essay contains a particular enumeration of those maladies, which bathing is calculated to remove or alleviate. Nervous diseases, scrophula, gout, rheumatism, epilepsy, indigestion, and many more of the evils which afflict and thin our species, are brought forward; many observations are made

upon their causes, natures, &c.; and the manner in which bathing acts to their cure is pointed out.

Mr. Williams, while he prescribes bathing as a remedy in nervous cases, has the candour to acknowledge that the hypochondriac is often indebted to the change, the society, and the recreations of a watering-place, for the benefit he experiences; and this concession he illustrates with the following whimsical story.

"The celebrated Sydenham, was once much perplexed with a low-spirited patient for whose relief he had exhausted all the resources of his art: but he had the penetration to discover, that if he could furnish him with a motive of sufficient interest to divert the current of his ideas from the cherished theme, he might procure him relief. The nobleman was therefore informed, that there dwelt at Inverness in Scotland, a physician of great and deserved celebrity, in the cure of the disorder under which he suffered; and Sydenham told his titled patient, since he could do no more for him, he would give him a letter to carry to the more skilful Dr. Robinson. The nobleman seized the idea with eagerness, immediately prepared for his long journey, and from the strong interest of a new motive and pursuit, and the various engagements on the road, he had forgotten his malady before he reached Inverness. On his arrival in that town, no Dr. Robinson could be found, after the strictest search, and the abused invalid resolved to hasten back to London, to load his physician with reproaches, for having wilfully deceived him. With this paramount idea in his mind, which occupied the place of his former association of distempered notions, he reached home, and instantly summoned Sydenham to his presence, and demanded how he dared to abuse his confidence in sending him on such a fool's errand! Sydenham gravely asked, if he found himself relieved? The patient replied, that he was now *well*, but he had not to thank him or Dr. Robinson for it, and continued his severest invectives, &c."

COURT OF KING'S BENCH---JUNE 16; 1821.

Day and another vs. Brown.

This was an action by Messrs. Day & Martin, blacking-makers, of Holborn, against the defendant, Henry Brown, for an imitation of their label. The trick was discovered by a typographical error in the counterfeit: the damages were laid at £1000.

Mr. Scarlett felt no hesitation in opening the case, as one of the darkest which had ever been presented to a jury. *Quicquid agunt homines*, were words which had blazed upon the proscenium of a theatre: and perhaps the same motto might be equally germane to the parties of a court of justice; a stage upon which the scene was varied even from the palace to the pot-house, and where almost every character, from the prince to the pedler, in turn presented himself to public attention. Of counsel certainly it might be said with truth that one man in his time played many

parts; labouring in their vocation, they lent their aid alike to all;—and the man who was the opponent of royalty to-day, might stand up for the right of a chimney-sweeper tomorrow. To introduce the present plaintiffs formally to the jury, would scarcely (Mr. Scarlett thought) be requisite; for who, with the slightest pretension to polish, could be unacquainted with the names of Day & Martin? Could it be necessary of those gentlemen to say, that, by stooping to the feet, they had raised themselves to the head of society? Needed it to be observed in the year 1821, that their fame had spread through every climate where shoes were made of leather?—Did not their puffs and poems (passing even those of *Packwood*) astutiate every newspaper of the day? and would not they themselves go down to posterity the blackest, yet the brightest, characters of the age? The jury were men; and they would know mankind. The jury wore boots; and they would know the merits of Martin's blacking; of that inestimable fluid,—dark as the jetty plumage of that bird whose name the maker bore. But fame raised enemies; success raised rivals; and, even as with others, so had it fared with the present plaintiffs. Pretenders had put up for public favour; people had been poisoned for a while with their pernicious preparations; but frail as their own bottles had been their standing in the trade; like those bottles they had broken; and the long hands of sweeping assignees had left not a hamper behind. Yet there was one—now the learned counsel came to the *gravament* of his case—there was one man who played a deeper game. An envious oilman dwelt near Golden-square, who saw and grudged the plaintiff's rising fortunes. The catiff's name was Brown; and he could make a liquid which he called black, but which, like him, was brown. Each flask, like Pandora's box, contained a thousand ills; it burned up good men's shoes, did harm to harness, and, lustreless, defied the sweating valet's toil. To sell this villanous composition, however, was Brown's chiefest care; and how did the jury think the wicked end had been attained? Knowing that his own name would bring no buyers, the man of guile resolved to take another's: he printed a quantity of labels in imitation of the labels of the plaintiffs; pasted them at leisure upon his spurious bottles; and uttered his own base compound to the world, as the genuine blacking of the illustrious Day & Martin. Even thus did error steal into authority; and thus was High Holborn cheated of its homage! The means by which the fraud in question had been carried into effect, would be sufficiently detailed in the course of the evidence; but, upon the effect and character of the deceit, a few words might be permitted. The plaintiffs did not ask vindictive damages, but the defendant, they submitted, was a double trespasser; at once, a depreciator of their inestimable ware, and a destroyer of the shoes and boots of the community. And there was another topic to which Mr. Scarlett would advert—his comment would be brief, but it would not be thrown away upon the jury; he did feel it his duty to add a sentence as to the influence of such conduct upon the general interests of trade. It would be painful to say that the high and honourable feeling which had distinguished British

commerce was on the decline; but the plaintiffs were not the only persons who within the last few years had suffered by mean and piratical practices. There was a Mrs. Lazzenby who had discovered a pickle so *piquant* as to tickle the palates of all the aldermen in London—she had been unable to keep possession of her own name. A Mr. Cox, too, the inventor of a most delicious sauce [that, we understand, with which a man might eat his own father]—Mr. Cox had been obliged to defend himself at law: and the learned counsel really apprehended, unless the jury made an example of the present defendant, that some rogue would go down into the country, redden his face, put on a powdered wig, and call himself Mr. Scarlett; or, playing the same trick upon the learned Solicitor General, receive all those fees and emoluments of office to which that learned gentleman stood entitled.

Mr. E. Cistance had been many years in the habit of using Day & Martin's blacking. He bought a bottle of blacking, (purporting to be of Day & Martin's manufacture) from the defendant Brown. Finding it vile stuff, he carried it to the house of the plaintiffs in High Holborn, who abjured it.

James Barton proved the purchase of a similar bottle.

The grim counterfeits were then put in.

Thomas Richardson was printer to the plaintiffs. Their labels were printed from a stereotype plate. He could swear that the labels on the spurious bottles were not printed from the plate of the plaintiffs. There were several typographical errors: among others, the word "inestimable" in the true bill, stood "inestimable" in the counterfeit.

Richard Brown, first cousin to the defendant, admitted that he had got about 2,400 labels struck off from a plate which was supplied to him by the defendant.

Mr. Denman addressed the jury in mitigation, but called no witnesses.

The Lord Chief Justice thought it a case not for vindictive, but certainly for reasonable damages.

The jury found a verdict for the plaintiffs—damages £15.

NEW WORKS.

Bible Rhymes on the Names of all the Books of the Old and New Testament, with allusions to some of the principal Incidents and Characters; by HANNAH MORE.

Italy: by Lady Morgan.

Modern Voyages and Travels, vol. 5th, part 3d, containing Travels in Egypt, in 1818 and 1819; with 12 engravings.

The English Lakes, with 49 coloured engravings. 4to. £3, 12s. 6d.

Western Africa; being a description of the Manners, Customs, Dresses, and Character of its Inhabitants, illustrated by 47 Engravings. 4 vols. 12mo.

Hogarth Moralized; by Rev. John Trusler. Part I. To be completed in 40 parts.

The Tour of the Seine from Paris to the Sea, with 4 coloured Engravings. No. V.

A Treatise on the Hydrocephalus Acutus; or, Inflammatory Water in the Head; by L. A. Giles: Translated from the German, by Robert Gooch, M. D.

Rank and Fashion; or the Mazes of Life; a novel, by Mr. Frere. 3 vols.

The Irish Necromancer; or Deer Park; by T. H. Marshall. 3 vols.

The Vicar of Iver; a Tale.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 11.]

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1821.

[VOL. IX.]

(London Magazines, June.)

HUMBOLDT'S AND BONPLAND'S TRAVELS.*

THESE volumes translated by H. Maria Williams, terminate the second volume (in quarto) of Mr. Humboldt's personal narrative; and belong to a work so universally celebrated, that we need only say, they are, if possible, more thickly studded with pieces of valuable information and curious matter, than the parts which have preceded them.

We never take up Humboldt but he reminds us of Othello, who

—Spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes —
And portance in his travel's history;
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch
heaven,—

And of the cannibals that each other eat;
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders,

he told the marvellous stories. Our author is hardly a trace behind him; and, like the fair Desdemona, we, with greedy ear, devour up his discourse; whence, without further preface, we shall now proceed to draw for the benefit of our readers.

The natives near the cataracts or raudales of the Oronoko, up which river M. de Humboldt made his way to a height little known to Europeans,

are distinguished by several remarkable prejudices, among which, none are more fatal than those narrated in the following:—

“Among the causes of the depopulation of the Raudales, I have not reckoned the small-pox; that malady which, in other parts of America, makes such cruel ravages, that the natives, seized with dismay, burn their huts, kill their children, and renounce every kind of society.† This scourge is almost unknown on the banks of the Oronoko. What depopulates the Christian settlements is, the repugnance of the Indians for the regulations of the missions, the insalubrity of a climate at once hot and damp, bad nourishment, want of care in the diseases of children, and the guilty practice of mothers of preventing pregnancy by the use of deleterious herbs. Among the barbarous people of Guyana, as well as those of the half-civilized islands of the South Sea, young wives will not become mothers. If they have children, their offspring are exposed, not only to the dangers of savage life, but also to the dangers arising from the strangest popular prejudices. When twins are born, false notions of propriety and family honour require, that one of them should be destroyed. ‘To

* Personal Narrative of Travels in the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent, &c. London 1821.

† As the Mahas in the plains of the Missouri, according to the accounts of the American travellers, Clark and Lewis.

bring twins into the world, is to be exposed to public scorn ; it is to resemble rats, opossums, and the vilest animals, which bring forth a great number of young at a time.' Nay more : 'two children born at the same time cannot belong to the same father.' This is an axiom of physiology of the Salivas ; and in every zone, and in different states of society, when the vulgar seize upon an axiom, they adhere to it with more steadfastness than the better informed men, by whom it was first hazarded. To avoid a disturbance of conjugal tranquillity, the only female relations of the mother, or the *mure japoi-nei* (midwives,) take care, that one of the twins shall disappear. If the new-born infant, though not a twin, have any physical deformity, the father instantly puts it to death. They will have only robust and well-made children, for deformities indicate some influence of the evil spirit Ioloquiamo, or the bird *Tikitiki*, the enemy of the human race. Sometimes children of a feeble constitution undergo the same fate. When the father is asked, what is become of one of his sons, he will pretend, that he has lost him by a natural death. He will disavow an action, that appears to him blameable, but not criminal. 'The poor *mure*,*' he will tell you, 'could not follow us ; we must have waited for him every moment ; he has not been seen again, he did not come to sleep where we passed the night.' Such is the candour and simplicity of manners, such the boasted happiness of man, in the *state of nature* ! He kills his son, to escape the ridicule of having twins, or to avoid journeying more slowly ; in fact, to avoid a little inconvenience."

Amid the prodigality and magnificence of nature, such are the moral evils which deform the scene ; and we are often compelled to leave the author's glowing descriptions of superb landscape in the torrid zone, to vex our spirits with similar details. But, the able manner in which distant objects and remote similitudes are brought to bear on almost every subject discussed,

is the great charm of this work ; and we have so vast a quantity of intelligence combined with so rich a fund of amusing anecdote, that the mind never tires. It has been alleged, that Mr. H. is too prone to this sort of classification, and to theories built upon it ; but however that may be in a philosophical point of view, as a popular performance, it wonderfully enhances the attractions of his narrative. He is, in truth, the very Jaques of travellers ; and his way is delectable, "compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects ; and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of his travels, in which his often rumination wraps him in a most humorous sadness." He morals on every thing ; for example :—

"The inhabitants of Atures and Maypures, whatever the missionaries may have asserted in their works, are not more struck with deafness by the noise of the great cataracts, than the catadupes of the Nile. When this noise is heard in the plain that surrounds the mission, at the distance of more than a league, you seem to be near a coast skirted by reefs and breakers. The noise is three times as loud by night as by day, and gives an inexpressible charm to these solitary scenes. What can be the cause of this increased intensity of sound in a desert, where nothing seems to interrupt the silence of nature ? The velocity of the propagation of sound, far from augmenting, decreases with the lowering of the temperature. The intensity diminishes in air, agitated by a wind, which is contrary to the direction of the sound ; it diminishes also by dilatation of the air, and is weaker in the higher than in the lower regions of the atmosphere, where the number of particles of air in motion is greater in the same radius. The intensity is the same in dry air, and in air mingled with vapours ; but it is feebler in carbonic acid gas, than in mixtures of azot and oxygen. From these facts, which are all we know, with any certainty, it is difficult to explain a phenomenon observed near every cascade in Europe, and which, long before our

* In Tamanack *mure* signifies a child ; *emuru*, a son.

arrival in the village of Atures, had struck the missionary and the Indians. The nocturnal temperature of the atmosphere is 3 degrees less than the temperature of the day; at the same time the apparent humidity augments at night, and the mist that covers the cataracts becomes thicker. We have just seen, that the hygroscopic state of the air has no influence on the propagation of the sound, and that the cooling of the air diminishes its swiftness.

"It may be thought, that, even in places not inhabited by man, the hum of insects, the song of birds, the rustling of leaves agitated by the feeblest winds, occasion, during the day, a confused noise, which we perceive the less because it is uniform, and constantly strikes the ear. Now this noise, however slightly perceptible it may be, may diminish the intensity of a louder noise; and this diminution may cease, if during the calm of the night the song of birds, the hum of insects, and the action of the wind upon the leaves, be interrupted. But this reasoning, even admitting its justness, can scarcely be applied to the forests of the Oroonoko, where the air is constantly filled by an innumerable quantity of moschettoes, where the hum of insects is much louder by night than by day, and where the breeze, if ever it be felt, blows only after sunset."

This hypothesis is well worth further investigation; but we must surrender it to the scientific journals, and continue our more mixed career.

"The Indians of Atures," says Mr. H., "are mild, moderate, and accustomed, from the effects of their idleness, to the greatest privations. Formerly, excited to labour by the Jesuits, they did not want for food. The fathers cultivated maize, French beans, (*frijoles*) and other European vegetables; they even planted sweet oranges and tamarinds round the villages; and they possessed twenty or thirty thousand head of cows and horses, in the savannahs of Atures and Carichana. They had at their service a great number of slaves and servants (*peones*), to take care of their herds. Nothing is now cultivated but a little cassava, and a few

plantains. The fertility of the soil however is such, that at Atures, I counted on a single branch of *musa* 108 fruits, 4 or 5 of which would almost suffice for the daily nourishment of a man. The culture of maize is entirely neglected, and the horses and cows have disappeared. There now remains in testimony of the ancient cultivation of these countries, and the industrious activity of the first missionaries, only a few trunks of the orange and tamarind in the savannahs, surrounded by wild trees.

"The tigers, or jaguars, which are less dangerous for the cattle than the bats, come into the village at Atures, and devour the pigs of the poor Indians. The missionary related to us a striking instance of the familiarity of these animals, upon the whole so ferocious. Some months before our arrival, a jaguar, which was thought to be young, though of a large size, had wounded a child in playing with him; I use confidently this expression, which may seem strange, having on the spot verified facts which are not without interest in the history of the manners of animals. Two Indian children, a boy and a girl, about eight and nine years of age, were seated on the grass near the village of Atures, in the middle of a savannah, which we have often traversed. At two o'clock in the afternoon, a jaguar issued from the forest, and approached the children, bounding around them; sometimes he hid himself in the high grass, sometimes he sprang forward, his back bent, his head hung down, in the manner of our cats. The little boy, ignorant of his danger, seemed to be sensible of it only when the jaguar with one of his paws gave him some blows on the head. These blows, at first slight, became ruder and ruder; the claws of the jaguar wounded the child, and the blood flowed with violence. The little girl then took a branch of a tree, struck the animal, and it fled from her. The Indians ran up at the cries of the children, and saw the jaguar, which retired bounding, without the least show of resistance.

"The little boy was brought to us, who appeared lively and intelligent.

The claw of the jaguar had taken away the skin from the lower part of the forehead, and there was a second scar at the top of the head."

"It was among the cataracts that we began to hear of the hairy man of the woods, called *salvaje*, that carries off women, constructs huts, and sometimes eats human flesh. The Termanacks call it *achi*, and the Maypures, *vasitri*, or *great devil*. The natives and the missionaries, have no doubt of the existence of this anthropomorphous monkey, which they singularly dread. Father Gih gravely relates the history of a lady in the town of San Carlos, who much praised the gentle character and attentions of the man of the woods. She lived several years with one in great domestic harmony, and only requested some hunters to take her back, 'because she was tired, she and her children (a little hairy also,) of living far from the church and the sacraments.'" The same author, notwithstanding his credulity, confesses, that he had not been able to find an Indian, who asserted positively that he had seen the *salvaje* with his own eyes. This fable, which the missionaries, the European planters, and the negroes of Africa, have no doubt embellished with many features taken from the description of the manners of the ourang outang, the gibbon, the jocko or chimpanzee, and the pongo, pursued us during five years from the northern to the southern hemisphere; and we were every where blamed, in the most cultivated class of society, for being the only persons to doubt the existence of the great anthropomorphous monkey of America. We shall first observe, that there are certain regions, where this belief is particularly prevalent among the people; such are the banks of the Upper Oroonoko, the valley of Upar near the lake of Maracaybo, the mountains of Santa Martha and of Merida, the provinces of Quixos, and the banks of the Amazon near Tomependa. In all these places, so distant one from the other, it is repeated, that the *salvaje* is easily recognized by the traces of its feet, the toes of which are turned backward. But if there exist a monkey of

a large size in the New Continent, how has it happened that during three centuries no man worthy of belief has been able to procure the skin of one? Several hypotheses present themselves to the mind, in order to explain the source of so ancient an error or belief. Has the famous *capuchin* monkey of Esmeralda, the canine teeth of which are more than six lines and a half long, the physiognomy much more like man's than that of the ourang outang, and which, when irritated, rubs its beard with its hand, given rise to the fable of the *salvaje*? It is not so large indeed as the coaita (*simia paniscus*;) but when seen at the top of a tree, and the head only visible, it might easily be taken for a human being. It may be also (and this opinion appears to me the most probable,) that the man of the woods was one of those large bears, the footsteps of which resemble those of a man, and which is believed in every country to attack women. The animal killed in my time at the foot of the mountains of Merida, and sent by the name of *salvaje* to Colonel Ungaro, the governor of the province Varinas, was in fact a bear, with black and smooth fur."

These extraordinary accounts are succeeded by a detailed history of the Moschettoes of this region; perhaps the most remarkable of all its animal phenomena.

"Persons who have not navigated the great rivers of equinoctial America, for instance, the Oroonoko and the Rio Magdalena, can scarcely conceive, how without interruption, at every instant of life, you may be tormented by insects flying in the air, and how the multitude of these little animals may render vast regions wholly uninhabitable. However accustomed you may be to endure pain without complaint, however lively an interest you may take in the objects of your researches, it is impossible not to be constantly disturbed by the moschettoes, *zanchdoes*, *jejens*, and *tempraneroes*, that cover the face and hands, pierce the clothes, with their long sucker in the form of a needle, and, getting into the mouth and nostrils, set you coughing and sneezing whenever you

attempt to speak in the open air. In the missions of the Oroonoko, in the villages placed on the banks of the river, surrounded by immense forests, the *plaga de las moscas*, the plague of the flies, affords an inexhaustible subject of conversation. When two persons meet in the morning, the first questions they address to each other are, 'How did you find the zancudoes during the night? How are we to day for the moschettoes?' These questions remind us of a Chinese form of politeness, which indicates the ancient state of the country where it took birth. Salutations were made heretofore in the *celestial empire*, in the following words, *von-touhou*, 'Have you been incommoded in the night by the serpents?' We shall soon see, that on the banks of the Tuamini, in the river Magdalena, and still more at Choco, the country of gold and platina, the Chinese compliment on the serpents might be added to that of the moschettoes."

"I have just shown, from my own observations, how much the geographical distribution of venomous insects varies in this labyrinth of rivers, with white and black waters. It were to be wished, that a learned entomologist could study on the spot the specific differences of these noxious insects, which in the torrid zone, in spite of their littleness, act an important part in the economy of nature. What appeared to us very remarkable, and is a fact, known to all the missionaries, is, that the different species do not associate together, and that at different hours of the day you are stung by a distinct species. Every time that the scene changes, and to use the simple expression of the missionaries, other insects 'mount guard,' you have a few minutes, often a quarter of an hour, of repose. The insects that disappear have not their places instantly supplied in equal numbers by their successors. From half after six in the morning till five in the afternoon, the air is filled with moschettoes; which have not, as we find related in some travels, the form of our gnats, but that of a small fly. They are simuliids of the family nemoceræ of the system of Latreille.

Their sting is as painful as that of *stomoxes*. It leaves a little reddish-brown spot, which is extravasated and coagulated blood, where their proboscis has pierced the skin. An hour before sun-set a species of small gnats, called *tempraneroes*, because they appear also at sun-rise, take the place of the moschettoes. Their presence scarcely lasts an hour and a half; they disappear between six and seven in the evening, or, as they say here, after the *Angelus* (*a la oracion*.) After a few minutes repose, you feel yourself stung by *zancudoes*, another species of gnat (*culex*) with very long legs. The *zancudo*, the proboscis of which contains a sharp pointed sucker, causes the most acute pain, and a swelling that remains several weeks. Its hum resembles that of our gnats in Europe, but is louder and more prolonged. The Indians pretend to distinguish 'by their song' the *zancudoes* and the *tempraneroes*; the latter of which are real twilight insects, while the *zancudoes* are most frequently nocturnal insects, and disappear towards sun-rise.

"The *culices* of South America have generally the wings, corselet, and legs of an azure colour, annulated, and variable from a mixture of spots of a metallic lustre. Here, as in Europe, the males, which are distinguished by their feathered antennæ, are extremely rare; you are seldom stung except by females. The preponderance of this sex explains the immense increase of the species, each female laying several hundred eggs. In going up one of the great rivers of America, it is observed, that the appearance of a new species of *culex* denotes the proximity of a new stream flowing in.

"The whites born in the torrid zone walk barefoot with impunity in the same apartment where a European recently landed is exposed to the attack of the *nigua* or *chegoes* (*pulex penetrans*.) These animals, almost invisible to the eye, get under the nails of the feet, and there acquire the size of a small pea by the quick increase of its eggs, which are placed in a bag under the belly of the insect. The *nigua*, therefore, distinguishes, what the most

delicate chemical analysis could not distinguish, the cellular membrane and blood of a European from those of a Creole white. It is not so with the moschettoes.

"In the day, even when labouring at the oar, the natives, in order to chase the insects, are continually giving one another smart slaps with the palm of the hand. Rude in all their movements, they strike themselves and their comrades mechanically during their sleep. The violence of their blows reminds us of the Persian tale of the bear, that tried to kill with his paw the insects on the forehead of his sleeping master. Near Maypures we saw some young Indians seated in a circle and rubbing cruelly each others backs with the bark of trees dried at the fire. Indian women were occupied with a degree of patience, of which the copper-coloured race alone are capable, in extirpating by means of a sharp bone the little mass of coagulated blood, that forms the centre of every sting, and gives the skin a speckled appearance. One of the most barbarous nations of the Oroonoko, that of the Otomacs, is acquainted with the use of moschetto curtains (*mosquiteros*) formed of a tissue of fibres of the palm tree, *muri-chi*. We had lately seen, that at Higuerote, on the coast of Caraccas, the people of a copper colour sleep buried in the sand. In the villages of the Rio Magdalena the Indians often invited us to stretch ourselves with them on ox-skins, near the church, in the middle of the *plaza grande*, where they had assembled all the cows in the neighbourhood. The proximity of cattle give some repose to man. The Indians, of the Upper Oroonoko and the Cassiquiare, seeing that Mr. Bonpland could not prepare his herbal, on account of the continual torment of the moschettoes, invited him to enter their ovens, (*hornitos*.) Thus they call little chambers, without doors or windows, into which they creep horizontally through a very small opening. When they have driven away the insects by means of a fire of wet brushwood, which emits a great deal of smoke, they close the opening of the

oven. The absence of moschettoes is purchased dearly enough by the excessive heat of stagnant air, and the smoke of a torch of *copal*, which lights the oven during your stay in it. Mr. Bonpland, with courage and patience well worthy of praise, dried hundreds of plants, shut up in these *hornitos* of the Indians."

By this time we fancy our readers are as well acquainted with the habits of the moschettoes, as if they had been bitten by them all over; and further knowledge being unnecessary, we shall advance to other subjects.

Above the cataract of Atures, at the mouth of the Rio Calaniapo, Mr. Humboldt gives the following account of an extinct tribe :

"We were shown at a distance, on the right of the river, the rocks that surround the cavern of Atarnipe; but we had not time to visit that cemetery of the destroyed tribe of the Atures. We regretted this so much the more, as father Zea was never weary of talking to us of the skeletons painted with annotta, which this cavern contained; of the large vases of baked earth, in which the bones of separate families appeared to be collected; and of many other curious objects, which we proposed to examine at our return from the Rio Negro."

At Maypure, higher up, we hear more of the pottery of the Indians :

"In every part of the forests, far from any human habitation, on digging the earth, fragments of pottery and delft are found. The taste for this kind of fabrication seems to have been common heretofore to the natives of both Americas. To the north of Mexico,—on the banks of the Rio Gila—among the ruins of an Azteck city—in the United States—near the *tumuli* of the Miamis; in Florida—and in every place where any trace of ancient civilization could be found, the soil covers fragments of painted pottery; and the extreme resemblance of the ornaments they display is striking. Savage nations, and those civilized people, who are condemned by their political and religious institutions always to imitate themselves, strive, as if by instinct, to perpet-

uate the same forms, to preserve a peculiar type or style, and to follow the methods and processes which were employed by their ancestors. In North America, fragments of delst have been discovered in places where lines of fortification are found, and the walls of towns constructed by an unknown nation, now entirely extinct. The paintings on these fragments have a great similitude to those which are executed in our days on earthenware by the natives of Louisiana and Florida. Thus too the Indians of Maypure often painted before our eyes the same ornaments as we had observed in the cavern of Atarupe, on the vases containing human bones. They are real *grecques*, meandrites, and figures of crocodiles, of monkeys, and of a large quadruped, which I could not recognize, though it has always the same squat form."

We cannot, even in the midst of the interesting works which are at present almost daily issuing from the press, do better than continue to devote a few more pages to the agreeable narrative of this enterprising and intelligent traveller. We have remarked upon the extraordinary degree of general knowledge which he brings to bear on any topic he is illustrating. The following is an admirable example of the truth of this position :

"Every hemisphere produces plants of a different species ; and it is not by the diversity of climates that we can attempt to explain, why equinoctial Africa has no laurinae, and the New World no heaths ; why the calceolariae are found only in the southern hemisphere ; why the birds of the continent of India glow with colours less splendid than the birds of the hot parts of America ; finally, why the tiger is peculiar to Asia, and the ornithorhincus to New-Holland. In the vegetable as well as in the animal kingdom, the causes of the distribution of the species are among the number of mysteries, which natural philosophy cannot reach. This science is not occupied in the investigation of the origin of beings, but of the laws according to which they are distributed on the globe. It examines the things that are, the coexistence of

vegetable and animal forms in each latitude, at different heights, and at different degrees of temperature ; it studies the relations under which particular organizations are more vigorously developed, multiplied, or modified ; but it approaches not problems, the solution of which is impossible, since they touch the origin, the first existence of a germe of life. We may add, that the attempts which have been made, to explain the distribution of various species on the globe by the sole influence of climate, date at a period when physical geography was still in its infancy ; when, recurring incessantly to pretended contrasts between the two worlds, it was imagined, that the whole of Africa and of America resembled the deserts of Egypt and the marshes of Cayenne. At present, when men judge of the state of things not from one type arbitrarily chosen, but from positive knowledge, it is ascertained, that the two continents, in their immense extent, contain countries that are altogether analogous. There are regions of America as barren and burning as the interior of Africa. The islands that produce the spices of India are scarcely remarkable for their dryness ; and it is not on account of the humidity of the climate, as it has been affirmed in recent works, that the New Continent is deprived of those fine species of laurinae and myrysticae, which are found united in one little corner of the earth in the Archipelago of India. For some years past, the real cinnamon has been cultivated with success in several parts of the New Continent ; and a zone, that produces the coumarouna, the vanilla, the pucheri, the pine-apple, the myrtus pimenta, the balsam of tolu, the myroxylon peruvianum, the crotons, the citrosmas, the pejoa, the *inciense* of the Silla of Caraccas, the *quereme*, the *pancratium*, and so many majestic liliaceous plants, cannot be considered as destitute of aromatics. Besides, a dry air favours the developement of the aromatic, or exciting properties, only in certain species of plants. The most cruel poisons are produced in the most humid zone of America ; and it is precisely under the influence of the long rains of the

tropics, that the American pimento, *capsicum baccatum*, the fruit of which is often as caustic and fiery as Indian pepper, vegetates best. From the whole of these considerations it follows, 1st, that the New Continent possesses spices, aromatics, and very active vegetable poisons, that are peculiar to itself, differing specifically from those of the ancient world; 2ndly, that the primitive distribution of species in the torrid zone cannot be explained by the influence of climate solely, or by the distribution of temperature, which we observe in the present state of our planet; but that this difference of climates leads us to perceive, why a given type of organization develops itself more vigorously in such or such local circumstances. We can conceive, that a small number of the families of plants, for instance the musaceæ and the palms, cannot belong to very cold regions, on account of their internal structure, and the importance of certain organs; but we cannot explain why no one of the family of melastomas vegetates north of the parallel of thirty degrees, or why no rose-tree belongs to the southern hemisphere. Analogy of climates is often found in the two continents, without identity of productions."

Here follow some very curious observations on the difference of colours in rivers, springs, and lakes; but we must pass them, and from the Oroonoko *portage* our readers across by Pimichin to the Rio Negro, on the frontier of Brazil. Here is seen in all its majesty the *pliguao* or *pirajao* palm.

"Its trunk, armed with thorns, is more than sixty feet high; its leaves are pinnated, very thin, undulated, and frizzled towards the points. Nothing is more extraordinary than the fruits of this tree; every cluster contains from fifty to eighty; they are yellow like apples, grow purple in proportion as they ripen, two or three inches thick; and generally, from abortion, without a kernel. Among the eighty or ninety species of palm-trees that are peculiar to the New Continent," adds Mr. H., "which I have enumerated in the *Nova Genera Plantarum æquinotialium*,

there are none in which the sarcocarp is developed in a manner so extraordinary. The fruit of the *pirijao* furnishes a farinaceous substance, as yellow as the yolk of an egg, slightly saccharine, and extremely nutritious. It is eaten like plantains or potatoes, boiled or roasted in the ashes, and affords an aliment as wholesome as it is agreeable. The Indians and the missionaries are unwearied in their praises of this noble palm-tree, which might be called the *peach palm*, and which we found cultivated in abundance at San Fernando, San Balthasar, Santa Barbara, and wherever we advanced toward the south or the east along the banks of the Atabapo and the Upper Oroonoko. In those wild regions are we involuntarily reminded of the assertion of Linnæus, that the country of palm-trees was the first abode of our species, and that man is essentially *palmivorous*. On examining the provision accumulated in the huts of the Indians, we perceive, that their subsistence, during several months of the year, depends as much on the farinaceous fruit of the *pirijao*, as on the cassava and plantain. The tree bears fruit but once a year, but to the amount of three clusters, consequently from one hundred and fifty, to two hundred fruits."

Here, also, is the gigantic *bombax* (*bombax ceila*) one of which, as they sailed along, attracted the notice of the travellers, and they landed to measure it. "The height (we are told) was nearly one hundred and twenty feet, and the diameter between fourteen and fifteen. This enormous effort of vegetation surprised us the more, as we had, till then, seen on the banks of the Atabapo, only small trees with slender trunks, which from afar resembled young cherry-trees. The Indians assured us, that these small trees do not form a very extensive group. They are checked in their growth by the inundations of the river; while the dry grounds near the Atabapo, the Temi, and the Tuamina, furnish excellent timber for building."

Thus (as we have stated,) interspersed with anecdote, does Mr. Hum-

boldt vary his entertaining volumes; and that our review may partake of the character of its subject, we shall conclude the present division of it by copying a very affecting story. Where the Atabapo enters the Rio Temi, the narrative says:

"Before we reached its confluence, a granitic hummock, that rises on the western bank, near the mouth of the Guasacavi, fixed our attention; it is called the *Rock of the Guahiba woman*, or the *Rock of the Mother*, *Piedra de la Madre*. We inquired the cause of so singular a denomination. Father Zea could not satisfy our curiosity; but some weeks after, another missionary, one of the predecessors of this ecclesiastic, whom we found settled at San Fernando as president of the missions, related to us an event, which I recorded in my journal, and which excited in our minds the most painful feelings. If, in these solitary scenes, man scarcely leaves behind him any trace of his existence, it is doubly humiliating for a European to see perpetuated by the name of a rock, by one of those imperishable monuments of nature, the remembrance of the moral degradation of our species, and the contrast between the virtue of a savage, and the barbarism of civilized man!

"In 1797, the missionary of San Fernando had led his Indians to the banks of the Rio Guaviare, on one of those hostile incursions, which are prohibited alike by religion and the Spanish laws. They found in an Italian hut, a Guahiba mother with three children, two of whom were still infants. They were occupied in preparing the flour of Cassava. Resistance was impossible; the father was gone to fish, and the mother tried in vain to flee with her children. Scarcely had she reached the savannah, when she was seized by the Indians of the mission, who go to *hunt men*, like the whites and the negroes in Africa. The mother and the children were bound, and dragged to the bank of the river. The monk, seated in his boat, waited the issue of an expedition, of which he partook not the danger. Had the

mother made too violent a resistance, the Indians would have killed her, for every thing is permitted when they go to the conquest of souls (*a la conquista espiritual*), and it is children in particular they seek to capture, in order to treat them, in the mission, as *poitos*, or slaves of the Christians. The prisoners were carried to San Fernando in the hope, that the mother would be unable to find her way back to her home, by land. Far from those children who had accompanied their father on the day in which she had been carried off, this unhappy woman showed signs of the deepest despair. She attempted to take back to her family the children who had been snatched away by the missionary, and fled with them repeatedly from the village of San Fernando, but the Indians never failed to seize her anew; and the missionary, after having caused her to be mercilessly beaten, took the cruel resolution of separating the mother from the two children, who had been carried off with her. She was conveyed alone toward the missions of the Rio Negro, going up the Atabapo. Slightly bound, she was seated at the bow of the boat, ignorant of the fate that awaited her; but she judged, by the direction of the sun, that she was removed farther and farther from her hut and her native country. She succeeded in breaking her bonds, threw herself into the water, and swam to the left bank of the Atabapo. The current carried her to a shelf of rock, which bears her name to this day. She landed, and took shelter in the woods, but the president of the missions ordered the Indians to row to the shore, and follow the traces of the Guahiba. In the evening she was brought back. Stretched upon the rock (*la Piedra de la Madre*) a cruel punishment was inflicted on her with those straps of manatee leather, which serve for whips in that country, and with which the alcaides are always furnished. This unhappy woman, her hands tied behind her back with strong stalks of *mavacure*, was then dragged to the mission of Javita.

"She was there thrown into one of

the caravanseras that are called *Casa del Rey*. It was the rainy season, and the night was profoundly dark. Forests, till then believed to be impenetrable, separated the mission of Javita from that of San Fernando, which was twenty-five leagues distant in a straight line. No other part is known than that of the rivers; no man ever attempted to go by land from one village to another, were they only a few leagues apart. But such difficulties do not stop a mother, who is separated from her children. Her children are at San Fernando de Atahapo; she must find them again, she must execute her project of delivering them from the hands of Christians, of bringing them back to their father on the banks of the Guaviare. The Guahibi was carelessly guarded in the caravansera. Her arms being wounded, the Indians of Javita had loosened her bonds, unknown to the missionary and the alcaldes. She succeeded by the help of her teeth in breaking them entirely; disappeared during the night; and at the fourth rising sun was seen at the mission of San Fernando, hovering around the hut where her children were confined. 'What that woman performed,' added the missionary who gave us this sad narrative, 'the most robust Indian would not have ventured to undertake. She traversed the woods at a season when the sky is constantly covered with clouds, and the sun during whole

days appears but for a few minutes. Did the course of the waters direct her way? The inundations of the rivers forced her to go far from the banks of the main stream, through the midst of woods where the movement of the waters is almost imperceptible. How often she must have been stopped by the thorny lianas, that form a network around the trunks they entwine? How often must she have swum across the rivulets, that run into the Atahapo! This unfortunate woman was asked how she had sustained herself during the four days! She said, that, exhausted with fatigue, she could find no other nourishment than those great black ants called *vachucos*, which climb the trees in long bands, to suspend on them their resinous nests.' We pressed the missionary to tell us, whether the Guahibi had peacefully enjoyed the happiness of remaining with her children; and if any repentance had followed this excess of cruelty. He would not satisfy our curiosity; but at our return from the Rio Negro, we learnt that the Indian mother was not allowed time to cure her wounds, but was again separated from her children, and sent to one of the missions of the Upper Oroonoko. There she died, refusing all kind of nourishment, as the savages do in great calamities.

"Such is the remembrance annexed to this fatal rock, to *Piedra de la Madre*."

(Literary Gazette, June.)

LAMENT.

OH! fare thee well, dearest, the morning may bloom,
And deck the wild flowers that breathe on thy tomb,
But its rays cannot brighten the spirit that's fled,
Nor awake the sweet corse from the trance of the dead.

Oh! fare thee well, dearest—the even may close
The leaves of the bashful and beautiful rose;
But the fairest of flowers is sunk on its breast,
The loveliest of roses in slumber is blessed.

Oh! fare thee well, dearest,—thy spirit though gone,
Shall live in this desolate bosom alone,
Till it burst in the splendor of weakness forgiven,
And immaculate shine in the lustre of heaven.

SONG.

We copy the following touching little (unpublished) ballad from the album of a friend, where it was written by its author, Mr. Thomas Pringle, a few days before he left the new colony at the Cape of Good Hope. Mr. P. was the editor of the first volume of Blackwood's Magazine, as well as the three first volumes of Constable's new series of the Scot's Magazine. He is also the author of a volume of poems, entitled the *Autumnal Exeursion*. The sketch of the new settlement at the Cape of Good Hope, about to be published by Mr. Murray, is said to be from the same pen.—*Ed.*

Old Border air—"My good Lord John."

1
Our native land—our native vale,—
A long and last adieu ;—
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Cheviot-mountains blue !

2
Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renown'd in song ;
Farewell ye blithesome braes and meads,
Our hearts have lov'd so long.

3
Farewell ye broomy elfin knowes
Where thyme and harebells grow ;
Farewell ye hoary haunted bowes
O'erhung with birk and sloe.

4
The battle mound—the Border tower
That Scotia's annals tell ;—
The martyr's grave—the lover's bower,
To each—to all—farewell !

5
Home of our hearts !—our father's home—
Land of the brave and free !
The sail is flapping on the foam
That bears us far from thee !

6
We seek a wild and distant shore
Beyond the Atlantic main ;
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again !

7
But may dishonour blight our fame,
And quench our household fires,
When we, or ours, forget thy name,
Green island of our sires.

8
Our native land—our native vale,—
A long, a last adieu ;—
Farewell to bonny Teviot dale,
And Scotland's mountains blue.

T. P.

A new work, in the fashion of the Percy Anecdotes, under the title of *Lives of Eminent Scotsmen, Part I.* has just appeared, in a very neat little half-crown volume. It contains sketches of James the 1st of Scotland, Thomas the Rhymer, Barbour, Wintoun, Gavin Douglas, Allan Ramsay, W. Meston, John Home, Beattie, and Burns.—Ramsay made it his boast to give new words to every old air he could meet with. Upon one of these, "Bon Nannie," we have the following interesting note :—

"The new words," by Ramsay, to this air, present a characteristic example of what is to be gained by modern adaptation. They are too vulgar to be repeated, and could only have been popular among such a knot of ingenuous young gentlemen, as embellished the Tea Table Miscellany. The original words which, notwithstanding Ramsay's neglect, are fortunately not lost, are simple and touching enough. I am indebted for the following copy of them, to a gentleman who procured them from John Mayne, Esq. author of the 'Siller Gun,' 'Glasgow,' &c. 'I believe, them,' says Mr. Mayne, speaking of this copy of verses, 'to be the very words that gave birth, or were first adapted, to that beautiful air, with the exception of the first four lines of the third stanza, which are mine. I never heard the others but in my father's family, and there, at first, in infancy.' On more particular inquiry, I find that the lines are traced back in Mr. M.'s family, to a period quite as remote as the MS. quoted by Leyden.

ORIGINAL WORDS TO THE SCOTCH AIR OF 'MY NANNY, O !'---NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

As I cam in by Embro' town,
By the back o' the bonny city, O !
I heard a young man mak his moan,
And, O ! it was a pity, O !
For aye, he cried, his Nanny, O !
His handsome, charming Nanny, O !
Nor friend, nor foe, can tell, oh !
How dearly I loo Nanny, O !

Father, your counsel I won't take,
But ye maun not be angry, O !
I'd rather ha'e Nanny, but a plack,
Than the laird's daughter and her hundred mark.

My bonny, bonny Nanny, O !
Nor friend, nor foe, can tell, oh !
How dearly I loo Nanny, O !

Then dinna mock our want o' gear,
Nor lightify my Nanny, O !
For Heav'n will smile on aye sae dear,
With a' that's gude and canny, O !
My bonny, bonny Nanny, O !
My handsome, charming Nanny, O !
Come weal, come woe, the world shall know
How dearly I loo Nanny, O !

"Burns has also supplied us with a set of words to this tune ; but, though not among his worst effusions, they are much inferior to this original version."

(Literary Gazette.)

THE CROSS OF THE SOUTH.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"The pleasure we felt on discovering the southern cross, was warmly shared by such of the crew as had lived in the colonies. In the solitude of the seas, we hail a star as a friend from whom we have been long separated. Among the Portuguese and Spaniards, peculiar motives seem to increase this feeling; a religious sentiment attaches them to a constellation, the form of which recalls the sign of the faith planted by their ancestors in the deserts of the new world. The two great stars which mark the summit and the foot of the cross, having nearly the same right ascension, it follows hence, that the constellation is almost perpendicular, at the the moment when it passes the meridian. This circumstance is known to every nation that lives beyond the tropics, or in the southern hemisphere. It has been observed at what hour of the night, in different seasons, the cross of the south is erect or inclined. It is a time-piece that advances very regularly nearly four minutes a day, and no other group of stars exhibits, to the naked eye, an observation of time so easily made. How often have we heard our guides exclaim in the savannas of Venezuela, or in the desert extending from Lima to Truxillo, 'midnight is past, the cross begins to bend.'"

De Humboldt's Travels.

THE CROSS OF THE SOUTH.

IN the silence and grandeur of midnight I tread,
Where Savannas in boundless magnificence spread;
And bearing sublimely their snow-wreaths on high,
The far Cordilleras unite with the sky.

The Fern-tree waves o'er me, the fire-fly's red light,
With its quick-glancing splendor illumines the night,
And I read in each tint of the skies and the earth,
How distant my steps from the land of my birth.

But to thee, as thy lode-stars resplendently burn,
In their clear depths of blue, with devotion I turn,
Bright Cross of the South! and beholding thee shine,
Scarce regret the lov'd land of the Olive and Vine.

Thou recallest the ages when first o'er the main,
My fathers unfolded the steamer of Spain,
And planted their faith in their regions that see
Its unperishing symbol emblazon'd in thee.

How oft, in their course o'er the oceans unknown,
Where all was mysterious and awfully lone,

Hath their spirit been cheer'd by thy light, when the
deep
Reflected its brilliance, in tremulous sleep!

As the vision that rose to the Lord of the world,†
When first his bright banner of faith was unfold'd;
E'en such, to the heroes of Spain, when their prow
Made the billows the path of their glory, wert thou!

And to me, as I traverse the world of the west,
Thro' deserts of beauty, in stillness that rest;
By forests and rivers untam'd in their pride,
Thy beams have a language, thy course is a guide.

Shine on! my own land is a far distant spot,
And the stars of thy sphere can enlighten it not;
And the eyes which I love, tho' e'en now they may be
O'er the firmament wandering, can gaze not on thee!

But thou to my thoughts art a pure blazing shrine,
A fount of bright hopes and of visions divine;
And my soul, as an eagle exulting and free,
Soars high o'er the Andes, to mingle with thee!

TO THE IVY.

By the same.

Oh! how could fancy crown with thee
In ancient days, the God of wine,
And bid thee at the banquet be
Companion of the vine?
Thy home, wild plant, is where each sound
Of revelry hath long been o'er,
Where song's full notes once peal'd around,
But now are heard no more.

The Roman, on his battle-plains,
Where kings before his Eagles bent,
Entwin'd thee, with exulting strains,
Around the Victor's tent;
Yet there, tho' fresh in glossy green,
Triumphally thy boughs might wave,
Better thou lov'st the silent scene,
Around the Victor's grave.

Where sleep the sons of ages flown,
The bards and heroes of the past—
Where, through the halls of glory gone,
Murmurs the wintry blast!
Where years are hastening to efface
Each record of the grand and fair,
Thou in thy solitary grace,
Wreath of the tomb! art there.

Thou, o'er the shrines of fallen gods,
On classic plains dost mantling spread,
And veil the desolate abodes,
And Cities of the dead.
Deserted palaces of kings,
Arches of triumph, long o'erthrown,
And all once glorious earthly things,
At length are thine alone.

† Alluding to the Vision of Constantine the Great.

Oh ! many a temple, once sublime,
 Beneath the blue Italian sky,
 Hath nought of beauty left by time,
 Save thy wild tapestry :
 And rear'd midst erags and clouds, 'tis thine
 To wave where banners wav'd of yore ;
 O'er mouldering towers, by lovely Rhine
 Cresting the rocky shore.

High from the fields of air look down
 Those eyries of a vanished race,
 Homes of the mighty, whose renown
 Hath pass'd, and left no trace.
 But thou art there—thy foliage bright,
 Unchang'd the mountain-storm can brave,
 Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,
 And deek the humblest grave.

The breathing forms of Parian stone,
 That rise round grandeur's marble halls,
 The vivid hues, by painting thrown
 Rich o'er the glowing walls ;
 Th' Aeanthus, on Corinthian fanes,
 In sculptur'd beauty waving fair ;
 These perish all—and what remains ?
 Thou, thou alone art there !

'Tis still the same—where'er we tread,
 The wrecks of human power we see,
 The marvels of all ages fled,
 Left to Decay and thee !
 And still let man his fabrics rear,
 August in beauty, grace, and strength,
 Days pass—Thou Ivy never sere,*
 And all is thine at length !

SONG.

BY ISMAEL FITZADAM, THE WATER-POET.

A blessing on thy blue eye, Mary !
 Like beacon-light it glows,
 Guiding the sea-boy, wet and weary
 To harbour of repose.
 Too long the treacherous billows' sport,
 The fool of every gale ;
 Thy smile at length invites to port,
 And bids me stay my sail.

Hence, then, that heresy of heart,
 Which worships every eye ;
 Those wildering fires on life's dim chart,
 That effervesce and die.

Where'er a tress more radiant wreathes,
 By blush, or bosom lured,
 The transient fever folly breathes,
 At once confess'd and cur'd.

But come the soul-reflecting will
 By kindred tempers wove ;
 Welcome the fond, familiar smile,
 Of sweet domestic love.
 Far, very far, ye miss your road,
 Abroad for bliss who roam,
 Love's faithful lip's her best abode,
 Her smiling, heavenly home.

(European Magazine.)

SECRETS OF CABALISM.

ON the evening of the 29th of June 1555, in one of the narrow streets near the Poultry Compter in London, a dark square-built ruffian, in a thrum cap and leathern jerkin, suddenly sprung forth from his hiding-place, and struck his dagger with all his force against the breast of a man passing by. 'By my holidam,' said the man, 'that would have craved no thanks if my coat-hardy had been thinner—but thou shalt have a jape† for thy leman to know thee by'—and flourishing a short gisarme, or double-pointed weapon, in his left hand, with his right, on which he seemed to wear an iron glove, he stamped a sufficient mark on the assassin's face, and vanished in a moment.

'Why, thou lozel!' said another ruffian, starting from beneath a pent-house, 'wast playing at barley-break with a wooden knife? Thou wilt hardly earn twenty pounds this bout.'

'A plague on his cloak, Coniers !—he must have had a gambason under it—Thou mayest earn the coin thyself—thou hast gotten a gold ring and twenty shillings in part payment.'

'Get thee gone to thy needle and baudekin again, like a woman's tailor as thou art ! Thou hast struck a wrong man, and he has taken away thy nose that he may swear to the right one—That last quart of huffcap made froth of thy brains.'

'My basilard is sharp enough for

* "Ye myrtles brown, and Ivy never sere."—*Milton*.

† A fool's mark.

thee, I warrant'—muttered his disappointed companion, as he drew his tough hyke or cloak over his bruises, and slunk into a darker alley. Meanwhile, the subject of their discourse and of their villainy strode with increased haste towards the Compter-prison, and enquired for the condemned prisoner John Bradford. The keeper knew Bishop Gardiner's secretary, and admitted him without hesitation, hoping that he brought terms of grace to the pious man, whose meek demeanour in the prison had won love from all about him. The Secretary found him on his knees, as his custom was, eating his spare meal in that humble posture, and meditating with his hat drawn over his face. He rose to receive his visitor, and his tall slender person, held gracefully erect, aided a countenance which derived from a faint bloom and a beard of rich brown, an expression of youthful beauty such as painter would not have deemed unworthy the great giver of the creed for which he suffered.[†] Gardiner's secretary uncovered his head, and, bending it humbly, kissed his hand with tears. 'Be of good comfort, brother,' said Bradford—'I have done nothing in this realm except in godly quietness, unless at Paul's Cross, where I bestirred myself to save him who is now Bishop of Bath, when his rash sermon provoked the multitude.'

'Ah, Bradford! Bradford!' replied his visitor, 'thou didst save him who will burn thee. Had it not been for thee, I had run him through with my sword that day!'—Bradford started back, and looked earnestly—'I know thy voice now—and I remember that voice said those same words in my ear when the turmoil was at Paul's Cross.—For what comest thou now? a man of blood is no fit company for a sinner going to die.'

'Not while I live, my most dear tutor—I am Rufford of Edlesburgh.'

The old man threw his arms round his neck, and hung on it for an instant

—'It is twelve years since I saw thee, and my heart grieved when I heard a voice like thine in the fierce riot at Paul's Cross—Art thou here bodily, or do I only dream?—There is rumour abroad, that thy old enemy Coniers slew thee at Huntingdon last year.'

'He meant well, John Bradford, but I had a thick quilted pourpoint and a tough leathern cap—I have met his minions more than once, and they know what print my hand leaves. Enough of this—I am not in England now as Giles Rufford; I shall do thee better service as what I seem.'

'Seeming never was good service,' said the divine—'what hast thou to do with me, who am in God's hand?'

'He makes medicines of asps and vipers,' answered his pupil—'I shall serve him if I save his minister, though it be by subtlety. I have crept into Gardiner's favour by my skill in strange tongues and Hebrew secrets, therefore I am now his secretary: and I have an ally in the very chamber of our queen-mistress.'

'That woman is not unwise or unmerciful,' replied Bradford, 'in things that touch not her faith; but I will be helped by no unfair practice on her. Mercy with God's mercy will be welcome, but I am readier to die than to be his forsworn servant.'

'Master, there can be no evil in gathering the fruit Providence has ripened for us. Gardiner was Wolsey's disciple once, and hath more heathen learning in him than catholic zeal. There is a leaven left of his old studies which will work us good. He believes in the cabalism* of the Jews, and reads strange books from Padua and Antwerp, which tell him of lucky and unlucky days. He shall be made to think to-morrow full of evil omens, and his superstition shall shake his cruelty.'

'Thou art but a green youth still,' rejoined Bradford, 'if thou knowest not that cruelty is superstition's child. Take heed that his heathenish witch-

[†] Some account of this extraordinary man may be found in Middleton's *Biographia Evangelica*.

* Raimond Lully derives this word from Arabic, and interprets it "superabundant science." His commentator Cornelius Agrippa goes great lengths into it.

craft doth not shake both thy wit and safety. For though I sleep but little, and have few dreams of earthly things, there came, as I think, a vision raised by no holy art, into my prison last night. And it had such a touch of heaven's beauty in its face, and such rare music in its voice, that it well nigh tempted me to believe its promise. But I remembered my frailty, and was safe."

The Secretary's eyes shone brightly, and half a smile opened his lips. But he lowered both his eyes and voice as he replied, 'What did this fair vision promise?'

'Safety and release, if I would trust her, and be pledged to obey her.'—There was a long pause before the young man spoke again—'Do you not remember, my foster-father, the wild laurel tree that grew near my birth-place? An astrologer at Pisa told me it should not wither till the day of my death—And it seems to me, when I have walked under its shade, that the leaves made strange music, as if a spirit had touched them. It is greener and richer than its neighbours, and the fountain that flows near its root has, as men believe, a rare power of healing—the dreams that visit me when I sleep near it are always the visitings of a courteous and lovely spirit—What if the legends of Greece and Syria speak truth? May we not both have guardian spirits that choose earthly shapes?'

'My son,' replied Bradford, 'these thoughts are the diamond-drops that lie on the young roses of life—But the Sun of Truth and Reason should disperse them. Man has one guardian, and he needs no more unless he forgets that One. Thou wast called in thy youth the silken pleader, because thy words were like soft threads spun to a rich tissue. Be wary lest they entangle thee, and become a snare instead of a banner fit to guide Christians.—I am a blighted tree marked for the fire, and thou can'st not save me by searing the freshness of thy young laurel for my sake.'

'I will shame the astrologer to-morrow,' said his pupil; 'and therefore I must make this hour brief. She who rules the Queen's secrets has had a bribe to make Mary merciful. There is hope of a birth at court, and death ought not to be busy. Fare-ye-well!—but do not distrust that fair apparition if it should open these prison-doors to-morrow.'—So saying, the young man departed without heeding Bradford's monitory gesture.

Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester and High Chancellor by Queen Mary's favour, sat that night alone and thoughtful in his closet. He had been the chief commissioner appointed to preside at Bradford's trial; and though he had eagerly urged his colleagues to condemn him, he secretly abhorred the timeserving cruelty of Bishop Bonner and the cowardice of Bourne, who had not dared to save the life of the benefactor he had once begged to save his own. 'You have tarried late,' said Gardiner, as his secretary entered—'the stars are waning and their intelligence will be imperfect.'

'I traced it before midnight,' replied the Secretary, 'but I needed the help of your lordship's science.'

'It is strange,' said his patron, leaning thoughtfully on one of Roger Bacon's volumes, 'that men in every age and climate, and of every creed, have this appetite for an useless knowledge—and it would be stranger, if both profane and sacred history did not shew us that such knowledge hath been sometimes granted, though in vain.—What is that paper in thy hand?'

'It is a clumsy calculation, my lord, of this night's aspect. I learned in Araby, as your lordship knows, some small guesses at Chaldean astrology; but I deem the characters and engraved signs of the Hermetic Men* more powerful in arresting the intelligent bodies in the heavens. They were the symbols used by Pythagoras and Zoroaster, and their great master Apollonius.'

'Ignatius Loyola and Athanasius

* Hermes Trismegistus, founder of this sect in Egypt, is said to have lived in the year 2776, in the reign of Ninus after Moses. The Rosicrucians, a similar sect, appeared in Germany in the beginning of the seventeenth century, calling themselves the enlightened, immortal, and invisible.

Kircher did not disdain them,' replied the Bishop, crossing himself—'But what was the fruit of thy calculation?'

'Nothing,' answered his Secretary, humbly—'nothing, at least, not already known to one abler than myself. The first of July is a day of evil omen, and the last day of June has a doubtful influence. My intelligence says, if life is taken on that day, a mitre will be among ashes.'

'Ha!—and the heretics will think it if Bradford dies—for they are wont to say, he is worthier of a bishopric than we of a parish-priesthood.—Thou hast not yet told all.'

'My lord, I see the rest dimly.—There are symbols of a falling star and a flame quenched with blood. They tell of a gorgeous funeral soon.'

Gardiner was silent several minutes before he raised his head. 'Thou knowest, Ravenstone, that I was, like the Jesuit Loyola, a student of earthly things, and a servant in profane wars, before I took the cross. Therefore I sinned not when I learned as he did. And thou knowest he thought much of heathen and Egyptian conjuration—But that is not my secret. Plato and Socrates had their attendant demons—I have seen, it may be, such a one in a dream last night. Methought there stood by me in my oratory, a woman of queen-like stature and strange beauty. She shewed me, as it were beyond a mist, a green tree growing near a fountain, and the star that shone on that fountain was the brightest in the sky: presently the tree grew wide and broad, and the light of the star set behind it. Then I saw in my cathedral at Winchester my own effigies on a tomb, but all the inscription was effaced and broken except the date, and I read "the first day of July."—Is it not strange, Ravenstone, that a dream should so well tally with thy planetary reckoning? Yet I was once told by a witch-woman, that the Bishop of Winchester should preach our Queen Mary's funeral sermon.'

'So he may, my lord,' said the Sec-

retary, who called himself Ravenstone—but there may be a *White* Bishop of Winchester.'

'Ah! I trow thy meaning—White is a shrewd churchman, and looks for my place. Harken to me, then—I have a thought that evil is gathering against me to night;—to profit by my dream, I will go privily from London within this hour, and abide in secret at Winchester till the ides of June are past. But take thou my signet-ring, and put my seal and countersign to Bradford's death-warrant when it come from court.'

'Does my lord think it will be sent!'—said the Secretary, calmly—'They say the Queen's bed-chamber-woman has told her, she will be the mother of no living thing if she harms ought that has life.'

'Tush—that woman is a crafty giglet, but we need such helps when a queen reigns. It was well done, Ravenstone, to promise her Giles Rufford's lands. Since the man is dead, and his heir murdered him, we will make Alice of Huntingdon his heiress.'

Not a muscle in the pretended Ravenstone's face changed, and his deep black eye was steady as he replied—'It will be well done, my lord, if she is faithful. At what hour is John Bradford to die?'

'Bid the marshal of the prison have a care of him till four o'clock to-morrow, for he is a gay and glorious talker—and so was his namesake, mad John of Munster,* even among red hot irons. Look to the warrant, Ravenstone, and see it speedily sent to Newgate. That done—nay, come nearer—I would speak in thine ear. There is a coffer in my private chamber which I have left unlocked. Attach my signet-ring to the silver chain, and let me know what thou shalt hear:—but let this be done in the very noon of night, when no eye or ear but thine own can reach it.'

Ravenstone promised, and his hand trembled with joy as he received the ring. It was already almost midnight, and Gardiner, as he stole out of his

* John of Leyden, a butcher, and afterwards a furious mistagogue, was cruelly executed at Munster, in 1533.

house, stopped to look at the moon's rainbow, then deemed a rare and awful omen. 'Alice of Huntingdon is busy,' he said, with a ghastly smile—'but the dead man's land will be free enough for the blue-eyed witch—she cannot buy a husband without it.'—And stealing a look at Ravenstone, the Chancellor-bishop departed.

'I am a fool,' said Ravenstone to himself, 'and worse than a fool, to heed how this wanton giglet may be made fit for a knave's bribe—and yet that this dull bigot, this surly and selfish drone, should have such glimpses of a poet's paradise, is a wonder worth envying. I have heard and seen men with Platonic superstition under the hot skies of Spain, where the air seems as if it was the breathing of kind spirits and the waters are bright enough for their dwelling—but here!—in this foggy island—in this old man's dark head and iron heart!—I will see what familiar demon stoops to hold converse with such a sorcerer.'

And young Ravenstone locked himself in his chamber, not ill-pleased that his better purpose would serve as covert and gilding for his secret passion to pry into his patron's mystery. He arrayed his person in the apparel he had provided to equip him as Gardiner's representative; and while he threw it over the close pourpoint and tunic which fitted his comely figure, he smiled in scorn as he remembered the ugliness and decrepitude he meant to counterfeit. At the eleventh hour, when the darkness of the narrow streets, interrupted only by a few lanterns swinging above his head, made his passage safe, he admitted himself into the Bishop's house by the private postern, of which he kept a master-key. By the same key's help he entered the chamber, and ringing his patron's silver bell, gave notice to the page in waiting that his presence was needed. When this confidential servant entered, he was not surprised to see, as he supposed, the Bishop seated behind his leather screen muffled in his huge rochet

or lawn garment, as if he had privately returned from council, according to his custom. 'Hath no messenger arrived from the court?' said the counterfeit Prelate.—'None, my lord, for the Queen, they say, is sore sick.'—'Tarry not an instant if one cometh, and see that the Marshal of the Compter be waiting here to take my warrant, and execute it at his peril before day-break.' The page retired; and Ravenstone, now alone, saw the coffer standing on its solitary pedestal near him. It was unlocked, and he found within it only a deep silver bowl with a chain poised exactly in its centre. Ravenstone was no stranger to the mode of divination practised with such instruments.* What could he risk by suspending the signet-ring as Gardiner had requested? His curiosity prevailed, and the ring when attached to the silver chain vibrated of itself, and struck the sides of the bowl three times distinctly. He listened eagerly to its clear and deep sound, expecting some response, and when he looked up, Alice of Huntingdon stood by his side.

This woman had a queen-like stature, to which the height of her volupure, or veil, twisted in large white folds like an Asiatic turban, gave increased majesty. Her supertunic, of a thick stuff, in those days called Siammel, hung from her shoulders with that ample flow which distinguishes the drapery of a Dian in ancient sculpture. 'You summoned me,' she said, 'and I attend you.'

Ravenstone, though he believed himself sporting with the superstition of Gardiner as with a tool, felt startled by her sudden appearance; and a thrill of the same superstitious awe he had mocked in his patron, passed through his own blood. But he recollected his purpose and his disguise; and still keeping the cowering attitude which befitted the bishop, he replied, 'Where is thy skill in divination if thou knowest not what I need?'

'I have studied thy ruling planet,' said Alice of Huntingdon, 'and as thy

* A follower of Roger Bacon practised this mode, and pretended the ring would give such answers as the celebrated Brazen Head. "Time is, time was, time is past" &c.

wishes are without number, so they are without a place in thy destiny. But I have read the signs of Mary Tudor's, and I know which of her high officers will lose his staff this night.'

'Knowest thou the marks of his visage, Alice?' asked the counterfeit Bishop, bending down his head, and drawing his hood still farther over it.

'Hear them,' replied Alice: 'a swarthy colour, hanging look, frowning brows, eyes an inch within his head, hooked nose, wide nostrils, ever snuffing the wind, a sparrow-mouth, great hands, long talons rather than nails on his feet, which make him shuffle in his gait as in his actions—these are the marks of his visage and his shape—none can tell his wit, for it has all shapes.—Dost thou know this portrait, my Lord of Winchester?'

'Full well, woman,' answered Ravenstone, 'and his trust is in a witch whose blue eyes shame heaven for lending its colour to hypocrisy; and her flattery has made boys think the tree she loved and the fountain she smiled on became holy. And now she serves two masters, one blinded by his folly, the other by his age.'

Ravenstone, as he spoke, dropped the rochet-hood from his shoulders, and shaking back his long jet-black hair, stood before her in the firmness and grace of his youthful figure. Alice did not shrink or recede a step. She laughed, but it was a laugh so musical, and aided by a glance of such sweet mirth, that Ravenstone relaxed the stern grasp he had laid upon her mantle. 'The warrant, Alice!—it is midnight, and the marshal waits—where is the warrant for John Bradford's release?'

'It is in my hand,' she said, 'and needs only thy sign and seal—here is the hand-writing of our Queen.'

Ravenstone snatched the parchment, but did not rashly sign without unfolding it—'Thou art deceived, Alice, or willing to deceive—this is a marriage-contract, investing thee with the lands of Giles Rufford as thy dowry.'

'And to whom,' asked she, smiling, 'does my queen-mistress license me to give it by her own manual sign?'

Ravenstone looked again, and saw his own name entered, and himself described as the husband chosen for her maid of honour by Queen Mary. 'Has she also signed,' he said, 'the reprieve of John Bradford?'

'It is in my hand, and now in thy sight, Henry Ravenstone; but the seal that will save thy friend may not be placed till thou hast given sign and seal to this contract. Chuse!—'

The warrant for Bradford's liberation was spread before him, and her other hand held the contract of espousals. He smiled as he met the gaze of her keen blue eyes, and wrote the name of Henry Ravenstone in the blank left for it. She added her own without removing those keen eyes from his; and placing the parchment in her gipsire, suffered him to take the warrant of his friend's release. It was full and clear, but when he turned to seek the Chancellor's signet-ring, the coffer had closed upon it. 'Blame thyself, Ravenstone!' said Alice of Huntingdon—'thou hast laughed at the tales of imps and fairies, yet thou hadst woman's weakness enough to pry into that coffer and expect a miracle. As if thy master had not wit sufficient to devise a safe place for his ring, which thy curiosity placed there more than thy obedience! Didst thou think I came into this chamber like a sylph or an elfin, without hearing the stroke on the silver bowl which gave notice thou wast here?—Truly, Ravenstone, man's vanity is the only witch that governs him.'

'Beautiful demon! when the crafty churchman who tutors thy cunning has no need of it, will thy other master, the great Prince of Fire, save thee from the stake?'

'My trust is in *myself*,' she answered; and throwing her cloak and wimple on the ground, she loosened her bright hair till it fell to her feet, waving round her uncovered shoulders, and amongst the thin blue silk that clunk to her shape, like wreaths of gold. Her eyes, large and brilliant as the wild leopard's, shone with such imperial beauty as almost to create the triumph they demanded. 'Be no rebel

to my power, Ravenstone, for it is thy safety. Gardiner has ordered Bradford's death without appeal, and feigned his dream of danger to decoy thee here ! But I have earned a fair estate by serving him, and thou mayest share it with me.'—'Thy wages are not yet paid, Alice !' he replied, grinding his teeth—'That fair estate is *mine*, and that contract can avail thee nothing without my will—Henry Ravenstone is a name as false as thy promise to save Bradford.'—Alice paused an instant, then laughing shrilly, clapped her hands thrice. In that instant the chamber was filled with armed men, who surrounded and struck down their victim notwithstanding his desperate defence. 'This is not the Bishop !' one of the men exclaimed—'this is not Stephen of Winchester—we shall not be paid for this.'—'He is Giles Rufford of Huntingdon,' answered his companion, the ruffian Coniers—'and I am already paid.'—Alice would have escaped had not the length of her dishevelled hair enabled her treacherous accomplices to seize it. They

twined it round her throat to stifle her cries, making her boasted beauty the instrument of her destruction.* She was dragged to Newgate on a charge of sorcery, and executed the next morning by John Bradford's side in male attire, lest her rare loveliness should excite compassion. He knew her, and looking at the laurel-stems mingled with the faggots, said, as if conscious of his young friend's death—'Alas ! the green tree has perished for my sake !'—It was indeed his favourite laurel, which had been hewn down with cruel malice for this purpose. The people, just even in their superstitions to a good man's memory, still believe the earth remains parched and barren where John Bradford perished on the first of July 1555 ; and his heart, which escaped the flames, like his fellow-martyr, Archbishop Cranmer's, was embalmed and wrapped in laurel-leaves. His memory is sanctioned by the religion he honoured--- while Alice of Huntingdon's sunk among dust and ashes, as a worthy emblem of the Cabalism she practised.

V.

ENGLISH ACCOUNTS OF AMERICAN CUSTOMS.

(Gentleman's Magazine.)

Mr. Urban,

Philadelphia, March 1, 1821.

MY wish is occasionally to transmit you some account of the people of these new states ; but I am far from being qualified for the purpose, having as yet seen little more than the cities of New-York and Philadelphia. I have discovered but few national singularities among them. Their customs and manners are nearly the same with those of England, which they have been long used to copy. For, previous to the revolution, the Americans were from their infancy taught to look up to the English as patterns of perfection in all things. I have observed, however, one custom, which, for aught I know, is peculiar to this country. An account of it may afford considerable amusement to the numerous readers of your respectable Miscellany.

When a young couple are about to enter into the matrimonial state, a never-failing article in the marriage treaty is, that the lady shall have and enjoy the free and undisturbed exercise of the right of *white-washing*, with all its ceremonials, privileges, and appurtenances. A young woman would forego the most advantageous connexion, and even disappoint the warmest wish of her heart, rather than resign the invaluable right. You would wonder what this privilege of white-washing is ; I will endeavour to give you some idea of the ceremony, as I have seen it performed.

There is no season of the year in which the lady may not claim her privilege, if she pleases ; but the latter end of May is most generally fixed upon for the purpose. The attentive hus-

* Coniers and his gang confessed their guilt before the Queen's Council in November 1555.

band may judge by certain prognostics when the storm is nigh at hand ; when the lady is unusually fretful ; finds fault with the servants, is discontented with the children, complains much of the filthiness of every thing about her ;—these are signs which ought not to be neglected ; yet they are not decisive, as they sometimes come on and go off again, without producing any further effect. But if, when the husband rises in the morning, he should observe in the yard a wheelbarrow with a quantity of lime in it, or should see certain buckets with lime dissolved in water, there is then no time to be lost ; he immediately locks up the apartment or closet where his papers or his private property is kept, and putting the key in his pocket, betakes himself to flight ; for a husband, however beloved, becomes a perfect nuisance during this season of female rage ; his authority is superseded, his commission is suspended, and the very scullion who cleans the brasses in the kitchen, becomes of more consideration and importance than him. He has nothing to do, but to abdicate, and run from an evil which he can neither prevent nor mollify.

The husband gone, the ceremony begins. The walls are in a few minutes stripped of their furniture ; paintings, prints, and looking-glasses, lie in a huddled heap about the floors ; the curtains are torn from the testers, the beds crammed into the windows ; chairs and tables, bedsteads and cradles, crowd the yard ; and the garden fence bends beneath the weight of carpets, blankets, cloth cloaks, old coats, and ragged breeches. Here may be seen the lumber of the kitchen forming a dark and confused mass : for the fore-ground of the picture, gridirons and frying-pans, rusty shovels and broken tongs, spits and pots, joint-stools and the fractured remains of rush-bottomed chairs ;—there, a closet has disgorged its bowels, cracked tumblers, broken wine-glasses, phials of forgotten physic, papers of unknown powders, seeds, and dried herbs, handfuls of old corks, tops of tea-pots, and stoppers of departed decanters ;—from the rag-hole in the gar-

ret to the rat-hole in the cellar, no place escapes unrummaged. It would seem as if the day of general doom was come, and the utensils of the house were dragged forth to judgment. In this tempest, the words of Lear naturally present themselves, and might, with some alteration, be made strictly applicable :

“ ————— Let the great gods
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes
Unwhipt of justice ! ———
Raise your concealing continents, and ask
These dreadful summoners grace ! ” ———

This ceremony completed, and the house thoroughly evacuated, the next operation is to smear the walls and ceilings of every room and closet with brushes dipped in a solution of lime, called *white-wash*, to pour buckets of water over every floor, and scratch all the partitions and wainscots with rough brushes wet with soap-suds, and dipped in stone-cutters' sand. The windows by no means escape the general deluge. A servant scrambles out upon the pent-house, at the risk of her neck, and with a mug in her hand, and a bucket within reach, she dashes away innumerable gallons of water against the glass panes, to the great annoyance of the passengers in the street.

I have been told, that an action at law was once brought against one of these water-nymphs by a person who had a new suit of clothes spoiled by this operation ; but, after long argument, it was determined by the whole Court, that the action would not lie, inasmuch as the defendant was in exercise of a legal right, and not answerable for the consequences ; and so the poor gentleman was doubly non-suited ; for he lost not only his suit of clothes, but his suit at law.

These smearings and scratchings, washings and dashings, being duly performed, the next ceremonial is to cleanse and replace the distracted furniture. You may have seen a house-raising, or a ship-launch, when all the hands within reach are collected together ; recollect, if you can, the hurry, bustle, confusion, and noise, of such a

scene, and you will have some idea of this cleaning match. The misfortune is, that the sole object is to make things clean; it matters not how many useful, ornamental, or valuable things are mutilated, or suffer death under the operation; a mahogany chair and carved frame undergo the same discipline; they are to be made clean, at all events, but their preservation is not worthy of attention. For instance, a fine large engraving is laid flat on the floor, smaller prints are piled upon it, and the superincumbent weight cracks the glasses of the lower tier; but it is of no consequence! A valuable picture is placed leaning against the sharp corner of a table; others are made to lean against that, until the pressure of the whole forces the corner of the table through the canvass of the first. The frame and glass of a fine print are to be cleaned; the spirit and oil used on this occasion are suffered to leak thro' and spoil the engraving; no matter if the glass is clean, and the frame shine, it is sufficient, the rest is not worthy of consideration.

An able arithmetician has made an accurate calculation, founded on long experience, and has discovered that the losses and destruction incident to two white-washings, are equal to one removal, and three removals equal to one fire.

The cleaning frolic over, matters begin to resume their pristine appearance. The storm abates, and all would be well again; but it is impossible that so great a convulsion, in so small a community, should not produce further effects. For two or three weeks after the operation, the family are usually afflicted with sore throats or sore eyes, occasioned by the caustic quality of the lime, or with severe colds, from the exhalation of wet floors, or damp walls.

I know a gentleman who was fond of accounting for every thing in a philosophical way. He considers this, which I have called a custom, as a real periodical disease, peculiar to the climate. His train of reasoning is ingenious and whimsical; but I am not at leisure to give you a detail. The re-

sult was, that he found the distemper to be incurable; but after much study, he conceived he had discovered a method to divert the evil he could not subdue. For this purpose he caused a small building, about twelve feet square to be erected in his garden, and furnished with some ordinary chairs and tables, and a few prints of the cheapest sort were hung against the wall. His hope was, that when the white-washing frenzy seized the females of his family, they might repair to this apartment, and scrub and smear, and scour, to their hearts' content, and so spend the violence of the disease in this out-post, while he enjoyed himself in quiet at head-quarters. But this experiment did not answer his expectation; it was impossible it should, since a principal part of the qualification consists in the lady's having an uncontrolled right to torment her husband at least once a year, and to turn him out of doors, and take the reins of government into her own hands.

There is a much better contrivance than this of the philosopher; which is, to cover the walls of the house with paper; this is generally done; and though it cannot abolish, it at least shortens the period of female dominion. The paper is decorated with flowers of various fancies, and made so ornamental that the women have admitted the fashion without perceiving the design.

There is also another alleviation of the husband's distress; he has generally the privilege of a small room or closet for his books and papers, the key of which he is allowed to keep. This is considered as a privileged place, and stands like the land of Goshen amid the plagues of Egypt. But then he must be extremely cautious and ever on his guard. For should he inadvertently go abroad, and leave the key in his door, the housemaid, who is always on the watch for such an opportunity, immediately enters in triumph with buckets, brooms, and brushes, takes possession of the premises, and forthwith puts all his books and papers to rights, to his utter confusion, and some-

times serious detriment. For instance : A gentleman was sued by the executors of a tradesman, on a charge found against him in the deceased's books, to the amount of 30*l*. The defendant was strongly impressed with an idea that he had discharged the debt and taken a receipt ; but, as the transaction was of long standing, he knew not where to find the receipt. The suit went on in course, and the time approached when judgment would be obtained against him. He then sat seriously down to examine a large bundle of old papers, which he had united and displayed on a table for that purpose. In the midst of his search, he was suddenly called on business of importance ; he forgot to lock the door of his room. The housemaid, who had been long looking out for such an opportunity, immediately entered with the usual implements, and with great alacrity fell to cleaning the room, and putting things to rights. The first object that struck her eye was the confused situation of the papers on the table ; these were without delay bundled together like so many dirty knives and forks ; but, in the action, a small piece of paper fell unnoticed on the floor, which happened to be the very receipt in question ; as it had no very respectable appearance, it was soon after swept out with the common dirt of the room, and carried in a rubbish pan into the yard. The tradesman had neglected to enter the credit in his book ; the defendant could find nothing to obviate the charge, and so judgment went against him for the debt and costs. A fortnight after the whole was settled, and the money paid, one of the children found the receipt among the rubbish in the yard.

There is also another custom peculiar to the city of Philadelphia, and nearly allied to the former. I mean, that of *washing the pavement* before the doors every Saturday evening. I at first took this to be a regulation of the police ; but on a further inquiry, I find it is a religious rite, preparatory to

the Sabbath, and is, I believe, the only religious rite in which the numerous sectaries of this city perfectly agree. The ceremony begins about sun-set, and continues till about ten or eleven at night. It is very difficult for a stranger to walk the streets on those evenings ; he runs a continual risk of having a bucket of dirty water thrown against his legs : but a Philadelphian born is so much accustomed to the danger, that he avoids it with surprising dexterity. It is from this circumstance, that a Philadelphian may be known any where by his gait. The streets of New York are paved with rough stones ; these indeed are not washed, but the dirt is so thoroughly swept from before the doors, that the stones stand up sharp and prominent, to the great inconvenience of those who are not accustomed to so rough a path. But habit reconciles every thing. It is diverting enough to see a Philadelphian at New York ; he walks the streets with as much painful caution, as if his toes were covered with corns, or his feet lamed by the gout ; while a New Yorker, as little approving the masonry of Philadelphia, shuffles along the pavement like a parrot on a mahogany table.

It must be acknowledged that the ablutions I have mentioned are attended with no small inconvenience ; but the women would not be induced, from any consideration, to resign their privilege. Notwithstanding this, I can give you the strongest assurances that the women of America make the most faithful wives, and the most attentive mothers in the world ; and I am sure you will join with me in opinion, that if a married man is made miserable only one week the whole year, he will have no great cause to complain of the matrimonial bond.

Yours, &c.

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[A part of the above article appears to us like an old friend with a new face, and must have been pilfered from an American work, the *Farmer's Museum*, we believe, published about twenty years since.]

(Imperial Magazine.)

ORIGIN OF PARISH CLERKS, PSALM-SINGING, &c.

"A goodly sight, I wot it were to view,
 The decent Parish Clerk on Sabbath-day,
 Seated beneath the curate in his pew;
 Or kneeling down with lifted hands to pray,
 And ever and anon with close of prayer,
 He answereth "Amen!" with solemn air."

Vernon.

JEDIDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM, school-master and parish clerk of Gandercleugh, although little celebrated for his official functions, is sufficiently so in his subordinate character, as the collector of "the Tales of my Landlord." This characteristic of tale-telling, however, is no way peculiar to the above-mentioned Jedidiah, but common to most country parish clerks. Indeed, these are not unfrequently the depositories of all the popular lore, and all the "CRONICKS" (as honest William Caxton calls them) of the villages where they reside. As an individual, I confess, I have a great reverence for these rural antiquarians, and can seldom meet one of them, with sapient face, solemn gait, and ancient garb, the

"——— suit of black he wears,

"Which from the curate's wardrobe did descend;"

without a pleasurable sort of mental greeting.

It appears that almost five centuries ago, the parish clerk was a similar factotum to what he is frequently found to be in the present day; to which it seems was added a fondness for the *ale*, and probably also the tales, of his landlord, as witness the following lines of Chaucer:—

"Now was ther of that chirche a parish clerk
 The which that was ycleped Absolon,
 A merry child he was, so god me save,
 Wel could he leten blod, and clip, and shave,
 And make a chartre of lond, and a quitance,
 In twenty manere could he trip and dance,
 (After the scole of Oxenforde tho)
 And with his legges casten to and fro;
 And playen songes on a small ribible,
 Thereto he song some time a loud quible,
 And as wel could he play on a giterne,
 In all the toun n'as brewhous ne taverne
 That he ne visited with his solas."

Miller's Tale.

The parish clerks are the lowest officers in the church; they were for-

merly clerks in orders, and their business was to officiate at the altar, and they had a competent maintenance arising out of the offerings. Now they are generally laymen, and have certain fees with the parson, on christenings, marriages, burials, &c. besides wages for their subsistence. In country places the salary is generally insufficient; it is therefore frequently eked out by the clerk attaching himself to some other calling, often that of teaching a school, and too frequently the keeping of the village alehouse, a practice, which I wish the law would render incompatible with his graver function. Strange as it may appear, such was the abject state of ecclesiastical affairs, at the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, that the greatest part even of the clergy themselves, were so ignorant, that they could do little more than read. Some of them were carpenters and tailors, having taken to these employments, because they could not subsist on their benefices, and even some kept alehouses: but to return to Parish Clerks.—

They are expected to be twenty years of age at least, of honest conversation, and competent to the duty of reading, singing, &c. In this latter qualification, many believe themselves to excel; and many a village clerk when he pitches the tunes of the psalmody, seems to reach the acmè of his own importance. Singing is, indeed, an important branch of public worship, and a brief digression of the subject will not be uninteresting. "The Romanists," says Southey, in his *Life of Wesley*, "are indebted for their church music to the Benedictines, an order to which Europe is so deeply indebted for many things. Our fine Cathedral service is derived from them:—may it continue for ever! The psalmody of our churches was a popular innovation, during the first years of the Reformation; and the psalms of Sternhold and Hopkins were *allowed* to be sung—not enjoined. The practice however obtained, and having contrib-

ted in no slight measure to the religious revolution, when the passion in which it originated was gone by, it became a mere interlude in the service, serving no other purpose, than that of allowing a little breathing-time to the minister; and the manner in which this interval is filled, where there is no organ to supply the want of singers, or cover their defects, is often irreverent and disgraceful." If these officers were oftener selected from among the more respectable members of the different congregations where they officiate, a reciprocity of credit might then be induced between the office and occupant, who would not then be, as too often is the case, "a poor hum-drum wretch who can scarcely read what he drones out with such an air of importance, but one who would know what he is about."

They publish monthly and annual bills of mortality; one of the latter lies before me, ornamentally bordered with flying hour-glasses, deaths' heads, and cross bones, and headed with the king's and city arms. It was in the year 1593, that the keeping an account of the numbers dying weekly in London began to be practised, though it was not till 1603 that regular bills of mortality were kept. I may add, that the parish clerk was formerly interred in the porch, the burying place of the inferior officers of the church.

The law regards them as officers for life, and they are considered by the common law, as persons who have freeholds in their offices; and there-

fore, though they may be punished, yet they cannot be deprived by ecclesiastical censures: 1 *Comm.* 395. They are generally appointed by the minister, unless there is a custom for the parishioners or churchwardens to choose them, in which case the canon cannot abrogate such custom; and when chosen, it is to be signified to them, and they are to be sworn into their office by the arch-deacon.

As to the word *Amen*, the pronunciation of which seems to be the pride and the prerogative of the parish clerk, there is no word in the King's English, that has been tortured into such a variety of cadence, as this important dissyllable. The signification of the word is well known, and is used in various languages, as with us, untranslated. The rabbies attach various mystical meanings to it. Scaliger says it is Arabic; but it is generally allowed to be an Hebrew word, signifying *true, faithful, &c.* The Greek and Latin churches have preserved this word in their prayers, conceiving it to be more energetic than any in their own languages; and at the conclusion of their public prayers, the people answered with a loud voice, *Amen!* Remarkable is the assertion recorded by St. Jerome, who says, that at Rome, when the people answered *Amen*, the sound of their voices was like a clap of thunder. The Jews assert, that the gates of heaven are opened to him who says *Amen* with all his might.

PALEMON.

April 11, 1821.

PORTER'S TRAVELS IN PERSIA, BABYLONIA, &c.*

(Literary Gazette.)

THIS work is excellently written; the countries traversed, replete with various matters formed in the highest degree to invite human observation; the author every way competent to the task of unfolding what is most worthy of note, and, whether to the antiquary, the artist, the scholar, the lover of nature, or the studier of mankind, to present to them all that these vast regions

afford peculiar to the enquiries and the tastes of each.

For ourselves, we must say, that we have reaped great pleasure from this book. The friends of our literary labours are aware of the bent of our minds towards the class of subjects of which it principally treats. With *Morier*, *Rich*, *Walpole*, *Von Hammer*, *Carmichael*, *Fitzclarence*, *Heude*, *Bel-*

* Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia, &c. during the years 1817, 18, 19 and 20. By Sir Robert Ker Porter.

zoni, and others, we have delighted, in our preceding volumes, to make our readers intimately acquainted. The soul, indeed, must be insensible to the grandest impressions, which could resist the annals of investigations carried on in the very cradle of ancient mythology, history, science, and arts; and we avow, that to us no writer can come with surer claims to regard, than one who has explored the earliest seats of our civilized species, the monuments, the ruins, the tombs, the last vestiges of the first nations of mankind. There has Sir Robert Porter been, and there he has not been in vain. An accomplished mind, the skill of an artist, and facilities of examination, were all in his favour; and he has produced what we consider to be a work of uncommon merit in almost every respect. The style is agreeable; the descriptions picturesque; the engravings of portraits, costume, antiquities, &c. and the maps, are characteristic and faithful; and the anecdotes interspersed among the graver topics, so judicious as to render the whole deserving of the praise we have bestowed upon it. But having prefaced thus much, we shall proceed to our review.

Sir Robert Porter left Petersburg on the 6th of August (O. S.) 1817, and journeyed into Persia, by the route across the Cossack Steppes, and over the tremendous chain of Caucasus, to Tiflis,—nearly the same by which Mrs. Freygang (of whose affecting narrative we transferred the substance into our columns) performed her *voyage*, five years before. Their accounts coincide in every point; as does Sir Robert's with those of Tiflis, by a German traveller, 1818. From these we derive an assurance of the general correctness of his statements.

Near Odessa, which, as is well known, is rising into vast importance, is Koblinka, the seat of General Kobly; and we may cite as an instance of Russian progress, that—

“His property in that neighbourhood is of considerable extent, and great value.—The soil produces abun-

dance of corn, besides feeding multitudes of sheep, bred from the original Merinos. This latter speculation has been found highly profitable to the landholders in general, whose pastures every where around rivalled those of Koblinka; some having from twenty to thirty thousand sheep in their flocks, equal in form and wool to any of the species I ever saw in Spain. The breed is crossed by Moldavian ewes, but the fleece does not degenerate.

“A dock-yard has been established on the eastern shore of the Ingul, for building ships of war. One seventy-four, and one frigate, were on the stocks when I visited it. Indeed, an arsenal of this kind, and to be constantly at work too, is necessary to maintain a navy on these shores; for the Black Sea possesses a peculiarity more hostile to its fleets, than the guns of the most formidable enemy,—nothing more than a worm! But the progress of that worm is as certain and as swift as the running grains of an hour-glass. It preys on the ship's bottom, and when once it has established itself, nothing that has yet been discovered can stop its ravages. Even coppered vessels are ultimately rendered useless, when any small opening admits the perforation of this subtle little creature.

At Kherson, the tomb of the philanthropist Howard, is dear to the eye and heart of an English traveller.

“The evening (says Sir R. Porter) was drawing to a close when I approached the hill, in the bosom of which the dust of my revered countryman reposes so far from his native land. No one that has not experienced ‘the heart of a stranger’ in a distant country, can imagine the feelings which sadden a man while standing on such a spot. It is well known that Howard felt a sacrifice to his humanity; having caught a contagious fever from some wretched prisoners at Kherson, to whose extreme need he was administering his charity and his consolations. Admiral Priestman, a worthy Briton, in the Russian service, who was his intimate friend, attended him in his last moments, and erected over his remains

the monument, which is now a sort of shrine to all travellers, whether from Britain or foreign countries. It is an obelisk of whitish stone, sufficiently high to be conspicuous at several miles distance. The hill on which it stands, may be about three wersts out of the direct road, and has a little village and piece of water at its base. The whole is six wersts from Kherson, and forms a picturesque as well as interesting object. The evening having closed when I arrived at the tomb, I could not distinguish its inscription; but the name of Howard would be sufficient eulogy. At Kherson I learned that the present emperor has adopted the plans, which the great philanthropist formerly gave in to the then existing government, for ameliorating the state of the prisoners. Such is the only monument he would have desired, and it will commemorate his name for ever; while that of the founder of the pyramids is forgotten—so much more imperishable is the greatness of goodness, than the greatness of power."

It is hardly worth while to question the validity of this sentiment; but we are afraid that the greatness of power is at least as imperishable as the greatness of goodness—we hear more of the heroes than of the sages of antiquity; and if we are not at a loss about Psammis or Cheops, as the excavators of tombs, and builders of pyramids, we know nothing of any of their good contemporaries.

On his way, our countryman arrived at New Tcherkask, the city of the illustrious Hetman, or more properly, Attaman, Platoff, from whom he experienced the same kind and cordial reception, given by that celebrated warrior to every native of Britain, augmented by the recommendation of previous acquaintance and regard for the Russian family of Scherbatoff, with which Sir R. is connected by marriage. We shall transcribe portions of the journal here.

"The master of the inn where I put up, told me the Attaman was at his summer residence, about two miles from the city, on the banks of the Axai. My wish was no sooner expressed, to join him there, than the

worthy Cossack supplied me with a guide and a horse: and taking our course by a pleasant road, I soon reached the palace of my friend. It is a fine building, perfectly suitable in style and appendages to the high station of its brave inhabitant. A guard of Cossacks kept the gate; others with naked swords stood at the great door of entrance; while officers in waiting, orderlies, and every other degree of princely and military state, occupied the passages and anti-rooms.

* * * *

"I did not delay being conducted to the Attaman's presence; and words cannot express the hospitable greeting of the kind old man. He embraced me, and repeatedly congratulated himself on the events, whatever they might have been, which had induced me to change my route to that of his territory. When he could spare me to proceed, he said, he would pledge himself that I should have every facility in his power to bring me to Tiflis in safety. The police-officer of Tcherkask being in the room, was ordered to provide me suitable quarters in the town; but the Attaman's table was to be mine, and he commanded an equipage to be placed entirely at my disposal. I urged that my stay must be short; but he would not hear of my leaving him till I had shared with him the honour of a visit he was then expecting from his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Michael. Anxious as I was to lose no time in crossing the Caucasus, I could not withstand persuasions flowing from a heart so kindly to myself, and grateful to my country. He expressed, in the most enthusiastic language, his sense of the attentions bestowed on him by all ranks of persons during his stay in England in the year 1814; he said, that, independent of private respect for individuals, he must always consider himself fortunate when circumstances brought any Englishman into the Donskoy country, to whom he might evince his gratitude."

The entertainment given to Prince Michael are detailed in an agreeable manner; but like Mazeppa's horse, we must on over the Steppe, and quote

the author's first view of Caucasus, as a fair example of the picture-que and happy style in which he treats the beauties and grandeur of nature.

"On quitting Zergifskoy, we mounted the height, and continued travelling over a country similar to that we had passed the preceding day. We hoped to gain the town of Alexandroff before night, but were disappointed, and obliged to halt at the village of Severnai, finding it impossible to proceed on so dangerous a road after dusk. We set off, however, betimes in the morning; and, after traversing a rather uneven country, at the distance of eight or ten wersts from our last lodgings, reached the brow of a very steep hill; from whence, for the first time, I beheld the stupendous mountains of Caucasus. No pen can express the emotion which the sudden burst of this sublime range excited in my mind. I had seen almost all the wildest and most gigantic chains in Portugal and Spain, but none gave me an idea of the vastness and grandeur of that I now contemplated. This seemed nature's bulwark between the nations of Europe and of Asia. Elborus, amongst whose rocks tradition reports Prometheus to have been chained, stood, clad in primeval snows, a world of mountains in itself, towering above all, its white and radiant summits mingling with the heavens; while the pale and countless heads of the subordinate range, high in themselves, but far beneath its attitude, stretched along the horizon, till lost to sight in the soft fleeces of the clouds. Several rough and huge masses of black rock rose from the intermediate plain: their size was mountainous; but being viewed near the mighty Caucasus, and compared with them, they appeared little more than hills; yet the contrast was fine, their dark brows giving greater effect to the dazzling summits which towered above them. Poets hardly feign, when they talk of the genius of a place. I know not who could behold Causasus, and not feel the spirit of its sublime solitudes awing his soul."

This is genuine and artist like—equally remote from the affectation of fine writing and want of proper feeling.

Our traveller having joined a convoy, proceeded over the mountain passes towards Tiflis. He gives an interesting account of the Caucasian tribes of Tartars, especially of the Tchetchinzi, a plundering and barbarous set of robbers. "The men are stout and robust in their persons, with fine countenances and dark complexions. The women are not to be described, being kept so close, as not to be seen by strangers, even of their own tribe." Of their habits, an idea may be formed from the following relation of what prevented the author from seeing the Russian General Pozzo.

"The convoy, and my fellow-travellers set forth again, early in the morning of October 3d (O. S.,) the day after we arrived; but it was under so heavy a rain, that I thought less of my imprudence in having decided to remain behind them. At noon the weather began to clear, and almost at the same instant a courier appeared from the general, to inform the officer at the fort, that his excellency's arrival there was uncertain; he being detained at the new redoubt, negotiating with a party of the Tchetchinzi, for the recovery of an unfortunate European lady, who had become their prisoner. The circumstances of her captivity were particularly distressing. Her husband, who was a cossack officer, had left Kislar for this mountain journey, accompanied by his wife and a single servant, without any escort whatever. The too probable consequences of his rashness followed; he was attacked by a party of these brigands. His coachman and his servant were murdered; and, before the officer had time for any defence, the robbers fired into the carriage, and killed him by the side of his wife. They then plundered the equipage, leaving the dead bodies on the scene of murder, and carried the wretched lady into the mountains, where they sold her to a chief going further into the interior. From the unsuspected sources of communication which General del Pozzo has amongst these people, he soon arrived at the knowledge of who were the actors in this horrid tragedy; and with admira-

ble address, lost no time in possessing himself of their persons. He now holds them as hostages for the safety of the lady, and proclaims his intention to detain them till she is repurchased, and brought, unharmed, to his protection. This happy result of his humane exertions he expects daily to arrive; but, meanwhile, does not deem it proper to stir from the redoubt till she really shall appear; and so exchange the most horrible servitude, for those respectful consolations which every human mind would be solicitous to administer to her wretched state. This poor lady's calamity is one instance out of many, of the barbarity with which these hereditary plunderers maltreat their unfortunate captives; and, indeed, the stories we are daily told, of the refined, or rather savage cruelties, practised on the defenceless human creatures who fall in their way, are enough to shake the resolution of any young traveller commencing a journey through so perilous a country."

The relics of Mskett, the ancient capital of Georgia, are briefly noticed. Among them was shown (says our text) "the place where the great and unfortunate Heraclius, the last king of Georgia reposes, with his sons, from all the troubles of his reign;—sleeps at rest, unconscious that the foot of a foreign sentinel treads and retreads the earth near his grave!

"The good father who accompanied me, mentioned, as other objects usually interesting to travellers, several holy relics. Those of the greatest note he named, were the vest of our Saviour, and part of the mantle of Elias. The first, for many years back, had been consigned to the safe-keeping of a finely wrought shrine, within the precincts of the high altar; and the latter, with other treasures of similar character, could not be shown to me, the archimandrite being absent, to whose charge the relics were committed."

Tiflis is 2627 wersts from Petersburg (two English miles are about three Russian wersts;) and at Tiflis the convoy arrived in safety. As we shall not in our present number go farther into the bowels of the land of

Persia, our remaining selections will refer to the most novel and prominent features of this city, as they are sketched by the author. The following is a singular description of the female baths, and we may well observe upon it, that travelers see strange sights.

"I was urged (says S r R.) by the gentleman who accompanied me, to try if we could not get a glimpse into the baths dedicated to the fair sex. The attempt seemed wild; but, to please him, I turned towards the building, and, to our astonishment, found no difficulty in entering. An old woman was standing at the door; and she, without the least scruple, not only showed us the way, but played our sybil the whole while. In one of the bathing-rooms nearest to the door, we found a great number of naked children, of different infantine ages, immersed in a circular bath in the middle of the chamber, where their mothers were occupied in washing and rubbing them. The forms of children are always lovely; and, altogether, there being a regularity, and its consequent cleanliness, attending the adjustment of their little persons, we looked on, without receiving any of those disagreeable impressions which had disgusted us in the baths of their fathers. Passing through this apartment, without any remark of surprise or displeasure from the mothers of the children, we entered a much larger chamber, well lighted, and higher vaulted in the roof. No water was seen here; but a stone divan, spread with carpets and mattresses, was placed round the room, and on it lay, or sat, women in every attitude and occupation consequent on an Asiatic bath. Some were half-dressed, and others hardly had a covering. They were attended by servants, employed in rubbing the fair forms of these ladies with dry cloths, or dyeing their hair and eye-brows, or finally, painting, or rather enamelling, their faces. On quitting this apartment (which we did as easily as we entered it, without creating the least alarm or astonishment at our audacity,) we passed into the place whence they had just emerged from the water. Here we found a vast cav-

ern-like chamber, gloomily lighted, and smelling most potently of sulphuric evaporations, which ascended from nearly twenty deep excavations.—Through these filmy vapours, wreathing like smoke over the surface of a boiling cauldron, we could distinguish the figures of women, in every posture, perhaps, which the fancy of man could devise for the sculpture of bathing goddesses. But, I confess, we were as much shocked as surprised, at the unblushing coolness with which the Georgian Venuses continued their ablutions, after they had observed our entrance; they seemed to have as little modest covering on their minds, as on their bodies; and the whole scene became so unpleasant, that, declining our conductress's offer to show us farther, we made good our retreat, fully satisfied with the extent of our gratified curiosity.

“Persons who bathe for health do not remain longer than a few minutes, or whatever time may be prescribed, in the water; but when the bath is taken for pleasure, these people are so fond of it, that, like the Turks in the case of opium, they prolong its application to such an extent, as ultimately to be equally injurious to their strength and personal appearance. Some pass many hours every day in this debilitating atmosphere, independent of one whole day in each week; great part of which, however, is spared from the water, to be spent in making up their faces, blackening the hair, eye-brows, and eyelashes, so as to render only occasional repairs necessary during the ensuing week. Thus occupied in the vaulted room, these Eastern goddesses, growing in renewed beauty under the hands of their attendant graces, meet each other in social conference; discussing family anecdotes, or little scandals of their acquaintance; and, not unfrequently, laying as entertaining grounds of retaliation, by the arrangement of some little intrigue of their own. For, I am told, there are days in the week when any lady may engage the bath for her-

self alone, or with any other party she may choose to introduce as her companion. The good dame who was our conductress, I understood, is never backward in preparing such accommodation.”

Sir R. traces much of this laxity of morals to intercourse with the Russian military, and states that—

“Amongst the lower orders in Tiflis, the effect of European companionship has been yet more decided. Owing to the numbers of Russian soldiers, who, from time to time, have been quartered in their houses, the customary lines of separation in those houses could no longer be preserved; and their owners were obliged to submit to the necessity of their wives being seen by their stranger guests. The morals of a soldier, with regard to women, are seldom rigid; and these gentlemen, not making an exception to the rule, made the best of the opportunities afforded them by the occasional absence of the husbands, to eradicate all remains of female reserve, and its sacred domestic consequences, from the characters of their ignorant, but pretty wives.”

From the bath to the oven is no inconsistent transition, and we beg our readers to cross with us and our authority to the bakers.

“While passing along, my attention was arrested at a baker's shop, by the singular way in which the owner was forming and breaking his bread. He first rolled it out, to the length and breadth of a common chamber-bowl, and not much thicker; then taking it up over the palms of his hands threw it with admirable dexterity against the side of the oven, where it stuck. The wall of the oven being kept continually hot, by a constant supply of burning wood beneath, in a couple of minutes the cake was baked, and removed by the point of a stick. This kind of bread is in use over most part of Asia, and serves, not merely as food, but for plate and napkin during the whole meal.”

(Literary Gazette, June.)

THE HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE,

AS IT LATELY APPEARED IN THE ISLANDS OF MALTA, GOZO, CORFU, CEPHALONIA, &c.

BY J. D. TULLY, ESQ.

IF a reader take up this work, perceiving the name of a medical author treating upon a professional subject, and expect to find laid open in terms of the art, the causes, symptoms, and process of cure of the plague, he will be disappointed. This is not here the object of the author. "It was originally intended," says the preface, "to offer to the profession a medical treatise on this disease," and this work is promised on a future occasion. In the mean-while, the more popular view of the rise and suppression of the plagues which broke out in our possessions in the Mediterranean, from 1813 to 1815, is presented to the public, with the view of counteracting some novel doctrines, which have been recently promulgated, of the non-contagion of the plague.

These notions are altogether at variance with the experience of those quarters which are almost constantly afflicted with this disease. And although these doctrines have been exploded before the work of our author could reach this country, he has performed an acceptable service to mankind, in giving to the light so authentic a detail of this singular disorder, and placing in the clearest light before the public, that in its nature it is nowise infectious, or communicable by the air, but solely contagious or to be received by actual contact.

The term plague may have been applied in various parts of the world to epidemics of an infectious kind; but the disease here treated of is the plague peculiarly prevalent in the Levant. It is the extraordinary nature of this malady, that none may be more easily avoided, may be approached with more perfect impunity, and that simply by shunning contact: yet no one seems, where once seizing on the human frame, more to baffle the medical art—to make a more rapid and certainly fatal progress. It has, therefore, been found,

that the soldier is the best physician, and the sword and bayonet, enforcing segregation of the diseased from the sound to be the sorest treatment. Buonaparte had much experience of the plague when in Egypt; and happening to be visited at Eltha by one of the chief civil officers of Malta, he enquired into the mode of treatment adopted by Sir Thomas Maitland, and expressed strongly his concurrence, on learning that the sole remedy to be relied upon was the sword, to compel separation.

The plague was brought to Malta by means of the brig *St. Nicholas*, which arrived from Alexandria, March 28, 1813.

"From the deposition of the captain, it appeared, that two of his crew, which consisted of ten persons, had been suddenly seized, during the voyage, with violent symptoms of a pestilential nature, which suddenly terminated their existence. The ship on her departure from Alexandria, was furnished with a fool bill of health, that is to say, a declaration from the British consular office, of the actual existence of plague in that city. The danger attendant on the detention of the *St. Nicholas*, in the port of Malta, as far as it exposed the public health and safety, to very imminent risk, was taken into consideration by the competent authorities at the time. During these deliberations, the captain of the *St. Nicholas* was taken ill, with all the symptoms of plague upon him. This took place on the 1st of April, and on the following day, the sailor who attended him, was attacked with similar symptoms. On the 7th both died; and, on an inspection of the bodies, no doubt remained as to the nature of the disease. These unfortunate events, determined the government to send the *St. Nicholas* back to Alexandria, and she sailed on the 10th of April for that port, under the escort of his majesty's brig *Badger*. The public mind was now somewhat tranquillized: the apartments occupied by the infected, were reported to have been duly expurgated, and the precautions that had been adopted, were generally believed sufficient to ensure safety. Unhappily for the country, at the moment the public were thus indulging themselves in the fond hope of security, this insidious disease was insinuating itself in every angle of the city, in places remote from the scene of its first appearance, laying firm hold of, and marking with undeniable symptoms, its unhappy victims as it advanced in its course. Its first assault was on the person of the daughter of a shoemaker,

who resided in Strada St. Paolo; she was attacked on the 16th of April, and was attended in her illness by a physician of high respectability; and, although the symptoms were violent, and death followed in a few days, it does not appear, that, at the moment, any suspicions were excited as to the disease; inasmuch that the customary church services were performed over the body, and it was buried in the accustomed manner. A few hours after the death of the daughter, the wife of the shoemaker was attacked with a high degree of fever, accompanied with violent head-ache, vomiting and giddiness quickly succeeded by abortion. On the 3d of May the symptoms were still more alarming, and on the 4th, the committee of health, in an extraordinary session, reported the public health to be in imminent danger. About this period the wife of the shoemaker died, and on the evening of the same day, the body was examined by several professional men, and the original report was confirmed. This event had scarcely occurred, when the shoemaker himself was taken ill; upon the knowledge of which, and the general suspicions of the nature of the disease most of the inhabitants were thrown into the utmost consternation; alarm spread itself every where, and flight was not only meditated, but in numerous instances carried into effect. The streets and roads were crowded with carts, conveying the baggage of many families hurrying to the interior; whilst the sea-faring people were betaking themselves to their ships. Those accustomed to similar scenes in the Levant, as well as the English generally, and the most prudent part of the natives shut themselves up within their respective residences."

During several days, little obviously indicative of plague appeared, and the inhabitants were almost lulled into security, when—

"On the 16th the disease began visibly to increase, assuming in its nature the most unequivocal proofs of plague; many deaths were announced, and it now appeared, that contagion had every where insinuated itself."

Early in June, the extent of this awful visitation had become every where apparent, in the town and the easals or villages.

"This distress was still further increased by the daily intelligence of the loss of the dearest friends and relatives. These scenes were not confined to any particular part of the town or its suburbs, but alike extended to every street, lane, and alley; the transfer of the sick, the dying, the dead, and the suspected, being an hourly occurrence, and an object of constant contemplation. Alarm every where prevailed. Self-preservation was the only acknowledged law, and all alike dreaded their fellow-creatures.

By the adoption of rigorous measures of seclusion, the disease was gradually confined; but it was not till the beginning of 1814, that it was so completely eradicated in Valetta, as to allow free intercourse. On the 7th of January, a proclamation directed the court of judicature to recommence their regular sessions."

It was in the Ionian Islands that Mr. Tully, presiding over the medical department, was immediately engaged in watching and checking the progress of the plague which broke out successively in several of those islands.—He thus relates its commencement in Corfu:—

"It was at Marathia, in the district of Lef-timo, that the plague first discovered itself in the island of Corfu. A committee was in consequence constituted, of which I was appointed president, to investigate and report upon the nature of the disease. Accordingly, on the same evening I proceeded for Lef-timo, accompanied by two of the principal physicians of the island; after an anxious investigation, we found, that a fever had broken out amongst this little community so far back as the 15th of the previous month (November 1815,) and that this disease had assumed a most malignant form; thirteen, out of a population of about fifty having died. This was the sum of all the real information we could obtain, and from a people over whom ignorance and superstition seemed to reign with unbounded sway, it was with difficulty we could even obtain this. They attributed the whole of the evils, with which they were afflicted, to the agency of a spirit, being that of a man who had been murdered in the neighbourhood of the village some months before. They were confident that this was the true cause of their sufferings, and endeavoured to make every atonement to the angry spirit by means of church offerings, prayers, and processions. All who died it was asserted, had been attacked either in the evening or returning from their field labours, or during the night. They believed, that the spirit inflicted punishment by stripes, and by efforts at strangulation, and that the terror excited in the minds of all those who were attacked, and the continued nightly persecution of the spirit, hurried them from one extreme of agony to another, until their sufferings terminated in death." Precautions were adopted to prevent the disease from extending itself beyond its original limits, but it had however, found its way into other parts; and the cause was discovered to have been a religious ceremony, held at Marathia, at which seven or eight *papás* or clergymen from various villages assisted, remaining the whole night, endeavouring to appease the angry spirit, to whose influence they attributed the whole of their sufferings."

We have not place to cite the several singular accidents by which this Proteuslike disease broke out after different intervals, and when expected so be entirely extinguished. We can-

* Dependants, friends, relations, love himself, Savag'd by woe, forgot the tender tie,

• The sweet engagements of the feeling heart."

Thomson.

not however, resist giving the curious account of its appearance in another part of Corfu:—

“The river Potami, which divides the town of this name from Melicchia, had hitherto been its boundary; but, faithful to the course it had run, checked as it effectually had been by the great cordon that extended across the island from north to south, the disease crossed the river, where it finally terminated, I may almost say, at the very brink of the sea. Upon the appearance of plague at Potami the inhabitants of Melicchia, from its contiguity, were placed under close observation; daily medical inspection took place; and, although intercourse between the families was not expressly prohibited, precaution was strongly urged. The inhabitants were prevented from entering the country, and their churches and places of public resort directed to be closed. Such was our imaginary security on the 2nd of April, 1816, when the medical officer of Melicchia (assistant-surgeon Goodison, of the 75th regiment, whose conduct, during a perilous and arduous duty, merits the highest encomiums,) called upon me to state, that he had visited a young woman reported ill that morning, and from her general appearance he strongly suspected the case to be plague. I proceeded without delay to the house, and on demanding to see the patient, staggering, she was led forth by an aged mother; she was unable to continue in an erect posture, her limbs trembled, and I soon perceived, that there was not wanting a symptom which marks plague in its most aggravated form.

“It appeared that this young woman, Maria Cauta, had been working in her garden in the rear of her house, the preceding day, and that towards the evening, faithful to the period that plague was invariably ushered in, she was suddenly attacked. The disease had assumed the most malignant form, rapid in its progress, and promised to be as rapid in its termination; the prognosis was too true; for shortly after she was received into the hospital; death terminated her sufferings, the disease running its course in thirty-six hours. The family, and all who were suspected of having communicated with them for several days previous, were transferred to the different camps, according to their respective grades of suspicion. This investigation had but just commenced, when an aged female of the same name, and distantly related to the deceased, was taken ill. The residence of this woman was distant from the first case. As she was attacked, however, on the 24th, two days subsequent, it was evident, that the plague must be either general in the town, and on the point of openly bursting forth, or this woman must have had direct or indirect communication with the first unhappy sufferer. Without this being clearly ascertained, I felt it would be utterly impossible to strike at the root of danger; and, under this conviction, I called for the services of a Greek priest, whose zeal I had witnessed on similar occasions, and requested him to accompany me to the houses of all those with whom we had reason to believe either of the members of those families, in which plague had manifested itself, had communicated: urging him to ex-

plain to them, in the most impressive terms, the importance of a candid confession. The duty was faithfully fulfilled; and the members of the immediate family of the aged female under disease were threatened, at that awful moment, with excommunication, if they withheld the information so anxiously required. This produced the desired effect; and a confession followed, developing a long list of persons, with whom the family were in the habits of intimacy and daily intercourse. It appeared, however, that the old woman had not quitted her house for a considerable time.

“The patient was the next object of attention; I examined her immediately. Two evenings previous to my visit, she had (to use her own words) an “aguish fit,” which continued nearly two hours, and was followed by head-ache more than usually severe; but, as she had frequently similar attacks during the winter, she took no particular notice of it. The last evening it came on sharper than usual, with increased head-ache, and several other symptoms that were strongly indicative of plague; her eyes were heavy and watery, her breathing was hurried, the vital spark seemed to be fast receding, and with little suffering, and the utmost tranquillity of mind, she appeared insensibly passing to the tomb.

“This was the first time she had been visited under suspicion; she was faint, and supported in the arms of her son, a strong young man. This, like the former, was a hopeless case; although the symptoms did not appear urgent, death was evidently not remote; the patient was removed to the hospital without loss of time, where she expired the same evening. From the confession of the son, I had learned, that he was in habits of intimacy with the family of the deceased Maria Cauta, and had passed some time at their house when she was taken ill; he had also assisted her in the first moments of her indisposition. The case was thus far clear, and there was no longer any doubt as to the source from whence the mother received disease, the son being unquestionably the vehicle of contagion, imparting it to his aged and debilitated parent, although he escaped disease himself.”

But the mode by which the plague had found its way to this apparently inaccessible place, remains to be related:—

“I had yet to discover the source of the plague on this side of the river, now apparently of the first importance. The mother and family of the deceased Maria Cauta were inflexible, with whom all my efforts were ineffectual, as they firmly denied all knowledge of the cause.

“At length, after much perseverance, on the morning of the 25th, three days from the occurrence of the first case, I obtained the much wished for information through the medium of confession; by which it appeared, that a man of the name of Vassil Samviti, a native of Potami, and a relative of the deceased Maria Cauta, had, a few days previous descended, along the river, evading the vigilance of the sentries; and observing the deceased and her mother in their vineyard on the opposite banks, contiguous to his pro-

perty, he requested their superintendence in the p using of his vines, as communication was cut off between both towns. To ensure the work he threw four piastres, or small pieces of money, wrapped up in a piece of linen, across the river, which the mother of the deceased carefully deposited in her bosom. On returning in the afternoon, the mother handed the piece of linen, as she picked it up, to her daughter, who put it into her box, where it remained for a few days, until she was called upon to make a payment; on that evening, and after handling the contents of the linen, she was seized, as has been already noticed.

"Two days after this transaction, that is to say, after Samvili had thrown the money across the river, he (Samvili) was attacked with plague of the very worst degree; and out of his family, which consisted of five individuals, not one escaped; all fell victims to the disease! This man had no communication with the family of Canta; they were separated, as I have shewn, by a wide river, over which he cast the money; and it is evident, that at the moment he issued from his house, he was under the influence of disease, although it did not manifest itself until two days after.

Our author had not long had the satisfaction of seeing the health of the island of Corfu completely established, when in the month of June he received a summons to repair to Cephalonia, where the plague had penetrated from Albania. It first appeared at the village of Comitato, remarkable for its salubrity:—

"At Comitato there were no local causes (beyond the absolute existence of an introduced contagion) to produce disease; it was even remarked, to be a spot peculiarly healthy; in no part of the world was robust old age more conspicuous; the people looked upon a century as a common span of life, and many at the time had passed that period by several years, and at that age were in the full enjoyment of all their faculties. During the transfer to camp we witnessed two extraordinary occurrences, which will give some idea of the longevity of that peasantry. The son, a stout man of eighty-five, carried his father, a jolly old man, who, by the parish priest's account, had passed his hundred and twentieth year, on his back to camp; whilst another man, equally stout, about seventy years of age, carried his mother who was a hundred and ten years of age, to camp, where they continued in perfect health, and returned safely to their homes at the expiration of their quarantine."

We remarked that medicine in its resource, hardly offers as yet any palliation or remedy for this disease, so inimical to human life.—The victim in utter helplessness submits to his fate. Of the last hundred attacked at Malta, we have been informed, that four only survived.

As a preventive however, of plague,

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it seems to us, that the author might have dwelt something more upon the utility of unction with oil.—It has occurred to us to witness in the Mediterranean, the efficacy of this preservative.—It became commonly adopted in families, where the plague had broken out, and in no instance could we learn, that it had failed to be a perfect security, even to those who continued to render, without reserve, the last services to relatives and inmates labouring under the disorder.—So well founded did this appear to the authorities in Malta, that documents were issued by them (some of which now lie before us), in recommendation of the use of oil to all anywise exposed. Among these not the least were those persons who were allowed to traverse the streets for the sale of provisions to the secluded families, and the slight annoyance of their bodies, became an established and enforced practice, under daily superintendence.

The conclusion to be drawn from the work before us, and from the practice of the Levant, is, that the sure safeguard on the breaking out of the plague, is, for every family to close the doors and cut off communication with others.—A pail of water is placed within the door, into which all provisions are immersed; and a simple fumigating machine, through which all papers are passed. Wherever the disorder breaks out, every article of furniture of susceptible nature, must be depurated by washing and exposure to the air, and the diseased separated from the healthy.—It is thus within a limited time, and with few victims, that every plague may be brought to a termination. Were it not for the fatalism inculcated by Mahometanism, forbidding every precaution against visitations held to be inevitable, this scourge would have been long ago extinct.

We recommend the work of Mr. Tully, to those who may be desirous of further details upon this subject; and for some useful inferences he draws with regard to quarantine regulations, which if generally adopted would be of much service towards a more ready, yet not less safe intercourse, amongst countries connected with the Levant.

SAUVE QUI PEUT,

OU LES CAMPAGNES MEMORABLES.

AIR : *On n' aime bien que la première fois.*

D'un conquérant cher, bien cher à la France,
Je viens ici célébrer les exploits,
Dire comment sa prudence, vaillance,
L' a du péril sauvé jusqu' à six fois.

Près de *Memphis* porté par son courage,
Il fut vainqueur presque durant un mois,
Puisse lauriers recurent quelqu' outrage,
Il se sauva . . . pour la première fois.

Aux champs fleuris de l' antique *Ibérie*
Il va porter ses armes et ses lois ;
Forcé bientôt de quitter la patrie,
Il se sauva . . . pour la deuxième fois.

Son aigle affreuse, au carnage animée,
Vole embrâser les villes et les bois ;

Mais l' Aiglon dévorant son armée,
Il se sauva . . . pour la troisième fois.

Chez les *Saxons*, il poursuit la victoire ;
Elle étoit prête à courir à sa voix ;
Un pont s'écroule ; hélas ! Adieu la gloire,
Il se sauva . . . pour la quatrième fois.

Vers la *Belgique* un matin il s'avance ;
Le soir a vu terminer ses exploits,
Et le héros, guidé par sa prudence ;
Se sauve encor . . . pour la cinquième fois.

Paris entier, ravi de sa vaillance,
Pour l' applaudir n' eut vraiment qu' une voix ;
Ce jour enfin, il a sauvé la France,
En se sauvant . . . pour la dernière fois.

TO CONTENT.

CONTENT ! thy throne, as was thy birth,
Is in supernal realms : of earth

No denizen art thou ;

Then, much as I may wish thee mine,

I will not bend before thy shrine,

Nor waste for thee one verse.

Thou art the theme of poets' lays,

The idol of the sages' praise,

Who bid mankind be free . . .

From human passions and desires,

All the wild tumults hope inspires,

And seek alone for thee.

'T were right ; did not experience teach

How useless is the truth they preach ;

" Content is happiness."

We know it, but as well we know

There is no happiness below,

Thou stranger here no less.

The tenant of the lowly cot

Finds thee no sharer of his lot,

As dreaming boards still chime ;

Thou fliest from peasant, prince, and sage,

From ardent youth, from hopeless age,

Each sex, and rank, and clime.

And nature too hath given the breast

A fiery spirit of unrest,

Which bids content depart ;

And cries unceasingly within,

" O — something find to chase and win,

But say not what thou art."

Wealth, rank, and power, lead mortals on

With hopes of joy that oft is won,

Tho' short, imperfect, vain ;

But who seeks thee, and spurns at these,

Seeks what on earth heaven's fixed decrees

Forbid him to attain.

Star of their course, let virtue shine,

And all they may of bliss divine,

She gives mankind to feel,

And gives to those who seek the strife,

Of power and fame, as those whose life

Ne'er own'd ambition's zeal.

Then goddess, tho' thy lover, I

Forswear myself thy votary,—

To Hope alone I bow,

Whose joys, still withering and still blooming,

Are yet more read than aught illuming

This dreary path below.

A SUBLIME SONNET.

" — as the great extreme of dimension is sublime, so the last extreme of littleness is, in some measure, sublime likewise."

Burke on the Sublime, Part 2, sec. 8.

Ages on ages hence—when the world's frame,
And habitants, are changed ; and mightier men
Have to our dwarfish race succeeded ; when
Almost the site, the record, even the name,
Of this proud city hath been swept away—
The traveller, up Ludgate's lonely glen
Will pause his step gigantic, 'mid the flocks
Browsing its pastured slope ; and ask, if Fame
That spot had ever known in ancient day ?—
Then—as his lofty smile our London mocks,
And, Thames, thy waters, still the same,
Tho' bared of their broad arhings, he shall say,
pturning Paul's forgotten Cupola—

" Look—this was that small people's pepper-box !"

HYPOCHONDRIACS.—NERVES.—“BLUE DEVILS.”

THE spleen, the vapours, blue devils, the bile, and so on, are all terms given to the *tedium vitæ*, which idle and luxurious people are subject to beyond all others, but which have afflicted some who are even studious. The rich and powerful, by way of soothing their griefs and disappointments, prescribe to themselves a thousand remedies. Gaming, riding, sparring, bathing, Solomon's Balm of Gilead, champagne and opium, mineral waters, &c. &c. &c. But with their inferiors, that is, when such diseases attack authors, they are obliged to *write them off* in prose or verse, in essay, disquisition, history, sonnet, ode, or epic, and so, by repeated doses, evacuating in ink, and periodically repeated, they recover, as Ovid did in his banishment, by elegies; as Mr. Shandy did, by a long harangue over dead Bobby; as Lord Lyttleton did for Lucinda, by a monody, which made him ready for another wife; and as Waller, Shenstone, and Hammond, all gentlemen in love, became cured by telling their griefs to a *sympathising* public. A noble lord, who has, as it is called, a complication of (the above) disorders, writes on, therefore, because he has more hebetated matter to discharge: when his house is cleared of blue devils, he will then become a merry one himself.

Spleen will even, occasionally, work itself into the composition of an Italian. Pratt, in his *Gleanings*, tells us of a French physician, who, having been consulted by a person subject to the most gloomy fits of melancholy, advised his patient to mix in scenes of gaiety and dissipation, and particularly to frequent the Italian theatre; adding, “If Carlini does not dispel your gloomy complaint, your case must be desperate indeed.” Alas! sir, said the patient, I myself am Carlini, and while I divert all Paris with mirth, and make them almost die with laughter, I myself am dying with melancholy and chagrin.

But, generally, such people are most intolerable companions. The mere

common egotist is occasionally amusing; but those who are continually dwelling on their real or fantastic infirmities, are as disconsolate as the diary of an hospital, or an obituary bill. The plaintive tone, too, with which their complaints are uttered, is less to be endured than children cutting their teeth. Goldsmith, in his *Citizen of the World*, letter 92, remarks; that no where was this extravagant passion carried to such an excess as in this country, where man has been found so ingenious as to *invent* an art of distress, a system of torment, and then to *adopt* it.

There are some instances of men carrying the imaginative faculty to a great height. Tulpus mentions a painter, who verily believed that all the bones of his body were so soft and flexible, that they might be crushed together, or folded one within another, like pieces of pliable wax.

Bartholinus, Lemnius, and others, speak of a man, who was persuaded that his nose was grown to that prodigious length and greatness, that it was a great hindrance. The physician cured him by holding concealed a long stuffed thing like a sausage to his nose, and taking hold of the invalid's nose, scratched that with an instrument, dexterously pretending he had whipped off the excrescence.

Three different authors speak of one so extremely nervous, as to imagine his bottom to be made of glass. He dared not sit down lest a simple or a compound fracture should ensue.

A Lusitanian physician had a patient who insisted upon it he was perpetually frozen, and would sit before a great fire even in the dog-days. The Portuguese Esculapius procured him a dress of rough sheep-skins, saturated with aqua vitæ, and set him on fire. The patient then declared he was quite warm, rather too much so, and was cured.

Pedro Mexio tells of a servant, at Cremona, who verily persuaded himself

that he was the pope, and had formed a consistory of cardinals, archbishops, and bishops, in his chamber. At a certain hour of the day he would seat himself in a chair, like a new-created pope, extending forth his foot to be kissed, entertaining ambassadors, making cardinals, dispatching bulls, and ordaining officers for the see apostolical. This fit, when it was upon him, gave him, it seems, a marvellous pleasure. Elianus, or Athenæus, make a report of another man, who kept sundry cats, wherein he took particular delight and pleasure, persuading himself, and telling others, that they were lions.

Galen and Avicen make mention of people who have fancied themselves earthen pots, and therefore have carefully avoided being touched, for fear they should be broken.

Menedenus, a cynic philosopher, fell into that sort of ennui, that he went up and down in the dress of a fury, saying, "He was sent as a messenger from hell, to bring the devil an account of the sins of all mortals."

In our memory, says Lemnius, a noble person fell into a fancy, that he was dead; insomuch that, when his friends besought him to eat, or urged him with threats, he still refused all, saying, "It was in vain with the dead." Fearing that this obstinacy would prove his death, it being the seventh day from whence he had continued it, they thought of this device: they brought into his room, which was purposely made dark, some fellows wrapped in their shrouds; these bringing in meat and drink, began liberally to treat themselves. The sick man seeing this, asks them who they are? and what about? They told him they were dead persons. "How is this; do the dead eat, then?" Yes, to be sure they do; and if you will sit down with us, you shall find it so. The invalid sprung out of bed, and fell too; supper ended, the wine, which had been prepared, cured him.

Dr. Ferriar records the case of a young lady, who fancied herself accompanied by her own apparition, and who, therefore, may be justly said to have been—beside herself.

A young man had a strong imagination that he was dead, and earnestly begged his friends to bury him. They consented by the advice of the physician. He was laid upon a bier, and carried upon the shoulders of men to church, when some pleasant fellows, *up to the business*, met the procession, and enquired who it was; they answered:—"And a very good job it is," said one of them, "for the world is well rid of a very bad and vicious character, which the gallows must have had in due course." The young man, now lying dead, hearing this, popped his head up, and said they ought to be ashamed of themselves in thus traducing his fair fame, and if he was alive, he would thrash them for their insolence. But they proceeding to utter the most disgraceful and reproachful language, dead flesh and blood could no longer bear it; up he jumps, they run, he after them, until he fell down quite exhausted. He was put to bed; the violent exertion he had gone through promoted perspiration, and he got well.

Then there is the case of the insane watchmaker, mentioned by Pinel, who insisted that he had been gullotined, and that another head had afterwards, by mistake, been put on his shoulders instead of his own. "Look at these teeth," he would say: "mine were extremely handsome; these are rotten and decayed: my mouth was sound and healthy; this is foul. How different is this hair from that of my own head!" Mr. Haslam, in his work on insanity, mentions a case of one, who insisted that he had no mouth, and when compelled, by force, to swallow, declared that a wound had been made in his throat, through which the food had been introduced. But we forbear citing any instances of insanity, referring our readers to Crichton's Work, 2 vols., and those of Arnold, Dr. Cox, Haslam, the French Pinel, &c.

Benvenuto Cellini, the celebrated Florentine artist, in his Life, says, that "the governor of the castle in which the former was confined had a periodical disorder of this sort; every year he had some different whim. One

time he conceited himself metamorphosed into a pitcher of oil; another time he thought himself a frog, and began to leap as such; another time, again, he imagined he was dead, and it was found necessary to humour his conceit by making a shew of burying him. At length he thought himself a bat, and when he went to take a walk, he sometimes made just such a noise as bats do; he likewise used gestures with his hands and body, as if he were going to fly."—But it is a matter of some jest that Cellini the writer of another's hypochondriacs, should himself state, that a resplendent light shone over his (own) head from morning till two o'clock in the afternoon, and then again at sunset; and that it was conspicuous to others, to whom he thought proper to shew it.

The celebrated French physician, Silva, in a journey he was obliged to take to Bourdeaux, was consulted during his stay there by the whole town. The prettiest women flocked around him, complaining of weak nerves. Silva made no reply, nor did he prescribe any remedies. Pressed for a long time to explain the reason of his silence, at length he said, with a very oracular tone and manner, *These are not nervous complaints, they proceed from the falling sickness.* The next day

there was not a woman in Bourdeaux who complained of her nerves; the fear of being suspected of a frightful malady cured them in an instant. The conduct of Silva was that of a man of acuteness and peneration. Pretty women wish to interest, they do not wish to terrify.

The Count de Lauragnais sent the following question to the faculty of physics at Paris. "The gentlemen of the faculty are requested to give, in due form, their opinion upon all the possible consequences of *ennui* on the human body, and to what point the health may be affected by it?" The faculty answered, the *ennui* might occasion obstructions of digestion, prevent the free circulation of the blood, create vapours, &c., and that, by continuance, it might even produce *marasmus* and death. Furnished with this authentic document, M. de Lauragnais hastened to a commissary, whom he compelled to receive his complaint; which was in substance, that he denounced Prince de Henin as the murderer of Sophia Arnoud, (a favourite actress,) since, for five whole months he had never stirred from her side.—Grimm calls this a very new and original sally, from a little twist in the brain, doing no harm to any body.

Concluded in our next.

CORNUCOPIA

OF LITERARY CURIOSITIES AND REMARKABLE FACTS.

(London Magazines, June and July.)

ANIMAL SAGACITY.

We are indebted to a friendly correspondent for the following account of a very remarkable circumstance.

"I was yesterday evening at Chelsea botanical gardens, where there is a large gibbon, loose, and very tame; one wing has been cut ever since he has been there, to prevent his escape. I went rather nearer than he approved of, and being a stranger to him, he attempted to fly, which he did for about ten yards. Thus I noticed to Mr. Anderson, who is resident there. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I know it, and he,' speaking of the bird, 'is no fool; for you may observe that he has broke the feathers off the wing

uncut, to make it even with the other; this he has been seen to do.' I was much surprised by so curious a fact, and inquired more particularly if the feathers on the uncut wing were really broke by the bird, and was assured, that it was most certainly the case. As this comes so very near reason, I think it worthy of insertion in your journal."

June 1st, 1821.

A Turkey, the property of Mr Fraser, King's Arms, *Dumfries* having picked up an acquaintance with a very fine Newfoundland dog chained in the yard, has at last established her head-

quarters in the lower end of his narrow kennel ; where, so far from being disturbed by her canine friend, she is watched and protected with the most affectionate care. Although frequently removed from the situation, the turkey always returned to it the first opportunity ; and being now placed on the eggs she formerly laid, bids fair to grace the kennel with a brood of young turkeys, to which the dog will no doubt act as guardian. When any boys or other intruders happen to take a peep at this singular pair, the dog appears irritated, and immediately prepares for a stern resistance.

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From a curious work, entitled, “ A Relation of Apparitions and Spirits in the County of Monmouth and Principality of Wales,” by the Rev. Edmund Jones, we find that besides a staunch belief in the existence of witches, ghosts, goblins, and fairies, the Welsh have certain wild fantasies which seem to be peculiar to themselves. The following are the most singular.

1st. The Dogs of the Sky (*Cwn Wybir*), or, as they are sometimes denominated, *Cwn Annwn*. These terrific animals are supposed to be evil spirits, under the semblance of hunting dogs (of what particular breed or species, deponent saith not), and they are usually accompanied by fire, in some form or other. Their appearance is supposed to indicate the death of some friend or relative of the person to whom they show themselves. N. B. They have never been known to commit any mischief on the persons of either man or woman, goat, sheep, or cow, &c.

2ndly. Corpse Candle (*Canwl Corph*.) This apparition (for apparition it is, and of a lighted tallow candle too, laugh who may !) is also the fore-runner of death. Sometimes it appears in the form of a stately flambeau, and stalking about uninvited from place to place ; and sometimes it appears in the hand of the spectre of the person whose fate it foretels.

3dly. *Cyhiraeth*---a doleful foreboding noise before death, heard by the nearest kin to the person about to depart.

4thly. The Knockers---a very good-natured fortunate sort of beings, whose business it is to point out, by a peculiar kind of bumping, a rich vein of metal ore, or any other subterraneous treasure. They are highly respected, and are deemed nearly allied to the fairies.

The Apparitions among the modern Greeks are equally accommodating. Almost every cavern about Athens has its peculiar virtues ; some are celebrated for providing its fair votaries with husbands, after a few sacrifices ; while others are supposed to be instrumental in accomplishing the dire purposes of hatred and revenge. The offerings made by women to the destinies, in order to render them propitious to their conjugal speculations, are a small feast, consisting of a cup of honey and white almonds, a cake on a little napkin, and a vase of aromatic herbs, burning and exhaling an agreeable perfume. But those evil spirits whose assistance is invoked for vengeance and blood, are not regaled upon cakes and honey, but on a piece of a priest's cap, or a rag from his garment, which are considered as the most favorable ingredients for the perpetration of malice and revenge. Magic is performed for good or evil purposes, according to circumstances.

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Haydn when he sat down to compose, always dressed himself with the utmost care ; had his hair nicely powdered, and put on his best suit. *Fredrick II.* had given him a diamond ring, and *Haydn* declared that if he happened to begin without it, he could not summon a single idea. He could write only on the finest paper, and was as particular in his notes, as if he had been engraving them on copper-plate. After all these minute preparations, he began by choosing the theme of his subject, and fixing into what keys he wished to modulate it ; and he, as it were, varied the action of his subject, by imagining to himself the incidents of some little adventure or romance.

Gluck, when he felt himself in a humour for composing, had his piano carried into a beautiful meadow, and with a bottle of Champagne on each

side of him, transported his imagination to Elysium.

Sarti, a man of gloomy imagination, preferred the solemn stillness of a spacious room, dimly lighted by a single lamp.

Cimarosa delighted in noise and mirth; surrounded by a party of friends, he composed his operas; and as the ideas presented themselves, he seized and embodied them. In this way he planned the beautiful opera, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*.

Pasiello composed his *Barbierre de Saviglia*, and *La Monilara*, in bed.

Sacchini declared that he never had moments of inspiration, except his two favourite cats were sitting one on each shoulder.

SINGULAR CAPTURE.

English history does not record a more daring action than that of Edward Stanley, an English officer, at the attack of one of the forts of Zutphen in the low countries, in the year 1586. Three hundred Spaniards defended this fort, and when Stanley approached it, one of them thrust a pike at him to kill him; he seized hold of it with both his hands, and held it with such force, that the Spaniards unable to wrest it from him, drew him up into the fort. He instantly drew his sword, and dispersed all that were present. This so astonished the garrison, that it gave Stanley's followers time to storm the fort, and establish themselves in their conquest.

Paragraphs.

MRS. HEMANS.

It will be recollected, that one of the first steps taken by the Royal Society of Literature, was to offer premiums of 100, 50, and 25 guineas respectively, for the best View of the Age of Homer, the best poem on Dartmoor, and the best Essay on the Greek Language; which should be submitted to it within certain periods. It gives us much satisfaction to state, that the second of these competitions has been determined, and that on opening the sealed reference to the name of the author, it was found, that the decision had fallen upon a lady, of celebrity in the Literary world—Mrs. HEMANS; who has, we understood, produced a beautiful poem on the occasion, and one likely to add to her fame.

From the announcement, we observe, that the Essay on the Age of Homer, should be sent at farthest by the 22d of February, 1822; and we may further take upon ourselves to say, that the time for the reception of the Essay on the Greek Language, will be prolonged to the same period. As both those subjects are obviously highly interesting, and peculiarly so under the present circumstances of Greece; and as they are open to the whole world, it may be anticipated, that they will lead to some very striking communications.

The publisher of Shelley's *Queen Mab*, has been indicted by the Society for the Suppression of Vice. It is dreadful to think, that for the chance of a miserable pecuniary profit, any man would become the active agent to disseminate principles so subversive of the happiness of society.

The *Pirate*, noticed in our last, will not, we hear, from a well-informed Edinburgh correspondent, be ready in less than two months.

Literal copy of a board, affixed to the pales of a small field, at the end of Osna-burg Street, Regent's Park:—“Whoso ever Traspas in this Park—Hither Cricket or Trapball, or any such, Depredation, Will be Prosecuted according to Law.”

DEAF AND DUMB.

A young person of the name of Devenne, deaf and dumb, was lately presented to the King of France; and laid before his Majesty the model of a grand Chateau in pasteboard. It has about two hundred windows with curtains and trimmings, beneath which was discerned the interior and well-furnished apartments. The design was altogether imaginary, and cost three years labour with rule, pen-knife, and compass.

HYDROPHOBIA.

Some shocking cases of Hydrophobia, have lately occurred in the vicinity of Farnham, Surry, and after the evil had happened, as is too much the case in this country, precautions were adopted to save surrounding animals, and consequently the neighbouring population from the dreadful malady. Surely some police regulation might be adopted to prevent the now, very frequent appearance of so appalling an accident. The dog tax is perhaps, less efficiently collected, than any other in the country. Its enforcement, would do some good; but, especially in large towns and cities, the example of Zurich, might be followed with most salutary effect. At Zurich, certain beagles, or constables are appointed for every district, whose office it is, to pound every dog found roaming about unmuzzelled. These persons are armed with a long-stick, having a running noose at the end, which they slip over the neck of the unlawful prowler, and if his size permit, whirl him aloft in air round their head, till stupified; he is then dragged to the pound, whence his owner must redeem him, otherwise, his skin is taken. Owing to this arrangement, hydrophobia is unknown in these parts.

NEGRO POETRY.

The well-known propensity of the slaves in the West Indies to make verses on all subjects, has been often noticed. The following couplet has amused us by its whimsical conceit. Mr. Martin, a favourite with the black population, had lost 50 lb. on a horse-race; the animals together not being worth,

perhaps, one-fifth of that sum; and upon this, the African bard wrote---

"Massa Martin, Massa Martin, me sorry for your loss!
But five hundred pounds would have bought a better horse."

The Expediency of Safety Lamps is enforced by the following melancholy detail.

EXPLOSION. On the 29th of May, a fatal accident happened from an explosion of fire damp in a coal mine, at Serang near Liege, in the kingdom of the Netherlands. M. Michas, a master miner, having descended to a part of the works 201 fathoms deep, proceeded with twenty-six workmen to follow the course of a new vein. They had not gone far, when a slight detonation was heard, and a minute afterwards, a second very violent one, and at the same time almost the whole of the gallery fell in with a dreadful crash. The retreat of the workmen being thus cut off, an attempt was made to remove the earth that had fallen in, but this was found impracticable, as fresh stone and earth continued to descend as fast as the ruins were cleared away. It was requisite, therefore, to open a new way through the solid stratum, which could not be accomplished till after forty-five hours incessant labour. This new passage was conducted with great judgment, for it led to the precise spot where the accident had happened; twenty-three of the workmen were found, but unhappily all quite dead. The four others have not been found.

NEW COLOUR FOR ARTISTS.

We have always noticed an improvement in arts or science which has fallen under our cognizance; and the following, though familiar to some individuals, may yet not be so generally known, nor its importance to the fine arts so sufficiently appreciated, as ought to be. It relates to the production of a colour in painting, hitherto the most transient, although the most indispensable in use among our artists. We allude to Madder Lake. After more than seven years' labour, and more than a thousand experiments, Mr. Field has prepared a Lake from Madder, which in point of brilliancy and durability, both for oil and water colours, is well within a short time had nothing comparable to it in the arts. To these qualities (as we are assured) the quality of durability.

The late Sir Joshua Reynolds was known to say, that he would give a thousand guineas for such a discovery; and we cannot doubt, but that it was to combat the disadvantages of the Lakes in use, that many of his experiments were made. If this statement be, as we believe it to be, correct, artists may now look with confidence to the employment of a colour, on which, of all others, they could heretofore least depend; and purchasers of modern art, may calculate upon performances more lasting in what gives them value than any productions within the last century, we might perhaps say, within the last two centuries.

DR. RUSBY.

It happened one morning, whilst the Doctor was at his desk, hearing a class, that a stone came suddenly through the window, and fell very near him; on which, knowing that some of the boys were without, he dispatched two of the larger boys of the class he was hearing, to bring in the culprit for whom

he, in the mean time, took out his instruments of flagellation.

The boys being, however, unwilling to bring in their offending comrade, who was soon discovered, they laid their hands upon a meagre looking Frenchman, who happened to pass by at the time; they brought him in, and accused him of the trespass, upon which without hearing what he had to say for himself, the Doctor said "Take him up," and gave him such a flogging as he would one of his own boys. The Frenchman thinking it in vain to shew his resentment for the unexpected chastisement he had received, to a master surrounded by his scholars, and exposed to their nootings, indignantly retreated; but at the first coffee-house he came to, stopped, wrote the Doctor a challenge, and sent it by a porter. Having read this *billet doux* he ordered in the messenger, on whose appearance, says the Doctor again, "Take him up," and served him exactly as he had done his employer. It was now the porter's turn to be wretched, who returned growling and swearing that the Frenchman should make him full amends for the treatment he had exposed him to; from whom, however, all the redress he got, was a shrug of the shoulders, accompanied with the exclamation, "Ah, sure he be de *vipping* man, he *vip* me, *vip* you, and *vip* all de world."

FONDNESS OF THE PARISIANS FOR SHOWS.

Saint Louis published a tariff for the regulating the duties upon the different articles brought into Paris by the gate of the Little Chatelet; and among other particulars is the following:—"That whosoever fetches a monkey into the city for sale, shall pay four deniers; but if the monkey belongs to a merry andrew, the merry andrew shall be exempt from paying the duty, as well upon the said monkey as on every thing else he carries along with him, by causing his monkey to play before the collector!" From hence is derived the French proverb "*Payer en monnaie de singe*;" "Laugh at a man instead of paying him." Another article in the above tariff specifies, that jugglers shall be exempt from all impost, provided they sing a couplet of a song before the tollgatherer.

SINGULAR STORY.

A widow lady residing at Chénus, near Lyons, being possessed of considerable property, promised to make her will in favour of one of her nieces, who lived with her. The aunt, however, died without accomplishing her design, and the young lady undertook to execute the will herself. Having retired to bed, in a suitable disguise, she sent for a notary, to whom with a feeble faltering voice she dictated the supposed testament. Unfortunately one of the witnesses brought by the notary discovered the trick. The girl could not endure the thought of the disgraceful punishment that awaited her: vexation and disappointment produced so powerful an impression on her mind, that she expired almost immediately, and was buried at the same time with her aunt.

Mr. Barth of Strasburg has just published, in the Gazette of Mayence his discovery of a new Barometer, which will announce every change of the weather thirty hours before it happens. This instrument, which in the time of Galileo would perhaps have conducted the inventor into the prisons of the inquisition, will it is asserted, give notice of thunder storms twelve hours before they occur.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 12.] BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 15, 1821. [VOL. IX.

SIR R. K. PORTER'S TRAVELS.

(Literary Gazette.)

SIR Robert's observations on the mighty Caucasian chain are altogether good ; but we can copy only a part, describing some of the superstitions and dreadful phenomena connected with that giant belt of mountains, in which Elborus is intimated to be 16,700 feet above the level of the sea.

"There is a tradition here, that during the subsiding of the deluge, the ark of Noah, while floating over these mountains in the direction of Ararat, its place of final rest, smote the head of Elborus with its keel, and the cleft it made in the mountain has remained ever since. To give any colour of feasibility to the legend, it had better have represented, that the ark struck off the top of the one mountain in its passage to the other ; for, otherwise, Elborus, towering as it is, being at present much lower than Ararat, it could not have been touched at all by the sacred vessel floating towards so much higher a region. But this oral remembrance of some junction having taken place between Elborus and the earliest personages of Holy Writ, is not the only honour of the kind attached to the history of this celebrated mountain. Heathen traditions, and classical writers affirm, that Elborus was the huge and savage rock of Caucasus to which Prometheus was chained. And who, but Eschylus, has drawn its picture ? In his pages alone, we find the magnitude,

sublimity, and terror of that 'stony girdle of the world,' that quarry of the globe, whence all its other mountains may seem to have been chiselled ; such are its wondrous abysses, its vast and caverned sides, and summits of every form and altitude, mingling with the clouds. There is still a tradition amongst the natives, who reside in the valleys of Elborus, that the bones of an enormous giant, exposed there by Divine wrath, are yet to be seen on its smaller summit. Indeed, the story is so much a matter of firm belief with the rude tribes in that quarter of the Caucasus, that people are to be found amongst them, who will swear they have seen these huge remains. Marvellous as the story is, it seemed so well attested, that some time ago, a European general officer thought, he might make it a ground for penetrating farther than had yet been attempted, into the interior of the mountain ; and accordingly, I was told, he set forth on this expedition, with a party of two hundred men and a light piece of artillery, to ascertain the truth of so extraordinary a tale. However, the moment was not yet arrived for a European eye to behold the remains of this dead Colossus ; for scarcely had he penetrated any distance into the recesses of the mountain, when a dreadful avalanche rolled in fury down its side, and overwhelmed the whole party, excepting its

leader, and two or three soldiers. There was now no doubt amongst the natives, that the intention of the expedition was to have given charitable sepulchre to the unburied corpse, and that the accident happened in consequence of the vengeance of the spirits of the mountain, who had the mysterious relics in charge; thus to show, that the doom of their being left to bleach on that unsheltered rock for ever should never be reversed. So far the judgment of the spirits of the mountain! But it is more credibly believed, by the persons who told me the story, that the real object of the expedition, which set forth under this mask, was to reconnoitre ground for the establishment of some good positions in the mountains."

Avalanches frequently happen in these stupendous regions:

"And they are not always confined to the winter season; but happen at any time, when either the power of the sun, or the weight of the snows, may disengage the preponderating load from its hold on the mountain. In June, 1776, the course of the Terek was stopped by one of these ice torrents; when its impeded waters rose to the height of 258 feet, and suddenly tearing a passage through the rocky barrier of that tremendous defile, with a noise louder than thunder resounded by a thousand echoes, rushed onward in a devastating flood.

"Similar was the horrid scene, report brought to us in the month of November, 1817. The pale summit of the mountain Kasibek, on the other side which shelves down into the dark valley between Derial and the village which bears the mountain's name, had been seen abruptly to move. In an instant it was launched forward; and nothing was now beheld for the shaken snow, and dreadful over-shadowing of the falling destruction. The noise that accompanied it, was the most stunning, bursting, and rolling onward, of all that must make death certain. As the avalanche rushed on, huge masses of rock, rifted from the mountain's side, were driven before it; and the snows, and ice of centuries, pouring down in immense shattered forms, and rending

heaps, fell, like the fall of an earthquake; covering from human eye, villages, valleys, and people! What an awful moment, when all was still!—when the dreadful cries of man and beast were heard no more; and the tremendous avalanche lay a vast, motionless, white shroud on all around.

"The magnitude of the destruction will readily be comprehended, when it is understood; that the depth of the snow, which thus rolled downwards in sight of the appalled inhabitants of the valley, was full twenty-eight fathoms that is, 168 feet; and its extent more than six wersts, or four miles English. It immediately blocked up the course of the Terek, whose obstructed waters, beating up, in immense billows, foaming and raging against this strange impediment, seemed at times, ready to overtop it; but, still repelled by the firmness and height of the snow, it fell back on its bed with a roaring that proclaimed the dreadful scene to a vast distance. The overcharged waters then formed themselves into a lake, which spread down the whole valley, on the river-side of its tremendous barrier; thus completely barring all communication with Wlady Caucasus. Nearly twelve days elapsed before the river had sapped its way through so immense a body of consolidated snow; but, when it did make an opening, its flood, and fury, and devastating consequences, fell not far short of the dreadful ruin occasioned by the cause of its obstruction. Bridges, forts, every thing contiguous to its path, were washed away in the torrent."

As we do not like to leave Tiflis with so painful an impression, we shall diversify our page, and finish with some particulars respecting the people of Circassia; obtained from natives who accompanied the Russian embassy.

"The prince and his nobles have much the same sort of education that was bestowed on the great men amongst our Saxon ancestors; manly exercises, and the use of arms. The prince alone is regularly taught to read and write. In all but this distinction, (which is a real superiority, as its tendency is to enlarge the knowledge where

most power resides,) he is trained, from his earliest youth, along with the younger chieftains, to the management of the horse, and the mastery of every weapon in use amongst them; and at a certain age, he accompanies his instructors and their followers in occasional excursions against the neighbouring predatory tribes, to inure him to brave danger, to rescue plunder, or retaliate rapine; and to make him acquainted alike with the passes, which will most readily conduct him into the territories of his enemies, and the avenues that might easiest lead them to his own.

"The women, who are so often the only spoil sought after by the marauding tribes about Circassia, are brought up in simple and domestic habits by their mothers; a mode of education that must make the act of being torn from their parents and country doubly distressing to the youthful victims. They are taught by their mothers, not merely the use of the needle in decorative works, but to make their own clothes, and those of the men of their family. Soon after a female infant is born, her waist is encircled by a leathern bandage, sewn tight and which only gives way afterwards to the natural growth of the child. It is then replaced by another; and so on, till the shape is completely formed, according to the taste of the country. The first night of her nuptials, the husband cuts the cincture with his poignard; a custom something dangerous, and certainly terrific, to the blushing bride. After marriage the women are kept very close, not even their husbands' own relations being suffered to visit them; but, what seems an extraordinary inconsistency, a man has no objection to allow that privilege to a stranger, whom he permits to enter the sacred precincts of his home, without himself to be a guard over its decorum. For it is a rule with the Circassians, never to be seen by a third person in the presence of their wives; and they observe it strictly to their latest years.

"On the morning of the celebration of a marriage, the bride presents her intended husband with a coat of mail,

helmet, and all other articles necessary to a full equipment for war. Her father, on the same day, gives her a small portion of her dowry; while he, at the same time, receives from his son-in-law an exchange of genealogies; a punctilio, on which they all pique themselves with as great a nicety, as on any point of personal honour; every man being more or less esteemed, according to the purity, and illustrious names of his descent. When the first child of the marriage is born, the father of the bride pays up the residue of her fortune to the husband; presenting her, at the same auspicious moment, with the distinguishing badges of a married woman, (never put on with this tribe, until offspring is the fruit of union,) which honourable marks are, a long white veil, over a sort of red coif; all the rest of the dress being white also. Indeed, white is universal with the women, married and single; but the men always wear colours. The wife has the care of her husband's arms and armour; and she is so habitually anxious he should not disgrace them, that if she have the most distant idea he has used them with less bravery, in any particular action, than his brethren, she never ceases assailing him with reproach and derision, till he washes away the stain of imputed cowardice, either in the blood of his enemies or his own. At present, the professed religion of these people, is Mahometan; but this sort of female heroism, speaks more like the high mind of a Spartan virgin, or a Roman matron, than one of the soul-less daughters of the Arabian prophet. Formerly, the Christian faith had made some progress amongst them, but not a vestige of its ordinances is now to be found. Hospitality, however, is an eminent virtue with the tribe of the true Circassians; and it is a no inconsequential one, in these remote regions of savage men, and more savage hostility. One of the courtesies peculiarly reserved by this tribe, to do honour to strangers, I have already mentioned—that of admitting them to the sacredness of their domestic hearths; but this sort of welcome goes still farther,

and even to a preposterous length (to say the least of it) amongst other tribes of the Caucasus, and particularly that of the Kisty. When a traveller arrives at one of their abodes, the host orders one of his daughters to do the honours of his reception, to take care of his horse and his baggage, to prepare his meals, and, when night comes on, to share his bed. The refusal of the latter part of the entertainment, would be

considered as a great affront to the young lady and her father. The natives of a part of Lapland not very far from Torneo, have a similar custom; but then it is the wife of the host, whom he delivers into the bosom of his guest; and she remains with the stranger, as his exclusive property, during the whole of his sojourn under her husband's roof."

HUNTING THE GOUR, OR WILD ASS OF PERSIA.

SIR Robert Ker Porter, in his interesting Travels through Georgia, Persia, Babylonia, &c., recently published, describes falling in with two of the above animals.

"The sun (says this writer) was just rising over the summits of the eastern mountains when my greyhound Cooley suddenly darted off in pursuit of an animal, which my Persians said, from the glimpse they had of it, was an antelope. I instantly put spurs to my horse, and followed by Sedak Bey and the mehmander, followed the chase. After an unrelaxed gallop of full three miles, we came up with the dog, who was then within a short stretch of the creature he pursued; and to my surprise, and at first, vexation, I saw it to be an ass. But on a moment's reflection, judging from its fleetness it must be a wild one, a species little known in Europe, but which the Persians prize above all other animals, as an object of chase, I determined to approach as near to it, as the very swift Arab I was on would carry me. But the single instant of checking my horse to consider, had given our game such a head of us, that notwithstanding all our speed, we could not recover our ground on him. I, however, happened to be considerably before my companions, when, at a certain distance, the animal, in its turn, made a pause, and allowed me to approach within pistol-shot of him. He then darted off with the quickness of thought; capering, kicking, and sport-

ing in his flight, as if he were not blown in the least, and the chase were his pastime.

"He appeared to me to be about ten or twelve hands high; the skin smooth like a deer's, and of a reddish colour; the belly and hinder parts partaking of a silver grey; his neck was that of a common ass, being longer, and bending like a stag's, and his legs beautifully slender; the head and ears seemed large in proportion to the gracefulness of those forms, and by them I first recognized that the object of my chase was of the ass tribe. The mane was short and black, as was also a tuft which terminated his tail. No line whatever ran along his back or crossed his shoulders, as are seen on the same species with us. When my followers of the country came up, they regretted I had not shot the creature when he was so within my aim; telling me his flesh is one of the greatest delicacies in Persia; but it would not have been to eat him that I should have been glad to have him in my possession. The prodigious swiftness and peculiar manner with which he fled across the plain coincided exactly with the description Xenophon gives of the same animal in Arabia. But, above all, it reminded me of the striking portrait drawn by the author of the book of Job. I shall venture to repeat it, since the words will give life and action to the sketch that is to accompany these pages:—

“Who hath loosed the bonds of the wild ass, whose house I have made in the wilderness, and the barren land his dwellings! He scorneth the multitude of the city, neither regardeth he the crying of the driver. The range of the mountain is his pastime.”

“I was informed by the mehmander who had been in the desert, when making a pilgrimage to the shrine of Ali, that the wild ass of Irak Arabi differs in nothing from the one I had just seen. He had observed them often for a short time in the possession of a person who told him the creature was perfectly untameable. A few days after this discussion, we saw another of these animals, and pursuing it determinately had the good fortune after a hard chase to kill and bring it to our quarters.—It is called *gour* by the Persians, and is usually seen in herds, though often single, straying away, as the one I first saw, in the wantonness of liberty. To the national passion for hunting so wild an object, Persia lost one of its most estimable monarchs, Baharam, surnamed *Gour*, from his fondness for the sport, and general success in the pursuit of an animal almost as fleet as the wind. The scene of this chase was a fine open vale, near to Shiraz, but which had the inconvenience of being intersected by a variety of springs, forming themselves into exceedingly deep ponds, caverned at the bottom by nature to an extent under ground not to be traced. While the king was in the heat of the pursuit, his horse came suddenly to the brink of one of these pieces of water, and tumbling headlong, both horse and rider disappeared. The pond was immediately explored, to the utmost of their ability in those days, but the body of the king could not be found; hence it is supposed, it must have been driven by the stream into one of the subterraneous channels, and there found a watery grave. This event happened 1400 years ago, and yet it forms an interesting tale in the memories of the natives, to relate to the traveller passing that way.”

“PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.”

Baharam the fifth, surnamed *Gour*, who was killed in a gour-hunt, as above related, was one of the bravest and

best princes of the Sassanian race. Sir John Malcolm gives a curious anecdote respecting the love of this king towards his queen, and the circumstances which raised her into such high estimation with him, as to induce him to commemorate her image with his own by giving her profile with his on the Sassanian coins. The story is thus told on the spot where they say it happened:—

“The ruling passion of Baharam was the chase, and proud of his excellence as an archer, he wished to exhibit his skill before his favourite wife. She accordingly accompanied him to the plain, and an antelope was descried at a distance lying asleep. The monarch drew his bow with such precision, that its arrow grazed the animal’s ear. The antelope awoke, and put his hind hoof to the spot to strike off the fly, by which he appeared to conceive he was annoyed. The monarch shot again, and pinned the hoof to the horn. The exulting Baharam turned to the lady with a look that demanded her opinion of his skill, but she coolly observed, “Practice makes perfect.” So indifferent a reply where he expected such warm praises, stung him to the soul with disappointment and jealousy, and in the fury of the moment he ordered her to be carried to the mountains, and exposed to perish. The minister, who was to obey this cruel command took her thence, but mercifully sparing her life, allowed her to retire under a deep disguise, to an obscure village on the mountain side. She took up her lodgings in the upper chamber of a tower, to which she ascended by twenty steps. On her arrival she bought a young calf, which she regularly carried up and down the flight every day. This exercise she continued for four years, and the improvement in her strength kept pace with the increasing weight of the animal. Baharam, who had supposed his favourite to have been long dead, happened, after a fatiguing chase, to be one evening at this village; he saw a young woman carrying a large cow up a flight of twenty steps. He was astonished, and sent to enquire how strength so extraordinary had been acquired by a woman of apparently so

truly a feminine form. The young person, who had wrapped herself in her veil, said she would communicate her secret to none but the king, and to him only on his condescending to come to the tower alone. Baharam instantly obeyed the summons, and on his repeating his admiration of what he had seen, she bid him not lavish his praises as if she had performed a miracle, for "practice makes perfect," said the queen, in her natural tone of voice, and

at the same time lifting up her veil. The king recognized and embraced her, struck with the lesson she had thus given him, and delighted with a proof of love which had induced her for four years to pursue so arduous a plan of convincing him of his mistake. He restored her to his affection and rank as his favourite wife, and had a palace built on the spot of their re-union, to commemorate the event."

LORD BYRON AND MR. BOWLES' CONTROVERSY RESPECTING POPE.

(Gentleman's Magazine.)

The "Quarrels of Authors" have been most ably and satisfactorily treated by Mr. D'Israeli; and, though the present *fracas* would at this moment be tender ground, it may find a niche in some future Edition of those very amusing Volumes. Having already noticed this Controversy at some length in a preceding Number, we shall only again revert to it, for the purpose of observing, that the Noble Bard, in his Letter to a respectable Bookseller, with a warmth which reflects honour on his Lordship's feelings, defends both the moral and poetical character of Pope. We are seriously inclined to think that the Publick are as much indebted to Lord Byron for this elegant Epistle in Prose, as for any of his lofty Poems, and shall proceed to point out one delightful passage, which more immediately relates to himself.

"I LOOK upon myself as entitled to talk of naval matters, at least to poets:—with the exception of Walter Scott, Moore, and Southey, perhaps, who have been voyagers. I have swam more miles than all the rest of them together now living ever sailed, and have lived for months and months on ship-board; and, during the whole period of my life abroad, have scarcely ever passed a month out of sight of the Ocean: besides being brought up from two years till ten on the brink of it. I recollect, when anchored off Cape Sigeum in 1810, in an English frigate, a violent squall coming on at sunset, so violent as to make us imagine the ship would part cable, or drive from her anchorage. Mr. Hobhouse and myself, and some officers, had been up the Dardanelles to Abydos, and were just returned in time. The aspect of a storm in the Archipelago is as poetical as need be, the sea being particularly short, dashing, and dangerous, and the navigation intricate and broken by the isles and currents. Cape Sigeum, the tumuli of the Troad, Lemnos, Tenedos, all added to the associations of the time. But what seemed the most "poetical" of all at the moment, were

the numbers (about two hundred) of Greek and Turkish craft, which were obliged to "cut and run," before the wind, from their unsafe anchorage, some for Tenedos, some for other Isles, some for the Main, and some it might be for Eternity. The sight of these little scudding vessels, darting over the foam in the twilight, now appearing and now disappearing between the waves in the clond of night, with their peculiarly white sails, (the Levant sails not being of "coarse canvas," but of white cotton), skimming along as quickly, but less safely than the sea-mews which hovered over them; their evident distress, their reduction to fluttering specks in the distance, their crowded succession, their littleness, as contending with the giant element, which made our stout forty-four's *teak* timbers, (she was built in India), creak again; their aspect and their motion, all struck me as something far more "poetical" than the mere broad, brawling, shipless sea, and the sullen winds, could possibly have been without them.

"The Euxine is a noble sea to look upon, and the port of Constantinople the most beautiful of harbours, and

yet I cannot but think that the twenty sail of the line, some of one hundred and forty guns, rendered it more "poetical" by day in the sun, and by night perhaps still more, for the Turks illuminate their vessels of war in a manner the most picturesque, and yet all this is *artificial*. As for the Euxine, I stood upon the Symplegades—I stood

by the broken altar still exposed to the winds upon one of them—I felt all the "poetry" of the situation, as I repeated the first lines of *Medea*; but would not that 'poetry' have been heightened by the *Argo*? It was so even by the appearance of any merchant vessel arriving from *Odessa*."

SECRETS OF CABALISM.

(European Magazine.)

IN the month of August, 1798 a vessel steering towards the western entrance of the straits of Magellan was stranded on a reef of coral rocks, and went to pieces. One Frenchman swam on shore, accompanied by a gentoo servant whose efforts saved him from perishing. The Island on which chance had cast them appeared not more than a mile broad, crossed by a deep valley. In the centre of this valley, surrounded by a thick plantation of bananas and plantain trees, the two shipwrecked strangers found three rows of houses, each in the form of an oblong square, with a shelving roof, supported by seven posts on each side and three in the middle. The eaves reached within two feet of the ground, leaving the rest open and unwall'd. These roofs or eaves were composed of palm-leaves, thatched with a degree of skill and symmetry that promised civilized inhabitants. The Frenchman took a branch of the *Mimosa* tree, knowing how generally its tender and flexible leaves are respected, perhaps because they seem even to rude nations an emblem of courtesy, and presented himself at the first hut's entrance. He was surprised to receive a courteous answer from a gentle voice in the English language. The speaker had the features of a Briton, though shaded with a deep olive tint; and the white cloth which covered his tall and well-shaped figure was arranged in something like European costume. The stranger spake English well, and was instantly surrounded by all the residents of this valley, hailing with cries

and gestures of joy, the countryman of their ancestors. Their welcome was shared by his gentoo attendant, who knelt humbly to receive it, and both were led into the central hut, seated on a bench covered with soft matting, and feasted on delicious fish. Delombre was cautious to avail himself of fortunate accidents, and spoke of England with the glee and familiarity of a native. He heard the traditions of the islanders, who informed him, that an accident very similar to his own had thrown an English ship on what they called the coast of *Omorca*, about the year 1649. The passengers in this crew were a person named *D'ghy*, his family and a few of his friends, emigrating to the new southern world from the turmoils of rebellion. These had been the parents and founders of the colony, in which Delombre was surprised to find no traces of Christianity. There was, indeed, a Moravian regularity in the movements of the whole. The central hut was so contrived as to command a view of those that surrounded it, and they, resting on detached pillars of the clustered stems of trees, formed a perspective on all sides not unlike the arcades of the *Banian* tree. The inhabitant of this centre was invested with the office of chief magistrate, and teacher of those mysteries which seemed to be at once their law and gospel. At first Delombre was cautiously and reluctantly admitted among the audience, but his profound and submissive attention gained their confidence. He then discovered, that the seven props of every house alluded

symbolically to the seven metals, the seven planets, and the seven days' work of creation : that they believed in two things, a good, and an evil spirit, and expected a millennium or perfect state of man at the end of a thousand years. In preparation for this great sabbath, they appeared to live in an entire community of brotherhood and peace. Their huts or dwellings were all equal ; the little isle was common property, like lands of ancient parishes ; and their boats were divided into small allotments of the same size, in which, whatever was the success of any individual in fish, he was only permitted to deposit as much as it would contain, and to distribute the rest among his companions. On the same principle, the public granary was subject to the equal demands of every family, and the cloth which their mulberry trees' bark afforded belonged not to the manufacturers, but to the commonwealth. Punishments seemed hardly needed, for the mild temperament of these people, subdued by a pure and moderate diet, incessant labour, and the total absence of all excitements to love, avarice, ambition, or revenge, almost promised to realize their hope of perfectibility. Love was no passion here, for the young women of the island, seen all day at work in their open huts in the plain clothing never permitted to be embellished, had none of the charms afforded by seclusion, mystery, or parade. The mayor, or chief magistrate, united them in the central pavilion of the valley, and dissolved their contract when they complained of discontent, which seldom happened, for neither party could gain any thing by a change, except a new progeny, and a consequent increase of labour. There was no ceremony, no congratulations, no change of scene or dress, to flatter the imagination ; and love, as Rochefoucault merrily says, was never known, because it was never spoken of.

Delombre, a pupil of Rochefoucault in manners, but of a much deeper philosophy in other points, was surprised and strongly interested by this Utopian island. He easily perceived in the obscure creed of its inhabitants the relics of that superstition which prevailed among the Rosicrucians * or Hermetic men, the Cabalists, Platonists, and Illuminati of the Dutch and German schools in the sixteenth century. He remembered the name of Digby among their disciples, and had no doubt that the father of this colony was some kinsman of the Sir Kenelm Digby, famous for his faith in the dreams of Jacob Behmen, and John of Munster during the first Charles's reign. He was surprised to find such a community of men governed by the simple levelling principle of those enthusiasts, without any help from the more solemn inventions and witcheries of Dr. Dee, and Hugh Peters. He rather expected to have found in this relic of their sect some traces of the beryl glass and magic tripod by which those impostors either duped or aided the reformers of Cromwell's days. And he was not mistaken. For on the seventh sabbath after his arrival in the island, he witnessed an assembly of the eldest men held in silence at midnight, "under the close shade of innumerable boughs," while their chief read from the remnant of a very ancient bible certain strange, and dark texts in the Apocrypha. And there was a rude altar of stone on which a plate † of some mixed metal was fastened, inscribed with Egyptian characters, and covered with a crimson veil which none but the patriarch presumed to raise. "I am not mistaken," said Delombre to himself: "the vision of universal equality and perfection, and the omnipotence of God and Matter, or rather of Matter without God, has found its way from the Magians recorded by Plutarch, through the secret tribunals of Westphalia, the elegant academies of Descartes and Spino-

* Some account of these dreamers may be found in D'Argenson, and Barton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. The 574th. No. of the Spectator alludes to them with poetical complacency.

† Perhaps something similar to the round plate usually attached to the Abacus, or staff of office, carried by the Knights-Templars, who are supposed to have learned the original mysteries of Cabalism in the early days of Crusading, and to have diffused them on their return from the East.

sa and the round-headed, crop-eared dupes of an English parliament's hired wizards, to this paradise in the Southern Seas!—Plato himself, who expected that golden period when 'all mankind should be one family, having all things in common and one form of speech,' would have yawned if he had spent seven weeks in the dullness of this 'equal republic of the elect.'—I marvel that the Rosicrucian Digby did not enrich his colony with a few sylphs and nymphs exempt from the domestic drudgery of this levelling system; and bring the Houris of the Manichean heresy into his island-tabernacle, though he could not find the elixir of life or the seed of gold. Let us see whether we cannot enliven the dull matter which composes these people with some finer touch of the *fifth element* they expect."

Delombre began by recommending himself to his new friend's esteem by the urbanity and gentleness of his conduct. He assisted his Gentoo servant in constructing several ingenious toys and utensils in addition to many they possessed, especially a flageolet and a guitar capable of great sweetness. He observed that all their domestic articles were constructed of bone very neatly polished, or of wood, but never of metal, and he concluded that their creed forbade its use, as the founder of Digby's philosophy taught the depreciation of all metals. Delombre's ardent spirit seized on this opportunity to realize or establish the full extent of the Rosicrucian creed, to try its influence over a simple race of men, and to see its consequences. The inhabitants of this isle, whose very name had some reference to the Chaldean root of Rosicrucianism, seemed formed for his disciples; and their isle, perhaps, might be the first theatre of a cabalist's dominion.

Delombre's meditations were interrupted by the person who held in this island an office nearly similar to the patriarch of St. Kilda's. When they had walked together a few paces—"This," said he, "is the place where by burying our dead we restore them to the basest of the four elements mystically mingled in us. Look round and tell us what you see."

"I see," replied Delombre, "a sandy plain, without tree, stone, or beacon. The darkness that lies beyond passes my sight."

"You are right," said the Patriarch, "and such is the state we live in here. There is a dry smooth level crust spread over the corruption at work beneath. Our wretched people lie under the weight of our barbarous equality, a prey to vile paltry passions, ever grovelling and coiling, as the dead lie under this soil devoured by earth-worms—yet the quietness of the grave appears outside:—Here is neither flower nor tablet to honour the dead, nor have the living here either joy or honour. All is blank, barren, and dark, yet this burial-place is better than our life, for our life is a death we feel."

Delombre's brow became black, and he cast a fearful glance towards the dark cavern which terminated the prospect.

"None but the dead are near us," continued the Patriarch, "and we may speak safely of what concerns the living. You cannot desire to remain here—Assist me in completing the boat I have secretly begun to build, and we may escape together."

"From hence," said Delombre, in surprise—"from this quiet and free island!—to navigate an unknown sea and visit strangers?"

"Yours," answered his companion, "was not the first vessel that has touched it; but what you have told me is enough. I loathe the poverty, the sameness, the torpor of our existence here. Where men build towers and cities and palaces, they must have property and hope. They would not plough, nor reap those rich fields you tell of, nor come forth in such gallant vessels, if there was no better prize for their labour than the pittance given to all men. If they have churches, they must feel or know something of a God. England, they say, has all these—Men are not buried there like dogs, nor born only to eat, sleep, and die.—Here we have nothing else to do."

"What!" said Delombre, contemptuously—"to see a few useless palaces

and churches, would you leave the bones of your fathers, the young men born under your roof, and the mother who reared them?"

"I tell you," the patriarch answered, "we have no property and no hope. Our iron law gives all things alike to all men—the idle, the witless, the gormandizing, and the ungrateful. Our women are dull as the wood which kindles our fires—What more are they to us, or we to them?—Our children owe us nothing, for we cannot enrich them—they are sure of bread and sleep whether they are the drones or the bees of this hive. The drones may devour their morsel of honey, and the most industrious bees have no better share. Therefore we heed them and they heed us no more than the swamp regards the water it sucks in and never yields again. We are like the rushes in a swamp—equal, it is true, but all feeble, and soon withered.—In England——"

"In England," interrupted the Frenchman, bitterly, "the commonwealth is a tree which they are hewing down because the roots cannot be at the top, and every branch cannot bear at once both blossom and fruit. There is not a pool in your island sooner disturbed by a pebble—not a bunch of dry fern on your hearths more easily kindled into a blaze than the owners of those broad fields and rich cities!—Nor is there a nook in the most savage corner of the world which they are not readier to dwell in than their own!"

"But they may *hope*!" exclaimed the Patriarch, his dark eyes gleaming and expanding—"they must range—they must rave—they must mistake evil for good, but there is good in view, and if they fall sometimes, they are free to rise. They are not forced to live in the deadness and desert of an eternal Level.—Their tree bears fruit, and every man may strive to reach it. Friend!—my night's prayer and my morning dream is to see that land, where there is a race to run, and a prize to win."

"And I," said Delombre, "have spent my manhood in flying from such

vanities. I once believed some childish tales, but I have shaken them off—and instead of hoping for an hundred ages beyond the grave, I enjoy the present."

"You believed and hoped this once!" rejoined the Patriarch, stopping short, "and you strive to forget it? I would give all the years of my past life for one day of such belief. Well—thou may'st teach it me, however; and I will make these senseless grovelers happy before I go. They look for a change into some unknown element a thousand years hence—let us give them a nearer and better hope."

The philosopher smiled in scorn, and promised to instruct him in those cabalistic secrets which govern and amuse men.

Delombre, however, had no intention to amuse his new acquaintance with the whims of cabalism respecting the mighty secret of generating gold, or its parent mercury.* Neither did he suppose that such a secret, even if he had possessed it, would have been more useful to him, than to its owner Paracelsus, who died ridiculously poor, notwithstanding the help of his gold seed, and the imp he kept in the pommel of his sword: both as unprofitable as the mice he pretended to make out of meal. But he erected in the hut allotted to him certain machines calculated to excite the curiosity of the people; and with great mystery informed their Patriarch that he belonged himself to the creed of their English Ancestor. "But," said he, "you are aware that he did not live long enough here to convey to his descendants the inmost secret of his faith. That which you obscurely call the Creator of the world, is the substance that fills it. Since all things, even the impalpable air, is material—that is, a mass of matter—the power that sways all things is in it, and matter itself is the divinity."

There was darkness in this light, and the old man he addressed only trembled and was silent. But when the younger men of the community gathered round the orator, he took care to clothe

* The alchemists Von Helmont and Fludd pretend that mercury is the original principle of gold, and sulphur of the inferior metals. And they affect to suppose them typically represented by Adam and Eve:

his mystery in gayer colours. He told his hearers, that the air, the fire, the water and the earth which they beheld, were inhabited by particles endued with life like themselves, but too delicate to be discerned by common eyes. "Their business," he added, "is to watch, to assist, and to bless us. They are unacquainted with the toils and afflictions of bodily existence—their beauty is unchanging, their power is pleasure, their presence is the highest gift of science. They are always near. Even while we speak they hear us now, and their exquisite voices are prevented from reaching us only by the dullness of our own composition."

These hints and disclosures were not given at the same time, nor without the aid of such pageantry as his situation afforded. He shewed them at a certain hour, after much awful preparation, the concave mirrors in a globe of glass by which the fire of the sun could be concentrated, and a powder obtained capable of the most marvellous effects. Another glass, filled with water, earth, and air, was placed mysteriously on a kind of altar exposed to the sun; and these three elements, he said, would soon be separated and reduced by his art to a medicine sufficient to prevent all want of food and drink. If the natives could have paused in the simplicity of their ignorance, before they credited his assertions, his eagle eye, the authority of his noble brow, and the powerful music of his voice, would have enforced belief; and the charm of a romance so new and rich wanted little more than its own influence.

The evening of that day had more than the usual softness of a southern climate. But the natives of Omorca did not retire as usual to sleep after their contented labours. Many remained couched under the fragrant trees, watching the stars as they came forth in their beauty, and listening to the murmur of waters in which they already imagined whispering voices. The next day did not restore the quiet regularity of their routine. They met in groupes, to talk, to wonder, and to regret that these invisible creatures of light and loveliness were not made known to them. They

surrounded Delombre's dwelling, and demanded his assistance. He told them their obedience must be strict and their patience determined. They answered by shouts of joy, and by bearing him in triumph on a litter of palm-branches to the chief-place or centre of their city installing him as their priest and king. The deposed patriarch retired gloomily with a sullen gesture. His broad firm neck and the tiger-profile of his iron-countenance gave no indication of the yielding temper manifested by his companions. Delombre graciously dismissed his new subjects, and closing all the entrances of his sanctuary, began his preparations. But an eye not wholly ungifted with the craft of cabalism was upon him.

Within one month he had promised to provide that mercurial elixir by which the spirits of other elements would be rendered visible. He believed himself very well able to delude their expectations by the magic of chemical flames and vapours, and by further promises couched in such mysterious jargon as would feed their appetite for wonders. Indistinct hopes of novelty and change were, as he well knew, the moving springs by which men govern others; and he smiled as he planned the revolution he expected to complete in this little empire. The Gentoo slave who had accompanied Delombre in his voyage from the Indies, had been one of the first subjects of his experimental cabalism. He had found this man in the diamond mine of Sultan Saib, and obtained him as a gift from his owner. The profound ignorance in which Azim had lived till his nineteenth year, the meekness of his temperament, the idolatrous gratitude he shewed for his redemption, made him ready to receive, as Delombre believed, whatever creed he offered. He was therefore, in some measure, a being of his own creation. During the voyage that followed Azim's removal from the darkness of the mine, he could learn but little earthly things, and his master's powerful genius enslaved him again. Delombre hoped and studied to preserve this uncultivated Gentoo in utter ignorance of all pure religion and all law, and to make him

what he chose to call a man of nature. It was necessary, however, to retain his services; and these he thought himself able to command by the force of gratitude, and the awe of his mysterious actions imposed. For Azim knew that Delombre had brought a box of diamonds from the wreck, and had saved other treasures. He also knew that his master visited a secret place in the island unknown to its natives, and there held conferences with a creature whose like he had never seen. He had been told that this creature, invisible to all others, was the Spirit of fire that obeyed Delombre, and preserved him from every evil chance. So much his master had chosen to assert, for he knew the power of mystery over the ignorant, and he felt, though he did not confess to himself, that a servant bound by no moral law, must be bound by fear. He was right in his feelings—wrong in his expedient. Fear had not power enough to suppress the growth of envy in Azim's mind. He knew the diamonds were precious, and his master's caution had not sufficed to prevent him from discovering the place of their concealment, nor his frequent interviews with that nameless spirit, which, like the *Peris* of his own clime, might, as he supposed, be gracious to the love of a true *Gentoo*. This thought dwelt on his mind in solitude and silence till the night when Delombre's eloquence gained him the Patriarch's place. His sullen and melancholy eye caught the deposed Patriarch's as he retired in anger, and they met in the thick woods near the shore. Azim shewed him the secret cavity in a rock near a well of brilliant water, overhung by the broad leaves of the bread-fruit tree. The moon whose last quarter was to mark the period fixed for fulfilling Delombre's promises, was now waning fast: but her light in a sky thick set with stars sufficed to shew his enemies their way into his sanctuary. It was a recess, or chamber scooped in the sand-rock, illuminated only by a silver

glimmering of the sky seen through a fissure in the loose stone that guarded its entrance, and by a burning pine-branch within. The Patriarch ventured near enough to look in, and saw Delombre sitting on a mat at the feet of what might well seem an ethereal spirit. There was a transparent and bloodless fairness in the face, a shadowy uncertainty in the outline of the figure, and a fixture in the large blue eye that seemed of no earthly mould. And Delombre's attitude and movements were those of a suppliant eagerly and devoutly bending before an idol.—“It is too late!” answered a voice whose very sound was suited to the spirit of beauty—“Your success, Delombre, will be your bane. Why were you not content with their amity and hospitable shelter? You have been ungrateful, and your craft will teach them cruelty.”

“How have I deceived them?” said the Frenchman, starting up—“The cabalistic fool who brought this colony here spoke in parables, but he felt truths. He felt as I feel, that every man has in him a fiery nature, if a kindred spark can be found to rouse it, though it may be encumbered with cold and earthy dross. And though I could not raise a spirit as Lilly * and Booker did, aye and their own sorcerer Dee, I could have shewn these islanders a rarer apparition than they ever dreamed of, if you would have been induced to aid me. They believe only Azim and myself escaped from the wreck—they cannot know you to be an Englishwoman and my fellow-passenger. Only represent for a few moments the friendly spirit of fire, as for your sake I provoked a worse element.”

“I could not assist you,” replied the melodious voice, “to act imposture always with success. You have already disturbed the quiet of these harmless natives by a fable, and the wildness of unreasonable hopes will end in revenge. —You saved me from the sea where I was perishing—you have fed and shel-

* William Lilly was astrologer to the English parliament in 1648. The exorcist Kelly is said to have conjured up dead men at Halifax and Lancaster, and in presence of Alasco, King of Poland; and his successor, Dr. Dee, amused King James I. in the same way.

tered me in this strange land—save me for a better purpose than mockery and profanation.”

“Should I have dared,” interrupted Delombre, advancing still nearer, “to have mocked these islanders by shewing them a prize I never meant to part with? Or us profanation to shew it as if it was indeed something of divinity beyond their reach?—No, Aglae; it does not need the solar powder of the cabalists, nor their doses of water, earth, or air, to exalt the fire within us, or to make the baser elements prevail over it. They said truly that light was the soul of all things; for when the Creator sent light, he sent Beauty into the world, and I act under its influence.”

“Delombre!” said the voice, in a shriller tone, “Thou hast spoken a word that assures me I am safe—Thou hast named thy Creator, who has formed nothing without some touch of good, therefore I will not fear though there is now no light except his presence.”—At that instant the stone barrier of the cave was forced back, and the Patriarch entered. Delombre felt all his peril, and the depth of his errors. He uttered a desperate oath of vengeance on his betrayer, and strove to seize the Patriarch’s throat. “Save that woman and yourself,” said the islander, calmly; “your slave has sold your life. I learned once to be a Christian, and have not forgotten what I learnt.”—Delombre fixed a ghastly and suspicious glance upon him. The islander only replied, “*God sees us!*” and put his axe into the Frenchman’s hand. In another instant the cave was filled with armed men guided by Azim. The unclouded moon shewed him their weapons, but the same moon shewed them the beautiful shadow of a woman standing as if hovering on a raised point of the rocks. While Delombre clove his treacherous slave’s head with one stroke of his axe, the Patriarch trampled on the burning pine-branch, hoping to prevent the aim

of the assassins. He was too late. An arrow whistled through the cavern, followed by a yell echoed on every side. All the islanders were assembled in the madness of excited rage, threatening, scoffing, and demanding his promised art. Aglae seized the half-extinguished pine-branch, and threw it among the heap of dry leaves and flowers collected for her couch. The pile sent up a column of fire, above which she appeared standing like the spirit of the element. Her outspread arms and pale countenance, gleaming in their deathly whiteness through its crimson volumes, struck the slaves of an unholy superstition with awe. They fled, uttering dismal shrieks, and a pause of silence and darkness followed. Aglae descended to her lover’s side. “Their boat is moored in the creek, Delombre, and they are far off!—Seize it, and escape while they still fear the fire-spirit—The continent is not far distant, and we can but die.”—She gave into his hands the chest of diamonds and a basket of the bread-fruit, but the Patriarch caught her in his arms, and ran to the creek, where his boat lay provisioned for a fishing voyage. He had scarcely pushed from the shore before the shouts and clang of the armed islanders was heard behind them. Well-managed oars and a rapid current carried them soon beyond reach, but the flash of fire-brands and the whizzing of arrows showed the fierce spirit of their enemies. “Such are men, then,” said Delombre, “without a God!”—He looked towards Aglae, but her frozen eye made him no answer. He raised her head—her long hair was stiff and matted, and lifting it from her throat he saw the broken point of an arrow fixed in it. “They were not deceived,” she said, smiling in her last agony—“I have an immortal spirit!”—“I believe it *now*,” he answered,—and its creator must be a Divinity.”

V.

TOUR IN THE NETHERLANDS.

The Hague, Sept. 8.

BUT it is time to begin a description of ROTTERDAM. In point of cleanliness, it is about equal to an English town; the windows are cleaner, but that is from want of smoke. The wonderful accounts we read of excessive cleanliness; of its being forbidden to spit in the streets, &c. applies only to the village of Brock, and a few other place in a narrow district north of Amsterdam, called North Holland. The streets there are mere footpaths, no carriages being used except on the water.—

Sunday, Sept. 6.—At 10, went to the great Church of St. Lawrence, once the Cathedral. It is an old gothic building of brick. The congregation filled the centre, the nave, and side aisles; I suppose 2000 were present; the men wore their hats in sermon, though not in prayer. How different a scene from what was going on at Antwerp Cathedral, only 60 miles off. These people think it necessary to show their hatred of popery by going into a perverse extreme, and whilst the papist is prostrate before a wafer, the protestant is actually refusing that mark of respect to the House of God, which he would pay to that of a fellow creature. There are only four Churches; these belong to the reformed Calvinistic Religion or Establishment. Several places of worship belong to the Separatists. The principal of these are the Arminians, called here Remonstrants, because in the beginning of the 17th century they were persecuted, and on a remonstrance to the Synod of Dort, their tenets were ordered to be banished from Rotterdam. The majority at that time in Rotterdam were Arminians; they were expelled by military force, and for ten years the prohibition of arminianism continued. The Remonstrants have now two meeting-houses; the Roman Catholics five; the Jews have a large Synagogue; there are three English places of worship, the Church already

mentioned, a Presbyterian Arminian Chapel, and a Scotch one.

From St. Lawrence I went to the Presbyterian Meeting-house; the preacher was discoursing on 13th of 1st Corinthians, explaining the nature of Christian charity; he was dry and scarcely orthodox, but he said nothing from which his sentiments on main points could be very clearly collected. The English Church-bell was ringing for service to begin at 11, and I left him. The English Church went much out of repair during the revolutionary period, but is now neat within-side; there is a handsome organ with a positive.

On leaving Church, I crossed one of the canals in a ferry-boat, in company with at least twenty English gentlemen, and ladies; the fare was about 2-3rds of a farthing, but the thoroughfare is so great, that a ferry-man may earn 5s. in an hour. The value of a stiver is about a penny; there are copper coins worth about 1-16th of a stiver; silver coins, like bad sixpences, worth two stivers; silver coins worth 5½ stivers, others worth 11, and others worth a florin or guilder, rather more than two francs. The Sunday was strictly observed, all the shops were shut, and no windmills were going.

At two o'clock I went to the Scotch Chapel; it was thinly attended, not more than 100 in congregation, though the place would hold 500; about 100 spitting pots were placed in an anti-room for the men; smoking in chapel is not unusual, but spitting is indispensable. There are distinct seats for Captains, Mates, and Sailors, all billeted. When I entered the Chapel, the first hymn had been sung, and the preacher was in the prayer before sermon. His matter was superior to his manner: he had a broad Scotch dialect; his subject was, the Angel presenting a censer of incense with the prayers of all Saints before the altar. (Rev. c. viii. v. 3.) From this text at Antwerp a priest would have contrived to shew the pro-

priety of employing saints and angels as the medium of our intercessions, but the honest Scotchman managed it very differently. After sermon the precentor or clerk gave out from the Scotch paraphrase, "Behold the glories of the Lamb," to Irish tune, and after prayer another hymn to Easter hymn tune. The women sing agreeably. There are large quarto bibles in every pew, and the people turn to the texts quoted in sermon, just as in Scotland.

After he had finished, I went to St. Lawrence's; the Church was full in the morning. There were chairs in the centre of the nave, and pews on the sides; about 30 children were baptised.—After prayer, there was singing with the organ to a fine old dismal minor-key psalm tune; the organ in this Church is a mere skeleton. About 28 years ago they began to build an enormous organ, to rival that at Haarlem. The Revolution interrupted its progress; only the positive or choir organ is finished, but this is quite loud enough, and is sweet and agreeable. The case of the great organ, if filled with pipes, as originally intended, would pour out such a volume of sound, as would threaten to bring down the Church and part of the town. On the whole, the English services, and the English manners of the place, made me feel at home, notwithstanding 200 miles of

sea intervene between Rotterdam and Yorkshire. The men and women are not in general what we should call Dutch built; there is as large a proportion of thin and slim young persons as in England. The women are generally little and thin, but now and then we meet with Dutch women of a clumsy unshapely genuine Dutch form, such as is never seen in England. This clumsiness often appears in young women, and even in children; whether it is wearing out by intermixture in marriages with the English, French, and Germans, or from whatever cause, I do not think the number of clumsies is more than a twentieth of the whole. The women frequently adorn their heads with caps of gold under their ordinary caps, and to the gold plates, large pendant ornaments are fixed. But these are not worn by the higher classes, who copy the English and French mode of dressing. English is as much spoken here as French; the waiters at the Inns speak English best of the two, and there are English boarding-schools in the town. The learning our language forms an ordinary part of education. Our Inn is a very good one, and the cooking approaches nearly to the English; the meat is better fed and flavoured than in France, and is cooked naturally and without the previous extraction of its juices.—*Gent. June 1821.*

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH HIGH LIFE.

EXTRACTED FROM "JONATHAN KENTUCKY'S JOURNAL."

London, April 27th.

THE more I see of the English, the more I feel the justice of Voltaire's remark, who compared them to a hog's-head of their own beer;—the top froth, the bottom dregs, the middle excellent. It has been observed by philosophers, that virtue is always seated in the mean between two extremes; so, in another sense, the little virtue in the world may be said to reside amongst the middle class of mankind, which may fairly be called the temperate zone of society; the inhabitants of which

being equally removed from the extremes of wealth and want, are neither allured by ambition nor driven by poverty to deviate from the straight road of integrity. The national character is much what one might expect from the national nickname; and the nickname of John Bull has, perhaps, not been without its use in fixing the national character. I have, indeed, for some time been half-converted to the hypothesis of Walter Shandy, who asserted, "that there was a strange kind of magic bias impressed upon our characters

and conduct, by the choice and imposition of names. The instance of Christopher Columbus first staggered me: the one clearly indicating that he was to carry the Christian religion to the New World; the other having a no less clear reference to the *dove* which was sent out from the ark, and brought back the first intelligence of a world that had been hidden by the waters. Again, if we were to enquire what made *Mungo Park*, from his earliest years, cherish with so much eagerness the design of exploring the wilds of Africa; Mr. Shandy would answer—his godfathers and godmothers: and this explanation of the matter is, at least, as intelligible as the craniological system of Gall and Spurzheim, who would affect to trace all our inward propensities to certain outward protuberances, and draw out the chart of our lives from inspecting the maps of our skulls. Nay, there would even seem to be a secret meaning in the very letters of a name, which only require to be decomposed and newly arranged, to reveal the life and character to the wearer. Let those who may be disposed to laugh at this theory as fanciful, remember, that they might in this manner have read the history of the battle of the Nile at the christening of Horatio Nelson,—*Honor est à Nilo*.

But to return from this digression to John Bull. Let the English, if they are wise, cherish this nick-name, which, as I have before observed, has more influence than is commonly supposed upon the national morals and character, by unconsciously disposing every individual to illustrate, in his own person, the plain downright sincerity of manner, the straight-forward integrity of principle, and the hearty warmth of hospitality which have always been attributed to that ideal character.

May 1st. I had looked forward with some curiosity to a May-day in England, of which we read so much in books of poetry and romance. But alas! the age of poetry and romance is, like the age of chivalry, extinct. The Queen of the May is no longer to be seen in the pride and pomp of her

ancient state; unless, indeed, she be sought in my countryman Mr. Leslie's charming picture;—which the artist may study for its composition, the antiquary for its historical research, and the general observer for its sentiment and expression. The festivities of May-day now present little more than a tawdry crew of dancing chimney-sweepers, to whom the task of doing suitable honour to the fair divinity of the month seems, in these degenerate days, to be exclusively consigned. It is impossible to grudge these poor miserable victims of an ill-ordered system, the gleam of gladness which the anniversary of this festival imparts to them; but sallying out of my chamber with my imagination full of

Zephyr and Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying;—

I own I was something disconcerted by these sooty personifications of the creatures of my fancy, who reminded me rather of G. Selwin's witticism:—"I have often heard," said he, "of the *majesty* of the people, but I never till now saw any of the princes of the blood."

May 15. It is a common reproach against America to say that she is a new country, and, therefore, without any of those retrospective associations which exercise so powerful an influence over the inhabitants of the Old World. But how far is this from the truth! An American approaches the shores of England with all that veneration which is due to the country from which he has derived every thing that distinguishes him from the naked savage of the desert;—his religion, his philosophy, his laws, his literature, and his language:—

Salve magna Parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum, tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Ingredior sanctos ausus.——

We experience, indeed, a more vivid pleasure than the English themselves, from visiting those scenes which are consecrated to both alike, by the memory of the departed great and good that are associated with them. For instance; there is something in the daily familiarity of a Londoner with Westminster

Abbey, which must necessarily blunt the edge of his enthusiasm, and prevent his ever feeling the same glow of excitement, which the sight of this venerable relict of our common ancestors awakens in the bosom of an American visitor, who gazes at it

“Till the place

Becomes religion, and the heart runs o'er
With silent worship of the great of old !—
The dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule
Our spirits from their urns !”

It was under the influence of similar feelings that I entered for the first time into the gallery of the House of Commons. There is certainly nothing here in the “*architecture*,” outside or inside, to excite admiration ; for it is a small inconvenient room, very inadequate to the accommodation of its members, since the accession to their numbers from the union with Ireland. Still less is the appearance of the members themselves calculated to inspire respect ; for with the exception of the Speaker, who is handsomely arrayed in a black gown and long wig, and three attendant clerks who are also begowned and bewigged, the house exhibits nothing more than some ranges of green benches, sparingly occupied with a few straggling members, lounging about in the most unceremonious postures, some with coloured cravats, others with dirty boots, and almost all (as if it were a Jewish synagogue) with their hats on. And yet, in spite of all this, there was something in the place that was overpowering. The “*bauble*” on the table conjured up the figures of Cromwell and Vane ; and the mind glanced back in a moment to the days of Hampden and Pym, and Sidney and Russel ; and I could not help giving way to a growing sentiment of self-importance at feeling myself within the same walls that had so recently echoed to the glorious eloquence of Pitt, and Fox, and Burke, and Sheridan. A printer was called to the bar to be examined ; and my imagination immediately drew a picture of our own Franklin in the same place, defending the rights of mankind, while he advocated the cause of America.

3L ATHENEUM VOL. 9.

The Speaker takes the chair at four o'clock, but public business does not begin till six. One of my neighbours seemed desirous of whiling away the interval with a book ; but this recreation was immediately interdicted by the guardians of the gallery, as disrespectful to the House. For my own part I was sufficiently amused with the novelty of the scene. The members, I observed, only wore their hats as long as they retained their seats ; and even in getting up to change their places, which they are perpetually doing, they make an obeisance as they cross the floor of the House, to the Speaker's chair ; which, raised as it is some steps from the ground, and surmounted with the king's arms, might almost pass for a throne. In the course of the evening a message was brought from the House of Lords, by two stately personages, whose heads were enveloped in the flowing honours which, in this country, always denote the higher orders of legal dignity. The whole parade of their reception, with the measured prostrations of person that marked each step of their advance and retreat, presented a ludicrous picture of extravagant ceremonial. And yet the English are remarkable for their quick sense of the ridiculous ; and their travellers delight to laugh and jeer at what they call the “*mummery*” of other countries. Let me tell them that their masters in chancery bearing a message from the Lords, are much more like Noodle and Doodle than any thing that can be found within the Pope's chapel. I was disappointed in the oratory of the House ; but I am aware how difficult it is to form a correct judgment from a single experiment. The prevailing fault seemed to me to be of the same kind with that which is imputed in Scripture to the prayers of the heathen—“who think they shall be heard for their much speaking.” There was one speaker in particular, “which was a lawyer,” who dealt unmercifully in that figure of rhetoric which has been called *tripitology* ; which consists in a continual repetition of the same thing under different synonyms three times over.

* * * * On Easter Monday, a party of holiday friends called to invite me to join them in a water expedition down to Greenwich. It is this part of its scenery that gives to London so great a superiority over Paris in grandeur and magnificence. The majestic march of the river, the solid splendour of the bridges, and the countless forest of masts through which you wind your course, overpower the mind with the ideas of an unlimited extent of wealth and power. An Englishman who wishes to impress a stranger with an admiration of London, should take him in a boat from Waterloo-bridge to the Custom-house ; the great room of which is indeed an imposing spectacle. The weather was beautiful, and nothing could be more propitious to the diversions of the Park. The trees were in their freshest green ;—the grass soft and dry ;—the day, in short, seemingly made on purpose for the lasses to roll down the hill with all due observances. The English, however, do not appear, to advantage in a holiday-scene. Those who were not drunk were dull ; and in the merriment of the former there was too much coarseness and brutality. The French are the people to figure at a fair ;—and a fête at St. Cloud exhibits that light-heeled and light-hearted nation in their most becoming point of view. The view from Greenwich-hill cannot well be surpassed. It reminds me of the description in the Scripture of that mountain from which the Devil “ shewed all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time.” Independently of the picturesque beauty of the scene, the mind of the spectator is lost in the contemplation of all the pride, pomp, and circumstance belonging to the great ones of the earth, that is here spread out with so much prodigality beneath his feet.

“ Oh thou resort and mart of all the earth,
Checker'd with all complexions of mankind,
And spotted with all crimes ; in whom I see
Much that I love, and more that I admire,
And all that I abhor.”

Nothing amused me more at the fair than to see the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with another of the cabinet ministers, arm-in-arm, mingled with the

crowd, in the very thick of the fun. I presume, if he had been recognised as the “ gentleman who laid on all the taxes,” it would have created no small alarm, especially among the “ little goes,” lest his visit should turn out to be a voyage of discovery in quest of ways and means for his next budget. * *

May 30. I have lately seen rather more than I wish of what is called *life* in London. It would be difficult to imagine a more heartless state of society, than that which now prevails in this overgrown metropolis ; consisting as it does, for the most part, of “ crowds without company, and dissipation without pleasure.” I do not, of course, mean to include in this sweeping censure those select cheerful companionable meetings, which form the peculiar boast of London hospitality. Of all the places in the world,—commend me to a *dinner* in London. To *feed* were best, perhaps, at a Restaurateur's in Paris, but there is no nation that understands how a dinner should be *given* like the English ;—where table-tactics and table-talk—conserves and converse—wit and wine—and all the happyfying pleasures of social enjoyment, are carried to their highest point of gratification. The maxim of Lord Chesterfield seems still in force, who said that such a party should never be less than the number of the Graces, nor more than that of the Muses ! The same ideas of comfort, indeed, seem to have prevailed at a much earlier period ; and accordingly we find in Homer, that *eight* was the number of those illustrious compeers, whom Agamemnon invited to eat bull-beef with him ;—to wit, Menelaus, Nestor, Idomeneus, Diomed, the two Ajaxes, and Ulysses.

But to return from this digression. What can be more intolerably dull and stupid than the whole system of evening parties ? A crowd of people, composed of a motley mixture of all degrees and conditions, is collected together, and squeezed into a suite of rooms, utterly insufficient to accommodate above one half of them ; where they stand and stare at one another for three or four hours ;—and thus be-

gins and ends an evening party ! As the greater part of the assembly are not known to one another, no interchange but that of looks takes place between them ; and even amongst those who are mutually acquainted, in such a crowd, chairs and conversation are almost equally out of the question. I shall never forget the sensation of surprise that I felt in accepting the first invitation of this kind. For how was it possible that a card inscribed *Mrs. **** at home*, with the words *a very small party* carefully inserted in the corner, should prepare me to meet an overflowing multitude of three hundred persons, where the great object of the lady seemed to be to fill her house fuller than it could hold. My friend, *Mrs. *****, stood at the door of the first room, acknowledging me, as I passed, with a bow of recognition,—and this was all I saw of my hostess. I was told there was dancing in a room to which I would willingly have forced my passage, in order to avoid hearing some very indifferent singing in the room where I was immovably planted during the greater part of the evening. Being a perfect stranger, I had little to say to any body, and therefore could not be much surprised that nobody had any thing to say to me ; but I own I was somewhat amazed at the almost universal silence around me. Gregarious without being sociable, no one seemed to know their next neighbour. Having endured this standing penance till my strength and patience were exhausted, I ventured at last to take a French leave ;—which I found, to my cost, that I might have done at an earlier period, without any violation of etiquette. For as I was searching in vain for my hat at the bottom of the stairs, a servant came to my assistance, asking, “What sort of a hat was your’s, Sir ?” “Quite a new one,” replied I. “Ah, Sir, then, you had better take your choice at once of those that are left, for all the new hats have been gone, at least, these two hours.”

Breakfasting the next morning with my friend ******, who is reckoned one of the best *diners-out*, and the pleasantest *party-man* in town, I poured out the

full measure of my spleen, on describing the scene of the preceding night. “Why, all that,” said he, “may be very true ; and yet, when once entangled in the vortex of fashion, you would find it difficult to escape, even though every day’s experience should tend to impress you more strongly with your present conviction. This, I confess, has been my own case for some time. Almost in spite of myself, I am carried round and round the same dull circle of invitations. Let-in every where, and cared-for no where, I feel that no one is estimated according to his real merits, but only according to the station he may occupy in the calendar of fashion. It is fashion which stamps a man’s value and gives him currency,—and to be the fashion he must be either new or notorious. As long as novelty or notoriety last, he will, in the slang phraseology of the day, continue to be a *lion* ; and no lady will think her party complete without him ; but when these attractions are worn off, he must give place to the next nine-day wonder of the town, and be content to sink into the number of those whose attendance is less sought than permitted.” * *

Some time after this conversation with ******, I received a card of invitation to a ball and supper at the Argyle Rooms, which displayed a splendid scene of luxury and magnificence. It was impossible not to do homage to the blaze of British beauty that shone forth on all sides ; tho’ perhaps I saw nothing that might not be surpassed at New York, except in some few particulars where the superiority was rather due to the milliner and the dancing-master.

We espied ****** among the dancers, his cravat fashionably starched, his waist tightly skewed ; in short, the same Lothario gallant and gay as ever. He soon joined our party. “So,” said he, “I find in spite of your preaching you cannot keep out of the vortex.” “Why,” said I, “I was persuaded to come, thinking that, as a foreigner, I ought to see one of your best balls, among the rest of your national curiosities.” “How lightly you seem to think,” said he, “of the honour conferred upon you by the invitation. It is well you are not to

settle in London, for you would certainly never get on in the world. Little do you think of the pains and patience, the wriggling, and creeping, and crawling, that are often used, and used in vain, to gain admission into the number of that self-constituted set who take the lead and give the tone to London society. I really doubt whether it would not require less interest to make you a member of parliament than a member of Almack's. It is not easy even to get a ticket to the French play and ball, which is held weekly at these rooms, though this from its subordinate fashion is sarcastically entitled *The Refuge for the Destitute*;—nor should you be insensible of the honour conferred upon you to-night. Of the seven hundred people now that you see here, how many do you suppose are asked by the lady in whose house and at whose expense the entertainment is given?" "How many?" said I, "surely I don't understand the question. Who else should ask them?" "Let me explain this matter," said he, "and then you will perceive how useful it is to a foreign traveller to have a native interpreter at his elbow, on all occasions, to enable him to penetrate beneath the surface; else he will only see the puppets playing, without any suspicion of the secret strings which really regulate their motions. You have perhaps already discovered that in England few people

look straight-forward; in the political world some look downwards; but, in the fashionable world, *all* look upwards. The great object of the ostensible hostess of the evening, Mrs. —, has been to rise a step in the scale of society; and to get within the range of that magic circle from which she has hitherto been excluded. To accomplish her purpose, she has given this splendid gala, but she was obliged to delegate the office of issuing invitations to four lady patronesses, who condescendingly undertook to procure the attendance of the *haut-ton*, and allowing the lady herself, as a mark of special favour, to ask *fifty* of her own friends, reserved to themselves the absolute disposal of the remaining six hundred and fifty tickets. The lady has so far gained her object, that to-morrow morning all these proud peeresses and titled dandies will leave their cards at her door; and she *may* be comprehended in their future invitations, but she will certainly lose the good will of her old friends, who cannot but feel offended at their present exclusion; so that, despised by her old associates, and disdained by her new acquaintance, the balance-sheet will not prove much in her favour."

"Well Jonathan," said I to myself, "things are not yet come to this pass in America;" and so wishing * * * good-night, I returned home to moralize upon the vanity of human nature.

THE EGYPTIAN TOMB.*

By the Rev. W. L. Bowles.

Pomp of Egypt's elder day,
Shade of the mighty pass'd away,
Whose giant works still frown sublime
Mid the twilight shades of time;
Fanes, of sculpture vast and rude,
That strew the sandy solitude,
Lo! before our startled eyes,
As a wizard's wand ye rise,
Glimm'ring larger through the gloom!
While on the secrets of the tomb,
Rapt in other times, we gaze,
The Mother Queen of ancient days,
Her mystic symbol in her hand,
Great *Isis* seems herself to stand.

From mazy vaults, high arch'd and dim,
Hark! heard ye not Osiris' hymn?

And saw ye not in order dread
The long procession of the dead?
Forms that the night of years conceal'd,
As by a flash are here reveal'd;
Chiefs, who sung the victor song,
Sceptred kings, a shadowy throng!
From slumber of three thousand years
Each as in life and light appears,
Stern as of yore! Yes, Vision vast,
Three thousand years have silent pass'd,
Suns of Empire risen and set,
Whose story Time can ne'er forget,
Since in the morning of her pride,
Immense, along the Nile's green side,
The City of the Sun appear'd,
And her gigantic image rear'd.

* Brought to England by Belzoni the traveller.

As her own Memnon, like a trembling string,
When the sun with rising ray
Streak'd the lonely desert gray,
Sent forth its magic murmuring,
That just was heard, then died away ;
So pass'd, O Thebes ! thy morning pride,
Thy glory was the sound that died !

Dark city of the desolate !
Once thou wert rich, and proud, and great.
This busy peopled Isle was then
A waste, or roam'd by savage men,
Whose gay descendants now appear
To gaze upon thy wreck of glory here.

Phantom of that city old !
Whose mystic spoils we now behold,
A kingdom's sepulchre—oh say !
Shall Albion's own illustrious day
Thus darkly close ? her power, her fame
Thus pass away, a shade, a name ?
The Mausoleum murmur'd as I spoke,
A spectre seem'd to rise, like tow'ring smoke.
It answer'd not, but pointed as it fled,
To the black carcase of the sightless dead.
Once more I heard the sounds of earthly strife,
And the streets ringing to the stir of life.
May 19, 1821.

HUMBOLDT'S AND BONPLAND'S TRAVELS.

THIS journal is so pregnant with instructive and interesting matter, that we could hardly, as we think, place any thing better before our readers, though we might be more instant with a greater variety of novelty. We therefore continue our extracts. The following is a curious account of the *Indian Rubber* :—"Here (says Mr. H. at the mission of St. Balhasar on the Atabapo) we saw, for the first time, that white and fungous substance, which I have made known by the name of *dapicho* and *zupis*. We immediately perceived, that it was analogous to the *elastic resin* ; but, as the Indians made us understand by signs, that it was found under ground, we were inclined to think, till we arrived at the mission of Javita, that the *dapicho* was a fossil caoutchouc, though different from the elastic bitumen of Derbyshire. A poimisanio Indian, seated by the fire, in the hut of the missionary, was employed in reducing the *dapicho* into black caoutchouc. He had spitted several bits on a slender stick, and was roasting them like meat. The *dapicho* blackens in proportion as it grows softer, and gains in elasticity. The resinous and aromatic smell, which filled the hut, seemed to indicate, that this coloration is the effect of the decomposition of a carburet of hydrogen, and that the carbon appears in proportion as the hydrogen burns at a low heat. The Indian beat the softened and blackened mass with a piece of brazil wood, ending in form of a club ; he then kneaded the *dapicho* into balls of three or four inches in diameter, and

let it cool. These balls exactly resemble the caoutchouc of the shops, but their surface remains in general slightly viscous. They are used at San Balhasar in the Indian game of tennis, which is so celebrated among the inhabitants of Uruana and Encaramada ; they are cut into cylinders, to be used as corks, and are far preferable to those made of the bark of the cork-tree."

Soon after, the traveller obtained precise information respecting this substance :—it was shown them at the depth of two or three feet, in a marshy soil, "between the roots of two trees known by the name of the *jacio* and the *curvana*. The first is the hevea of Aublet, or siphonia of the modern botanists, known to furnish the caoutchouc of commerce in Cayenne and the Grand Para ; the second has pinnate leaves, and its juice is milky, but very thin, and almost destitute of viscosity. The *dapicho* appears to be the result of an extravasation of the sap from the roots. This extravasation takes place more especially when the trees have attained a great age, and the interior of the trunk begins to decay. The bark and alburnum crack ; and thus is effected naturally, what the art of man performs to collect in abundance the milky juices of the hevea, the castilloa, and the caoutchouc fig tree."

The River Temi, near the banks of which this production is found in sufficient quantities to supply all Europe, runs through forests which overshadow it in so wild and luxuriant a manner

as almost to mingle together the creatures of the several elements of air, earth, and water, and realize the classic images :

Sæculum Pyrrhæ, nova monstra questæ;

Omne quum Proteus pecus egit altos

Visere montes :

Piscium et summa genus hæsit ulmo,

Nota quæ sedes fuerat Columbibus,

Et superjecto pavidæ natarum,

Æquore dainæ.

“The Indians (says Mr. H.) made us leave the bed of the river ; and we went up towards the south, across the forest, through paths (*sendas*), that is, through open channels of four or five feet broad. The depth of the water seldom exceeds half a fathom. These *sendas* are formed in the inundated forest-like paths on dry ground. The Indians, in going from one mission to another, pass with their boats as much as possible by the same way ; but the communications not being frequent, the force of vegetation sometimes produces unexpected obstacles. An Indian, furnished with a *machette* (a great knife, the blade of which is fourteen inches long), stood at the head of our boat employed continually in chopping off the branches that cross each other from the two sides of the channel. In the thickest part of the forest we were astonished by an extraordinary noise. On beating the bushes a shoal of *tonias* (fresh water dolphins) four feet long, surrounded our boat. These animals had concealed themselves beneath the branches of a fromager or bombax ceiba. They fled across the forest, throwing out those spouts of compressed air and water, which have given them in every language the name of *blowers*. How singular was this spectacle in the middle of the land, three or four hundred leagues from the mouths of the Oroonoko and the Amazon ! I am not ignorant, that the pleuronectes of the Atlantic go up the Loire as far as Orleans ; but I persist in thinking, that the dolphins of the Temi, like those of the Ganges, and like the skate (*raia*) of the Oroonoko, are of species essentially different from the dolphins and skates of the ocean. In the immense rivers of South Amer-

ica, and the great lakes of North America, Nature seems to repeat several pelagic forms. The Nile has no porpoises : those of the sea go up the Delta no farther than Biana and Metonbis toward Selamoun.”

But these *fishes among the woods*, though the most singular, were not the most ungrateful of the animal creation to the startled Europeans. About this region they had to stop to be cured of an evil under which they suffered for two days. The author thus describes it :—“We felt an extraordinary irritation on the joints of the fingers, and on the backs of our hands. The missionary told us it was caused by the *aradores* (ploughman insects), which get under the skin. We could distinguish with a lens nothing but streaks, or parallel and whitish furrows. It is the form of these furrows, that has obtained this insect the name of *ploughman*. A mulatto woman was sent for who boasted of being thoroughly acquainted with all the little insects, that burrow in the human skin ; the *chego*, the *nuche*, the *coya*, and the *arador* ; she was the *curandera*, the physician of the place. She promised to extirpate the insects, that caused this smarting irritation, one by one. She heated at a lamp the point of a little bit of very hard wood, and dug with this point the furrows that marked the skin. After long researches, she announced with the pedantic gravity peculiar to the mulatto race, that an *arador* was found. I saw a little round bag, which I suspected to be the egg of an acarus. I was to find relief, when the mulatto woman had succeeded in taking out three or four of these *aradores*. Having the skin of both hands filled with acari, I had not patience to wait the end of an operation, which had already lasted till late at night. The next day an Indian of Javita cured us radically, and with surprising promptitude.”—The medication consisted of an infusion of a shrub called *uzao*.

The annexed notice of the religious opinions of the natives has something very sublime in it :—“The nations of the Upper Oroonoko, the Atabapo, and the Inirida, like the ancient Germans

and the Persians, have no other worship than that of the powers of nature. They call the good principle *Cachimana*; it is the *Manitou*, the Great Spirit, that regulates the seasons, and favours the harvests. By the side of *Cachimana* there is an evil principle, *Iolokiamo*, less powerful, but more arful, and in particular more active. The Indians of the forest, when they visit occasionally the missions, conceive with difficulty the idea of a temple or image. "These good people," said the missionary, "like only processions in the open air. When I last celebrated the patron festival of my village, that of San Antonio, the Indians of Inirida were present at mass. 'Your God,' said they to me, 'keeps himself shut up in a house, as if he were old and infirm; ours is in the forest, in the fields, and and on the mountains of Sipapu, whence the rains come.'" Among the more numerous, and on this account less barbarous tribes, religious societies of a singular kind are formed. Some old Indians pretend to be better instructed than others in what regards the divinity; and to them is confined the famous *botuto*, of which I have spoken, and which is sounded under the palm-trees, that they may bear abundance of fruit. On the banks of the Oroonoko there exists no idol, as among all the nations who have remained faithful to the first worship of nature, but the *botuto*, the sacred trumpet, is become

an object of veneration. To be initiated into the mysteries of the *botuto*, it is requisite to have pure manners, and to have lived single. The initiated are subjected to flagellations, fastings, and other painful exercises. There are but a small number of these sacred trumpets. The most anciently celebrated is that upon a hill near the confluence of the Tomo and the Guainia. It is pretended, that it is heard at once on the banks of the Tuamini, and at the mission of San Miguel de Davipe, a distance of ten leagues. Father Cereso assured us, that the Indians speak of the *botuto* of Tomo as an object of worship common to many surrounding tribes. Fruit and intoxicating liquors are placed by the sacred trumpet. Sometimes the Great Spirit (*Cuchimana*) himself makes the *botuto* resound; sometimes he is content to manifest his will by him, to whom the keeping of the instrument is entrusted. These juggleries being very ancient (from the fathers of our fathers, say the Indians), we must not be surprised, that some incredulous are already to be found; but these express their disbelief of the *botuto* only in whispers. Women are not permitted to see this marvellous instrument; and are excluded from all the ceremonies of this worship. If a woman have the misfortune to see the trumpet, she is put to death without mercy."

EXCURSION THROUGH NORTH WALES.

A LITTLE way beyond Dinas Mowddwg the country becomes rugged and gloomy. A thick wood on the left, bounded by a chain of dark heather hills, is a conspicuous feature in the landscape, and some importance in the traditionary annals of Merionethshire. In this dismal district many a daring deed of crime and cruelty has been perpetrated. About the middle of the sixteenth century, this neighbourhood, and more especially this wood, was infested by a gang of desperate and fearless outlaws. The extent and audacity

of their depredations are almost incredible in the present day, but in this wild and retired part of the kingdom they had many opportunities of carrying into execution acts of violence and plunder. They were, indeed, a bold and lawless set, bidding defiance to all power, both constituted and personal, and no one was secure from their audacious rapacity. Yet their conduct, will, perhaps, admit of some trifling extenuation. The chief of this licentious clan was originally a respectable and wealthy landholder, possessed of considerable

property, and leading a quiet and unostentatious life amid the secluded glens of his native mountains. His sister, a female of great beauty, attracted the attention of an individual of rank and power, whose name is now lost in oblivion. He sought her in marriage, but her heart and hand were already engaged to a more youthful and favoured lover. Her noble suitor (for noble tradition says he was) could not brook her denial, and not long afterwards, the sister of the chieftain of the Black Wood (so was her brother commonly called) was missing in the halls of her fathers. It was soon discovered that the offended wooer had borne her by force to his own residence, and her brother and his kinsmen lost no time in delivering her out of his power. In this they easily succeeded, but they were too late to prevent the perpetration of a base and ungenerous crime; and the lady, unable to survive the loss of her virtue, sunk into the grave in the bloom of youth and loveliness. Her brother and his partisans, burning to revenge this dishonour on the family, took signal and summary vengeance on this rash aggressor; his house was destroyed, and his lands laid waste, and his life eagerly sought after by the enraged and choleric Welshmen. A petty warfare was thus carried on between the two families or rather clans, in which the greater number of the neighbouring inhabitants took part on one side or the other, and after the death of the ravisher, the chieftain of the Black Wood, chafed, as he had been, into guilt, and incited by the deadly wrong he had sustained, waged unsparing war against all his species, his own followers alone excepted, strengthened his course by seeking the adherence of all the turbulent spirits in the country, and became so formidable that the public roads in the vicinity of its haunts were deserted, and its immediate neighbourhood converted into a dismal scene of waste and desolation. The Banditti of the Black

Wood, as they were called, followed their nefarious practices for many years, and almost with impunity. It happened, however, that two members of this licentious fraternity were apprehended, and brought to Dinas Mowddwg for trial, the assizes for Merionethshire being then held there. They were accused of robbery, found guilty and condemned. The judge, Lewis Owen, one of the Welsh Exchequer Barons, ordered their immediate execution, but was earnestly implored by their mother (they were brothers) to extend some little mercy towards her unhappy sons. She prayed for a short respite, and brought forward their extreme youth in extenuation of their guiltiness. But the Baron was inflexible, and would not hearken to her importunate entreaties. The old woman, enraged at his unbending decision, and in an agony of despair, bared her neck, and exposing her wrinkled bosom, told the stern judge, that "Her yellow breasts had given suck to those who would surely revenge the death of their comrades, and," continued the beldame, "there are yet enough left to wash their hands in thy heart's best blood!" And she she did not predict erroneously. The following year, as Baron Owen was passing that way, he was assailed by some of the banditti, dragged into the wood, and mercilessly dispatched. As the robbers were returning from the murder, it occurred to one of them, that they had not fulfilled the whole of the old woman's denunciation. It was therefore proposed that they should return and do so; and two or three of the most sanguinary and ferocious accordingly turned back, cut into the body with their daggers, and actually *washed their hands in the blood of their victim!** The horror which this diabolical deed spread throughout the country, roused the slumbering vigilance of government, and the dispersion of the banditti was the necessary

* A part of the wood is pointed out by the peasant, as the spot where this horrid act was committed. Tradition says, that the robbers had felled some trees, and fixed them across the road in this place to prevent the baron from proceeding onwards. It is called from this circumstance, "*Llidiardy Barwn*," or *the Baron's Gate*.

consequence. Many were hanged in the neighbourhood of Dinas Mowddwg, and the rest left the country to return no more. The fate of the chieftain of this lawless horde is not known. It is generally conjectured that he quitted the country after the destruction of his formidable band. We must not omit

to mention that these outlaws were particularly renowned for their skill in archery. Like the merry men of Sherwood, their grey-goose shafts seldom told in vain, and their principal weapons appear to have been the bow, the sword, and the dagger.† *Mon. Mag.*

NEWS FROM PARNASSUS.

LORD Byron, in a Letter lately published, has come forward as the champion of the poetical as well as the personal fame of Mr. Pope; both of which, it seems, have been unduly aspersed by the Rev. Mr. Bowles. We are aware that the personal character of an author has nothing to do with the value of his literary productions; otherwise Bacon has written in vain, and the palm of genius must have remained in the hands of many whose very names have been long sunk in oblivion. But, though neither the accusations of Mr. Bowles nor the defence of Lord Byron, in regard to the private conduct of Mr. Pope,—though neither the censures of the one nor the panegyrics of the other, with respect to his works, can possibly retard or accelerate the stream of Time on which his name is borne along to successive generations, yet we must confess that we are gratified with the tone and manner of his lordship's animadversions. They demonstrate that, if he has occasionally lost sight of good taste in his own productions, he is not yet insensible to its charm in the writings of others; and, in this view, his letter almost compensates for the vulgar and indecent ribaldry of *Don Juan*.

It is now nearly a century since the appearance of the *Dunciad*. Its heroes have been long forgotten, but their race is not yet extinct. The dunces of the present day are eager to avenge the discomfiture of their ancestors; and, in proof of the system of Mr. Malthus, the hungry swarm appear to be continually increasing in a geometrical progression.

The system of warfare, too, as well as the characters of the combatants, is materially different. It is not against Mr. Pope alone that their hostilities are directed. They are revolutionary Vandals in the region of poetry; and would strip the Temple of Fame of almost all those venerable statues which have so long been dear to the Muses. The prosaic puerilities and fifteen-syllable lines of these ephemeral poetasters would be pleasingly ludicrous, were it not for the power which they have acquired over the young and the ignorant. In possession of reviews, magazines, and newspapers, they interchange their silly criticisms and tulsome praises of the writings of one another, as if such impertinent effusions were the offspring of taste or the dictates of wisdom. They talk of *simplicity* until their stripling readers become enamoured of vulgarity, and of *sublimity* until their brains are beaten with mysticism or stupified with absurdity.

Surrounded by this apparent vacuity of intellect, we are glad to recognize, at intervals, a disciple of what is now termed *the Old School*. One of this class has just come under our review in an octavo volume, entitled “*Contemplation, with other Poems, by Alexander Balfour.*” We are not of the number of those hirelings who deal out indiscriminate praise, but we believe that we may say, with truth, that, whatever may be the faults of these poems, they contain many beauties, such as neither Pope, Goldsmith,

† A house formerly occupied by one of the clan is still remaining, and at present, we are informed, the property of Sir W. W. Wynn. If we mistake not, the descendants of its old outlawed occupier are now living there, a fine, healthy, hard-working family.

nor Grey would have blushed to own. With this opinion of their merits, we believe that we shall render a service to our readers, by presenting them with an analysis of the work.

"Contemplation" is the first poem in the collection, and has, therefore, given its name to the publication, although it occupies only a small portion of the volume. It contains much vivid description, but the measure appears too rapid for the solemnity of the subjects. It is divided, in the modern manner, into twenty-seven portions, each of which, as a separate poem, will be read with pleasure; but, taken together, they have no connecting thread to assist the memory, and, consequently "the curiosity is not excited by suspense or expectation." The poem opens with the following stanza:

Nymph with musing, heaven-ward eye,
Mild as Autumn's evening sky;
On whose cheek the faded rose
Has left a tint that faintly glows;
Lips to gentle accents given;
Wandering thoughts that rest on heaven;
Banished aye from Folly's bowers;
Scorned in Pleasure's rosy hours;
Haunting oft the Hermit's cell,
Shady grove, and rocky dell;
Waning Morning's orient beam,
Watching twilight's purple gleam,
Where the birch nods o'er the rill,
That bubbling leaves the heath-clad hill;
Contemplation, let thy smile
Banish Care, and Grief hegule;
Though no mirthful joys are thine,
Be thy tranquil musings mine:
Behold, where pensive, kneeling at thy fane,
An humble votary pours the heartfelt strain!

II.

Erst, in life's delightful spring,
Blithe I joined the sportive ring:
When the evening sun serene,
Wooded me to the village green;
Softly stole the passing hour;
Sweetly breathed each blossomed flower;
Brighter glowed the western sky;
Gladness beamed in every eye.
Lightly then the turf I trod,
Brushed the daisy-dappled sod;
Mingling with the rustic throng,
Listening to the Doric song;
Cheerful age, and jocund youth,
Rural mirth, and artless truth;
Buxom health, and labour gay,
Beauty fair, and sweet as May;
All delighted, all combined,
Joined to cheer the vacant mind:
Calm Content was ever there;
Hope that sketched the future fair!

While bright in Fancy's vista, opening far,
The meteor Pleasure seemed a rolling star.

Changed these sunny sprightly days;
Vanished Fancy's fairy blaze;
Now the witching dream is o'er;
Hope's gay visions seem no more;
Pleasure's meteor light decayed,
Sinking in oblivion's shade.

The scenery described in this poem is real, not imaginary. The reader who has wandered along the wild shores, in the neighbourhood of Aberbrothick in Scotland, or mused amid the romantic ruins of its venerable Abbey, will acknowledge the pictures to be true to nature. He will remember the very spot

Where the gray cliff rises steep,
Rudely frowning o'er the deep;
Seated 'midst its mosses hoar,
While the sullen surges roar,
And the sea-birds flutter by,
Screaming wild, with ceaseless cry,
Or, triumphant, proudly ride,
Rising on the rolling tide;
Echo from her pebbly cave,
Answering to each murmuring wave;
While afar, on Ocean's breast,
Small, as sky-lark o'er her nest,
Seems the sail in distant view,
Till it fade in ether blue;
There, I'll own my sacred sway,
And muse my anxious cares away.

Haply night, in sable vest,
Curtains o'er the crimsoned west;
Hill and dale, earth, sea, and sky
Blending, deep in darkness lie;
All the pleasing prospect round,
Plunged in midnight gloom profound;
Save where shines, at distance far,
Bright as vespers' beamy star,
A cheering ray, so bright, so fair,
It seems like Hope, to chase Despair.
'Tis the Bell rock's beacon light,
Beaming from its airy height;
Pointing to the sailor's eyes,
Secret rocks, that near him rise:
Seas may roll, and winds may blow,
Still it shines, with friendly glow:
Mountain billows vainly rave,
Still its light illumines the wave,
Shews, that spreading wide beneath,
Lurks perdition, danger, death.

Following this poem of "Contemplation," we have nine elegies of various merit. The first, "Written on Lomond Hill," is well calculated to excite interest, as referring, particularly, to the fate of the hapless Mary, Queen of Scotland. The verses "Written among the Ruins of the Royal Palace of Falkland," are beautiful, but remind

us rather too forcibly of Cunningham. The *Elegy* on a "Withered Hawthorn Tree" pleases us best, principally, perhaps, because we recollect nothing that resembles it by any other writer. We wish we could find room for the whole, but we must content ourselves with an extract.

Thy youthful honours spread in Summer's pride,
With gay green leaves, and snow white blossoms
crowned ;

While kindred branches waved on every side,
And friendly elms cast their broad shadows round ;

The dark-green fir, to shield thee from the blast,
And towering pine, perennial verdure spread :
The beech, abroad his sheltering arms would cast ;
And mountain-ash display his berries red ;

Her golden flowers the gay laburnum hung ;
The weeping birch, at morn, her fragrance gave ;
Beneath thy shade, the scented primrose sprang ;
And Leven flowed, thy spreading roots to lave ;

The goldfinch twittered from thy branches green,
And in thy bosom built her downy nest ;
At early morn, the mavis oft was seen
Pressing thy blossoms to her speckled breast.

The pearly dew that gemmed thy virgin flowers
Was oft, at midnight, brushed by hands unseen,
And borne in cowslip cups, to fairy bowers,
As morning nectar for the elfin queen.

In Summer's eve, beneath thy fragrant shade,
Love whispered soft, or heaved the secret sigh ;
While not a star the conscious blush betrayed,
Nor moon-beam glistened on the tell-tale eye :

* * * * *

Though changing seasons doomed thee oft to mourn,
Thy foliage swept by ruffian winds away ;
'Twas but to wait the genial Spring's return,
Again to wanton in the sweets of May.

Alas ! that spring returns to thee no more !
Thy sweets no longer scent the dews of morn ;
These withered arms proclaim thy triumph o'er :
The woodland songsters now, thy shelter scorn.

Where once the mavis poured his mellow lay,
To hail the morn, thy scented flowers among,
The raven sits, upon thy naked spray,
And hoarsely buding, croaks thy funeral song.

No more by moonlight, on the daisied grass
Shall tiny fairies thrud the wazy dance,
Beneath thy shade ; or o'er the blossoms pass,
And in the dew-drops smile with magic glance.

Decayed, deserted, doomed alone to pine,
The silent lapse of Time condemned to prove ;
Beneath thy shade no more shall youth recline,
To whisper soft the tender tale of love.

There are two odes. To them who relish this species of composition, the "Ode to Folly" will not be uninteresting. There are also "Hymns from Scripture" (only seven pages) which

may be compared, not disadvantageously, with those of Dr. Watts. "It is sufficient to have done better than others what no man has done well."

We now come to the "Miscellanies," of which it would be difficult to give a general character. Many of them appear to us to be extremely beautiful, and, perhaps, some, which we do not include in the number of our favourites, may be still more agreeable to other minds. The thought of the following is said to be taken from *Delille's* "L'Homme du Champs," but it certainly is not a servile translation :

*On the Custom of planting Flowers on the
Graves of departed Friends.*

To 'scape from chill Misfortune's gloom,
From palsied Age, and joyless years,
To sleep, where flowrets round us bloom,
Can such a fate deserve our tears ?

Since in the tomb, our cares, our woes,
In dark Oblivion buried lie,
Why paint that scene of calm repose,
In figures painful to the eye ?

The wiser Greeks, with chaste design,
Pourtrayed a nymph in airy flight,
Who, hovering o'er the marble shrine,
Reversed a taper's trembling light.

To die—what is in death to fear ?
'Twill decompose my lifeless frame !
A power unseen, still watches near,
To light it with a purer flame :

And when anew, that flame shall burn,
Perhaps, the dust that lies enshrined,
May rise a woodbine o'er the urn,
With verdant tendrils round it twined.

How must the anxious bosom beat,
That sighs at Death's resistless power,
A faithful friend again to meet,
Fresh blooming in a spotless flower.

It sure would thrill the lover's heart,
When kneeling on his fair one's grave,
To feel the lily's breath impart
The raptured kiss his Myra gave !

The love that in my bosom glows,
Will live, when I shall long be dead ;
And haply, tingesome budding rose,
That blushes o'er my grassy bed.

O thou, who hast so long been dear !
When I cease to smile on thee,
I know that thou wilt linger near,
With pensive soul to sigh for me.

Yes, *Laura*, come ! and with thee bring
To soothe my shade, young flowrets fair ;
Give them around my grave to spring,
And watch them with a lover's care :

Thy gentle hand will sweets bestow,
Transcending Eden's boasted bloom;
Each flower with brighter tints shall glow,
When Love and Beauty seek my tomb.

And when the rose-bud's gentle breath,
With virgin fragrance scents the air,
Imagine me released from Death,
And all my soul still hovering there.

Inhale the dewy sweets at morn,
For they to thee shall transport give;
Thus *Edwin's* love on odours borne,
Still in his *Laura's* breast shall live.

When we began this analysis we intended to have given many more extracts, but we find that we have already nearly filled the space which was allotted us. The verses "To a Primrose" and "To a Robin," are exquisitely tender; the latter more peculiarly so, as alluding to the situation of the author;—his pecuniary prospects unexpectedly blasted by adverse circumstances, and his limbs rendered torpid by paralysis; while the mind remains unimpaired to brood over his misfortunes. There are a few Scotch poems, solely, it would seem, to make us regret that there are not more. But we must close the volume, and we do as the author himself has done:

CONCLUSION.

A sad, a long farewell—dear, artless lyre;
My trembling hand now vainly strikes thy strings;
The frost of age has chilled my wonted fire;
No longer glides the stream from Fancy's springs:

And waving wide her raven-coloured wings,
Dull Melancholy hovers o'er my head;
Parent of phantom shapes, and shadowy things,
That crowd the path my weary feet must tread,
With visionary forms—of joys for ever fled.
For Memory still, with fond regret, will rove
By sea-beat shore, grey rock, or winding stream:
Again she guides me to the woodland grove,
Where Fancy whispered many a youthful dream,
But ah! it is the meteor's fleeting gleam,
Portentous, shooting o'er a stormy sky;
Where no kind star displays its cheering beam,
To glad the weary wanderer's hopeless eye,
Or point his trackless way, where dreary deserts lie.
For ah! no more to me the boon is given,
To mark the varied charms of Nature's face;
Abroad, to breathe the balmy air of heaven,
My fond eye gazing over ample space:
From virgin Spring, to Autumn's matron's grace,
To me, alas! each blossom blows in vain;
No more my feet the mountain path can trace,
Nor brush the dew-drops from the daisied plain;
My trembling limbs fast lock'd in adamant chain!
And yet, these limbs in chilling torpor bound,
A shade can startle—and a breath can shake;
The throbbing heart heaves at a passing sound,
As ruffling winds disturb the glassy lake;
At trivial ills the shattered frame will quake,
Each quivering nerve with keen sensation thrill,
And feelings exquisite, to anguish wake,
The sigh, the tear, triumphing o'er the will,
While Reason vainly tries, to hush the tempest still.
Yet, kind companion of my happier days,
Thou hast not scorned me in this evil hour;
Thy song has soothed me in the wildering maze,
And strewed my tiresome couch with many a flower.
Enchantress! stay—haply, thy magic power
Again may chase my lingering hours of care;
May shew my sorrows, like an April shower—
A passing cloud, the pilgrim to prepare
For scenes of endless day, and skies for ever fair.

REMINISCENTIA

OF REMARKABLE CHARACTERS OF THE LAST AGE.

The following anecdote of Sterne was narrated to me by my late uncle, Mr. Geo. Smith, of St. Saviour's Church-yard, and, as the value of such biographical gleanings depends entirely upon their genuineness, I think it proper to state that my above relation was an eye witness, as well as his elder brother, the late highly respected Thomas Smith, sen. who died alderman and father of the city of York in 1810.
Black Swan-yard, Bermondsey-street. ENORT SMITH.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF STERNE.

DURING the time that this celebrated character was one of the prebendaries of York, his Royal Highness Edward, late Duke of York, paid a visit to the Cathedral, one Sunday, purposely to hear him preach. Such an occurrence drew together more than an ordinary congregation, most of whom were well acquainted with Sterne's peculiar powers

as a preacher, and who well knew how beautifully his mind could meander through the diversities of every subject.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

His Royal Highness was observed to enter his pew with a most complacent smile on his countenance, anticipating, no doubt, a few of those well strung compliments being paid him,

such as servile genius too often dishonours itself in bestowing upon mere worldly rank and exterior splendour : but the preacher shewed himself in a far different light from that of a flatterer and tawner upon power. He felt the due importance of his sacred office, and with a voice well suited to the solemnity of the occasion, he pronounced to his numerous and admiring audience the following forcible text :—" It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes."

Never did the genius of Yorick display itself more divinely. His discourse was a master-piece of well-tempered, acute reasoning, aiming its golden shafts with irresistible force and acumen against the vain corruption and superciliousness which too often sway the bosoms of the mighty in this life. On this occasion the patron of Falconers sat abashed, with his eyes fixed on the ground ; his features reddened with confusion, and perhaps inwardly working with shame. I hope he felt as he ought, and that the lecture was not lost upon him ; and I sincerely wish we had a few more such honest interpreters of Divinity as Sterne ; who could dare to waive all distinctions whenever morality requires it—and who had courage to hurl on the heads of high-raised licentiousness and depravity, the thunderbolts of Christian reproof and admonition, shewing that it is not in the outward glare of circumstances that their weight in society *must* be found ; but I may venture to assert, that it is virtue alone that can adjust the cords of worldly power, so as to render their owners happy and their possessions secure, in those sublunary concerns which they are superiorly connected with, in this "vale of harassing trials," to the rest of mankind.

MR. THOMAS BENTLEY, MR. DOBBS,
late Member for Charlemont, in Ire-
land. BELL the Life Guardsman, &c.

Mr. THOS. BENTLEY was a general dealer in his native town of Sudbury, "in Suffolk, which he quitted about the year 1790, to open a warehouse in London. Probably he had been al-

ways of a religious turn, but it is certain that a few years before he came to town, he suddenly conceived that almost every innocent enjoyment in life was sinful, and, as such, that it was his duty to publish his sentiments to the world. To obviate the objection that he preached in opposition to his own practice, he first stripped his house of pictures, prints, &c. which he insisted upon destroying, because, as he urged in answer to the objections of Mrs. Bentley, they might otherwise become the cause of sin in others. His next object was to alter his dress to the resemblance of that worn by the Friends, excepting that instead of the *best* and *finest*, he preferred the worst and the coarsest. From the same principles, when females came to his shop to purchase any of the best of linen &c., he would recommend them not to do so, but to purchase double the quantity of some inferior kind, in order that they might be enabled to give the other half away.

This conduct, no doubt, rendered it necessary to leave the shop at Sudbury ; but as Mr. Bentley was not independent, he for some years had a warehouse in town. In the meantime, his admonitions to the world were not confined to speaking, a privilege of which he availed himself wherever he might be, but he published at his own expense a number of pamphlets, hand-bills, letters, &c. Some of the latter were addressed 'to those who seek peace with God.' He also presented a letter to the members of the House of Commons, dated May 12th, 1791, in which he assured them, that although he had a fortune of one thousand pounds, and naturally liked good living, yet that he lived on horse and ass flesh, barley bread, stinking butter, &c. But when he found that eating such things gave offence to his neighbours, he left off eating ass flesh, and only lived on vegetables, as the common sort of food, he said, hurt his conscience.

After Mr. Bentley's separation from his wife, which took place several years previous to his own decease, he carried his aversion to the observance of known

usages with respect to diet, to a still greater extreme. He would have no set meal-times, insisting that the calls of nature ought to be obeyed at all times, and, if possible, in all places. After he came to London, he never had but one servant, who, as he respected his master's principles, was contented sometimes to breakfast at six in the morning, and sometimes not before noon. As any thing like pride in dress was abhorrent to Mr. Bentley's way of thinking, this faithful servant was content to wear the clothes presented by his master, without any alteration. Mr. Bentley was six feet high within a few inches; but his Sancho Panza, a short man, positively wore one of his master's coats, nearly dragging along the ground. At length, however, the ridicule which Mr. Bentley brought upon himself by advocating the eating of ass flesh, tended considerably to cool his ardour for making proselytes, to which may be added the expences he had been at for years in printing his numerous productions, addressed to all ranks, which he generally gave away, having experimentally found few persons who would purchase them.

Mr. Bentley was only an occasional visitor of the little singular society that used to assemble with Mr. John Dennis, the bookseller, and others, at the house of a friend, near Hoxton.

Mr. DOBBS, a member of the Irish Parliament about 1799, was another of the persons that attended this small circle of religious enquirers. Partial to his own country, he seriously maintained that, according to the Book of Revelations, Ireland was selected to be the principal theatre of the approaching Millennium; and that the fine linen in which the Saints are said to be clothed in chap. xvi., was to be manufactured in Ireland; and that as serpents and all venomous creatures were banished thence by St. Patrick, Satan, the old serpent, was also destined to receive his deadly blow there. The Giant's Causeway, he thought, had been referred to by Daniel. Gog and Magog, who it is supposed in Ezekiel, would give the Saints a good deal of trouble before

the Millennium, Mr. Dobbs supposed were to come from New South Wales; and Armagh, in Ireland, he understood was the Armageddon mentioned in the Revelations, where the great battle was to be fought. Every person in existence, Mr. Dobbs maintained, had lived in this world more than once, and that before the Millennium there would be an army of a hundred and forty-four thousand persons, who would have the full confidence of their having been in the world before.

A volume in octavo, being a concise View of History and Prophecy, &c., by Francis Dobbs, Esq., member for the borough of Charlemont, in Ireland—London, 1800, will sufficiently evince that the sentiments of this gentleman have been by no means misrepresented in this sketch. In Mr. Dobbs's book, he refers to the meeting at Hoxton, consisting of "thirty persons, all of whom declared they had reasons out of the common order of things, to think that these times would produce mighty changes, that would end in the establishment of human happiness."

Several of these characters, especially Mr. J. Dennis, the bookseller, were ardent admirers of the writings of Jacob Behmen, and his recent translator, the late Rev. William Law, and this not a little upon account of the positive assertion of the latter, that Sir Isaac Newton had borrowed his ideas of attraction and gravity from the alchymistical, theological, and astrological shoemaker of Gorlitz, in his book entitled "The Three Principles."

Mr. JOHN BELL, commonly called *the Life Guardsman*, who predicted the end of the world, and the certain destruction of London, about the year 1757, was a kind of honorary member of this society, and, when he uttered these terrible effusions, was a preacher in Mr. John Wesley's connection, from which of course he was excluded; but he lived not only to recover his reason, but to renounce all his former connections and predilections. Mr. Bell, for several years after, kept a hosier's shop near Holborn Bridge. The writer of this article saw Mr. Bell in the act of

making himself very merry at the expense of Mr. Rowland Hill's hearers, when, previous to his establishment in the Surrey-road chapel, he used occasionally to preach in the open air near

White Conduit House, in the London-field, at Hackney, and elsewhere. Mr. Bell was living in genteel retirement, on a small farm at Hyde, near Edgeware, in the winter of 1794-5.

HYPOCHONDRIACS—NERVES—BLUE DEVILS.

Concluded from p. 445.

ONE Marsilaus had that pleasant sort of madness, that he verily thought all the ships which put to shore, upon the Pyræum, were his own. He would therefore number them, and dismiss them; receive a fresh cargo with that joy as if he were their master. He afterwards declared, when cured, that his vapours were very pleasant.

Grimm speaks of a gentleman, J. J. de Mairan, whose old valet de chambre had established a sort of concordance between the state of the thermometer and his master's dress; and when M. de Mairan asked him, in the morning, *How is the thermometer?* he answered, *at rullen, or at velvet, or at fur*, according to the degree of cold.

The following most extraordinary event happened in Lincolnshire, in the autumn of 1804, and may be relied on as a matter of fact. No better illustration of what has preceded could be introduced. The violence of a fall deprived Sir Henry F. of his faculties, and he lay entranced several hours; at length his recollection returned—he faintly exclaimed, "Where am I?" and, looking up, found himself in the arms of a venerable old man, to whose kind offices Sir H. was probably indebted for his life. "You revive," said the venerable old man; "fear not, yonder house is mine; I will support you to it; there you shall be comforted." Sir H. expressed his gratitude: they walked gently to the house. The friendly assistance of the old gentleman and his servants restored Sir H. to his reason; his bewildered faculties were re-organized: at length he suffered no inconvenience, excepting that occasioned by the bruises he received in the fall. Dinner was announced, and the good old man entreated Sir H. to join the party; he accepted the invitation, and

was shewn into a large hall, where he found sixteen covers: the party consisted of as many persons—no ladies were present. The old man took the head of the table; an excellent dinner was served, and rational conversation gave a zest to the repast. The gentleman on the left of Sir H. asked him to drink a glass of wine, when the old man, in a dignified and authoritative tone, at the same time extending his hand, said, "No!" Sir H. was astonished at the singularity of the check, yet, unwilling to offend, remained silent. The instant dinner was over, the old man left the room, when one of the company addressed him in the following words:—"By what misfortune, sir, have you been unhappily trepanned by that unfeeling man who has quitted the room? O, sir! you will have ample cause to curse the hour that put you into his power, for you have no prospect, in this world, but misery and oppression, perpetually subject to the capricious humour of that old man; you will remain in this mansion for the remainder of your days; your life, as mine is, will become burdensome; and, driven to despair, your days will glide on, with regret and melancholy reflection, in one cold and miserable sameness. This, alas! has been my lot for fifteen years; and not mine only, but the lot of every one you see here, since their arrival in this cursed abode!" The pathetic manner that accompanied this cheerless narrative, and the singular behaviour of the old man at dinner, awoke in Sir Henry's breast sentiments of horror, and he was lost in stupor some minutes; when recovering, he said, 'By what authority can any man detain me against my will? I will not submit; I will oppose him, force to force, if necessary.' "Ah, sir!" exclaimed a second gentleman, "your ar-

gument is just, but your threats are vain ; the old man, sir, is a magician ; we know it by fatal experience : do not be rash, sir ; your attempt would prove futile, and your punishment would be dreadful." ' I will endeavour to escape,' said Sir H. " Your hopes are groundless," rejoined a third gentleman ; " for it was but three months ago, when, in an attempt to escape, I broke my leg." Another said, he had broken his arm, and that many had been killed by falls, in their endeavours to escape ; others had suddenly disappeared, and never been heard of. Sir H. was about to reply, when a servant entered the room, and said his master wished to see him. " Do not go," said one ; " Take my advice," said another ; " For God's sake, do not go." The servant told Sir H. he had nothing to fear, and begged he would follow him to his master : he did, and found the old man seated at a table covered with a dessert and wine : he arose when Sir H. entered the room, and asked pardon for the apparent rudeness he was under the necessity of committing at dinner ; " For," said he, " I am Doctor Willis ; you must have heard of me ; I confine my practice entirely to cases of insanity ; and as I board and lodge insane patients, mine is vulgarly called a mad-house. The persons you dined with are madmen : I was unwilling to tell you this before dinner, fearing it would make you uneasy ; for, although I know them to be perfectly harmless, you very naturally might have had apprehensions." The surprise of Sir H. on hearing this was great ; his fears subsiding, the doctor and Sir H. passed the evening agreeably.

But let us recur, and add a few ' more last words' upon nerves and nervous people.—Nervous people, so called, whether deeply afflicted at their teatable, or really bed-ridden with ' the don't-know-how-I-feel' disease,—may they be pitied or sneered at ? Like the gout, (a disease rarely known out of the pale of fashion,) the quality have contrived also to pick up a little chit-chat about the nervous system, and every bodily and mental complaint (and of the last there is no end) are resolved into this disorder, with some meaning,

or with no meaning. But what is the origin of these nerves ? where did they first appear ? are they indigenous or imported ? are the sensations innate or acquired ? who was the first man, or first woman, that had nerves ? if bred at home, who was the Bakewell of the day ? if abroad, and so imported, or smuggled over, what might we give in exchange ?—perhaps bone and muscle, a sorry barter : but the custom-house entries have no such records within fifty years, for nerves have not been a marketable commodity for a longer period : yet, upon further consideration it might have crept into this country with some contraband article, like the plague ; for the infection, like it, has been pretty general. Some have boldly said, it came over in chests of tea ; but, as a commodity can only come from a place where it is, and never from a place where it is not, that assertion, as to the celestial empire, is doubtful ; besides, Dr. Johnson had no nerves, yet swallowed oceans of that beverage called tea. Nerves could not we think, have been imported from France ; the French may have nerves, since they have invented a word called *ennui*, which, after all, is but dabbling in things they know nothing about, or show nothing of ; just as many people here talk as familiarly about philosophy as about puppy-dogs. From the Netherlands they could not have come ; a Dutchman has not time to be nervous. Nor from Germany ; for tho' their novels and plays go very far towards a trial of the nerves, by the endless introduction of ghosts, murders, incests, and all the genuine horrific, still, where do people laugh more, or enjoy Bologna sausages, sour kront, and white beans, better than they do ? From Russia, Sweden, Denmark, or Poland ? It is in vain to imagine that these northerners had any nerves to export ; for a nervous man to exist whole months in the midst of snow and ice, is as out of character, as for an elephant to be comfortable in a lady's boudoir. Could those Russian noblemen be supposed nervous, who stole Dr. Clarke's hat, or who combed their heads in public with their fingers ? unquestionably not. Again, could north-

ern ladies be suspected of nerves, who, according to the enacted laws, were not allowed to get drunk before nine o'clock in the evening? The northerners are, therefore, acquitted of infecting us. If we look to other parts of Europe, we find the Italian ever fiddling or dancing, and therefore without nerves. The Spaniard, who is continually strumming his guitar, or at mass, has no nerves. The Turk, with his hookba, dividing his time between the smoke of tobacco and the sanctity of the Koran, and the sweets of his harem, has no nerves; so little, indeed, can he be suspected, that, when the bow-string is within one inch of its office, he submits to the will of fate, crying out God is God, and Mahomet is his prophet: his head and his wealth are then put into a sack, and carried to the sultan of the sublime Porte, who calls himself God's shadow, and it would be impolite to the last degree to impute nerves to him. If we go to the newly-discovered islands of Australasia, they have no idea of these nerves. We beg pardon, in due time they may be infected, for we trade there; the savage monarchs get civilized, get rich, and so may become nervous. Were we to take a bird's-eye view of the whole globe, however, we must admit, at last, that nerves are indigenous, that they have not been imported, that we are not infected from abroad, and we must look further still for their origin.

My mother, who is now, God bless her, in her seventieth year, positively assures me, there was no such things as nerves in her young days. My aunt Tabitha, a spinster, confirms the same; yet, strange to say, she has contrived to pick up a new set of nerves for private use, and which may account for her liberal orders to an Italian *liqueur* merchant in the neighbourhood, who deals in choice cordials, foreign and British. Were I to accuse my aunt of being in liquor, the charge would be deemed gross or indelicate; but when I say that she uses the liqueurs occasionally, and strictly according to allowed fashion, to drive away nerves, I am strictly in order. When my aunt has the nerves, she often tries how steadily her hand

can, or cannot, lift a full glass to her head to put her rickety nerves into a more steady pace. Who might be the inventor, there is now no knowing; it is sufficient that it is not among the *artes perditæ*, but *per contra*. Some have said, that Pandora let nerves fly out of her malignant box, to plague the high and mighty; but this is false; it is against all chronology: that affair took place before nerves appeared, and the hypothesis can be no way maintained but upon the grounds of a metempsychosis, or transmigration of good and evil from the earliest of all times. But whoever was the inventor, the possessor of nerves has indisputably also the possession of a fund of anecdote, supplying conversation with a most charming detail of the tremors, the trepidations, the palpitations, the feelings, the spasms, the shudders, the sudden somethings, the inexplicable how-do-I-do-to-day-ishness, which nervous people alone, peculiarly constructed, feel in the highest perfection, and describe with the most marvellous accuracy, seeming to enjoy the very luxury of complaining. Nerves has moreover very nearly banished those vulgar complaints, colds, coughs, &c.; to talk of which now is a mark of ill breeding. And here one word is necessary in defence of spasms, which is the second order of the first class of the third species of the first genus of nerves. The family of spasms has greatly increased among polished people, and nothing can be so cruel as to deride the only remedy which nerves has found out for spasms in the stomach, leading, as we know, to gout in the stomach, which is cherry-brandy. Some may affect to sneer at this best of all prescriptions in the pharmacopœia of nerves; but this I know, another aunt of mine cures all her diurnal spasms so, and that may be attested before the lord-mayor. —Lastly, nerves afflict people of property beyond all others. Let me but see the dividend-books at the bank, and I will engage to put a + against the names of the nervous. A man of ten thousand a year has nerves; so has his lady, and her servants know it; it twenty thousand a year, the case is desperate; a yellow hue is seen on the coun-

tenances of the possessors ; but if fifty thousand a year and upwards, the forlorn hope has arrived, the crisis is come, the balm of gilead is tapped, the death-watch is heard, the dogs howl at night in the court-yard, the winding-sheet is nightly seen in the candle, the patient is wheeled about in a Bath chair by a footman ; he fancies himself made of glass, and shall be broke to pieces ; and that the Bank, where all his treasure is, will break also ; and the very sight of the physician winds up the catalogue of nerves at the full. But in the country there are no nerves. We don't call twenty miles round London the country ; for since wealth has stretched himself into country-houses contiguous to the metropolis, so has nerves ; yes, nerves has intruded into the grange, the lodge, the park, and the house ; shunning ship-builders' yards, and scenes of business. Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, are also free : as to the first, the allusion is only to the residents : the absentees, who walk

about Bath, Cheltenham, and London, are nervous to the last degree. As for the Scotch, they are so national as to discard nerves ; and the honest and peaceable Welchman traverses his mountains without even having heard of the existence of such a made-up homunculus, or incubus, or blue devil, as NERVES.

Nervous people should be called nerveless people—being without strength. Thus Pope—

Here sunk Thalia, *nerveless*, faint and dead,
Had not her sister, Satire, held her head.

Lastly, a nervous man was formerly supposed to describe a man of muscle, brawny make, of strength, as we now understand of a nervous style. But the moderns call a nervous man as one devoured by *ennui*, trembling like a leaf, frightened at his own shadow ; and we might as well attempt to put the tail of an eel into curling-paper, as to talk such people out of their fidgeting maladies.

SONG.

AIR---“ *Here awa', there awa'.*”

1

'Tis sweet on the hill top, when morning is shining,
To watch the rich vale as it brightens below ;
'Tis sweet in the valley, when day is declining,
To mark the far mountains, deep tinged with its glow.
But dearer to me were one moment beside thee,
In the wild of the desert, while love lit thine eye :
For in weal or in woe, or whatever betide thee,
Thou'rt the charm of my life, the mild star of my sky.

2

Then fly to me here, while the noontide is glowing ;
The greenwood is cool in the depth of its glooms,
There I've wove thee a seat, where the wild flowers are blowing,
And the roses thou lov'st shed their dearest perfumes.
There we'll talk of past griefs, when our love was forbidden,
When fortune was adverse, and friends would deny !
But my heart was still true, though its fervour was hidden
From the charm of my life, the mild star of my sky.

3

Then haste, my beloved, the moments are flying,
And catch the bright fugitives ere they depart,
That each its own portion of pleasure supplying,
May wake the mute rapture that dwells in the heart :
And when age shall have temper'd our warm glow of feeling,
Though our spirits are sober'd, less ardent our joy,
Our love shall endure, though youth's lustre is stealing
From the charm of my life, the mild star of my sky.

RECONCILEMENT.

Although the tear-drop gliding
Makes thee lovelier than before,
Yet weep not at my chiding,
I will never chide thee more.

Let thy lip no longer quiver,
Let thy bosom's heaving cease,

Though they lend more bliss than ever
To the long, long kiss of peace.

Could my lips with scorn deceive thee,
I might boast our broken tie;
But to lose thee, and to leave thee,
Were to part with peace and die.

TO A MOURNER.

THE creeping worm that weak and weary,
Was slumbering in its narrow cell,
Enraptur'd, burst, that prison dreary,
And, fluttering, leaves its wither'd shell:
Gently moving—gaily roving
Far away from earthly care
Soaring brightly—wafted lightly
Through the boundless fields of air.

Thou, Mourner! dry that thoughtless tear,
And gaze no more upon the dead;
'Tis but a solitary bier!
No earthly spirit lingers there;
On wings of light to Heaven 'tis fled!

New Month. July.

PHILOSOPHICAL INQUIRIES.

COL. MACDONALD, ON THE NORTH-WEST
MAGNETIC POLE.

I Rejoice, that the Discovery-Ships are to proceed again to explore the Polar Basin to the west of Baffin's Bay. From accounts, as far as they have yet been published, it does not appear to me that the vast accumulation of thick ice will admit of proceeding Westward on the parallel of latitude of the newly-discovered Georgian Islands; which, however, ought to be completely explored, in order, if possible, to ascertain the precise position of the North-west Magnetic Pole; and also to find what advantages the Whale Fishery may derive from these discoveries.

It has not been made manifest that there is no passage from Repulse Bay, into the Polar Basin. This would be the shortest course to the Hyperborean Coast, along which alone, there seems to me to be the best chance of getting to Bhering's Straits; and this on nearly the parallel of 70 degrees.---Should the ice oppose a Western progress along this inhospitable coast of about 85 degrees of reduced longitude, no resource will remain but to achieve the object by land. As the Country is inhabited by several tribes of Indians, whose dispositions are unknown, a certain cautious mode of procedure is indispensable.---under these circumstances, European nations, interested in the object to be accomplished, should join in the expense of establishing a chain of small posts of the block-house description, as otherwise, progress, combined with safety, would be quite impossible.---The Posts (as distant as possible from each other) might be constructed of such materials as the country afforded.---It is probable that the Fur trade might be materially benefited by this measure, requiring time and resolute enterprise.---Even if a North-west Passage is effected by sea, through Bhering's Straits, navigation will derive little advantage from it, as far as regards

the comparative duration of Voyages to distant quarters.

Any person may be convinced of this by applying a thread to a ship's supposed course on the projection of the Sphere, called a Chart. By this simple trial, a line to Bengal, passing through Baffin's Bay and Bhering's Straits, will be to a line from England to Bengal, by the Cape of Good Hope, in the proportion of 45 to 33.---Again, a line from England to China, by a North-west Passage, and the same by the Cape and Straits of Sunda, will be in the proportion of the lengths of 39 to 32, nearly.---Here we have, independent of the great risk of the navigation, a great addition of run.---The North-east Passage round Nova Zembla and Cape Tannurin, the most Northerly of Russia, has not yet been clearly ascertained; and there is reason to think that there is land to the N. E. of this Cape, towards Bhering's Straits. But even supposing a North-east Passage practicable, a line from England by it, and through these Straits, to China, and the common line through the Straits of Sunda, would be, in relative lengths, nearly in the proportion of 44 to 32. Two persons in making this decisive experiment of comparative measurement, may not go over precisely the same course: but any arising difference will not amount to 1, or 1½, and consequently will not militate against the resulting conclusions.

In addition to the celebrated Magnetic Authors, mentioned in my former Communication, I omitted the name of Dr. Gilbert, who, in his "Physiologia Nova Magnete," and in other publications, has displayed experimentally and theoretically, more knowledge of this occult and obscure science, as far as it has arrived, than all the other authors put together. He also adopted the notion of different Magnetic Poles. In necessarily abandoning the supposition of a South-east and South-west Magnetic Pole, on ac-

ount of finding no adequate variation contiguous to their imagined sites, the existence of a moving Magnetic Cause round the South Pole also, will remain dubious, till a continued trial of the variation during a series of years, on the nearest *Terra Firma* to that Pole, shall indicate such conclusion as may be satisfactory to Philosophy. I throw out the idea, because certain anomalies of variation in South latitudes, require some such supposition.

I am aware, Mr. Urban, that the solidity of the earth may be urged against the possibility of a moving Magnetic cause: but what proof have we that the Sphere we live on, is solid beyond the degree of thickness requisite to preserve its form from being materially altered by its rapid motion round the Sun; by its diurnal motion round its axis; and by its motion round its common centre of gravity with the Moon? Newton in his chair, proved by science, what the French Philosophers confirmed by actual measurement; viz. the difference between the Equatorial and Polar diameters of the Earth, arising from the projection of the Globe at the Equator, by its rotatory motion. Were the Earth a solid to its centre, this motion on an imaginary axis, would not give it the ascertained form of an oblate spheroid; as a hard solid body moving in empty space, cannot be supposed to yield into that shape, by any law of action, as yet unfolded by science. The planet Jupiter is above thirteen hundred times the bulk of the Earth; and Saturn, independent of his double ring, is about a thousand times the bulk of our globe. These dimensions are made out by the clearest rules of science. If we apply to these prodigious bodies the reasoning of Newton relative to plastic forms moving va-

riously, there is no ground for concluding that they are solid substances to their centres. If they were, their vast weight would require infinitely more attraction than probably even the sun could furnish. True, nothing is impossible with the Deity, whose laws of Nature are as simple, as they are beautifully efficient, but we honour his name by following such reasoning as Newton's, inferior as he was to infinite beings:

"Superior beings, when of late they saw,
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law;
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a Newton as we shew an ape."

It is difficult to write on such a subject; but still we are certainly more warranted in concluding that the earth is not a solid throughout, than the reverse.

During the next voyage, I take it for granted, that the requisite scientific preparations will be made for commencing to discover whether or not the newly-ascertained Magnetic Cause has a movement; and this can only be made out in due process of time. The Dipping Needle to be used should be of a very light construction, and might in its plane carry a very light card, marked as usual, with the whole turning on a point. By means of a graduated circumference round the exact meridian to be laid off, and a scale of minutes on one of the extremities of the needle, this whole contrivance would shew the variation-dip and diurnal variation, while the observations of subsequent periods would mark the alteration or stability of the North-west Magnetic Pole. The whole compass of Science hardly offers a subject of higher interest.

JOHN MACDONALD.

CORNUCOPIA

OF LITERARY CURIOSITIES AND REMARKABLE FACTS.

(London Magazines, June and July.)

STREET MEETING.

A Sunday newspaper, a few years ago, gave the following characteristic specimen of what he calls "that ancient formula, which may be termed *An Englishman's Dialogue.*"

A. (advancing) How d'y'e do, Brooks?
B. Very well, thank'ee; how do *you* do?
A. Very well, thank'ee; is Mrs. Brooks well?
B. Very well, I'm much obliged t'y'e. Mrs. Adams and the children are well, I hope?
A. Quite well, thank'ee.
(A pause.)
B. Rather pleasant weather to-day.
A. Yes, but it was cold in the morning.
B. Yes, but we must expect that at this time o'year.
(Another pause,---neckcloth twisted and switch twirled.)
A. Seen Smith lately?
B. No,---I can't say I have;---but I have seen Thomson.

A. Indeed---and how is he?
B. Very well, thank'ee.
A. I'm glad of it,---Well,---good morning.
B. Good morning.
Here it is always observed, that the speakers, having taken leave, walk faster than usual for some hundred yards.

SINGULAR WORM.

A worm of a very curious nature, has been found by the cook of the King's Arms, in Dock, Plymouth, on opening a cod-fish destined for an entertainment. It is about four inches long, and shaped like a soal, with a mouth apparently intended to act as a sucker; but what renders it more remarkable, is a clothing of the most dazzling green feathers, equal in brilliancy to those of the peacock, on the back, which gives it a very singular

aspect. Between the feathers are sharp quills, resembling those on 'the fretful porcupine,' but comparatively smaller. The animal would seem too large to feed on the cod, but might rather be considered as a parasite, which is a frequent attendant on the fish species.

THE KING OF THE SPIDERS.

The sexton of the church of St. Eustace, at Paris, amazed to find frequently a particular lamp extinct early, and yet the oil consumed only, sat up several nights to discover the cause. At length he detected that a spider of surprising size, came down the cord to drink the oil. A still more extraordinary instance of the same kind occurred during the year 1751, in the cathedral of Milan. A vast spider was observed there, which fed on the oil of the lamps. M. Morand, of the academy of sciences, has described this spider, and furnished a drawing of it. His words are—*Le corps, couleur de suie, arrondi, terminé en pointe, avec le dos et les pattes relevées, pesoit quatre livres.* This spider, of four pounds weight, was sent to the Emperor of Austria, and placed in the imperial museum.

SOUTH-AMERICAN SPIDER.

There exists in America an enormous spider, whose size (the body being an inch and a half long,) enables it to attack even small birds. M. Moreau de Jonnes has furnished a memoir on its manners, as observed by him in Martinique. It spins no web, but lodges in the crevices of the rocks, and throws itself with main force upon its prey: it kills humming-birds, fly-birds, and small lizards, taking special care to seize them by the nape of the neck, knowing that they may thus be killed with the greatest ease. Its strong jaws seem to infuse a poison into the wounds which they inflict, for such wounds are considered much more dangerous than they would be by their depth alone. It envelops its eggs, to the number of from 1800 to 2000 in a ball of white silk, and this fecundity, joined to its tenacity of life, would soon cause the island to be overrun with it, had it not active and innumerable enemies in the red ants, which destroy the greater part of the young spiders.

NEW INVENTION TO WALK ON WATER.

A Mr. Kent, of Glasgow, has invented a machine by which he is enabled to walk on the surface of the water with perfect safety, at the rate of three miles in the hour. Mr. Kent lately walked on the Monkland Canal, at the rate of three miles in the hour, which was witnessed by about 200 persons.

CAUSE OF THE DIURNAL VARIATION OF THE NEEDLE.

The diurnal variation of the needle has been ascribed, in a memoir of M. Ampère, to the *alternate change of temperature* of the two regions, during the diurnal rotation of the globe; the influence of temperature on electric actions having been established by M. Dessaignes and others. "We must add also," says he, "among the electromotive actions of the different parts of the earth, that of the magnet minerals which it contains, and which should be considered as voltaic piles. The elevation of temperature which takes place in the conductors of electric currents, ought also to take place on the terrestrial globe. Is not this the cause of that internal heat in the earth, which has been established by recent observations? And when we consider that this elevation of temperature produces, when the current is sufficiently energetic, a permanent incandescence, accompanied by the most brilliant light, without combustion or loss of substance, may we not conclude that opaque globes are so, on account of the little energy of the electrical currents which are established in them, while those which shine by themselves derive their light from the more active currents which they possess?"

HYDROPHOBIA.

The official Gazette of Berlin gives a correct list of persons whose deaths have been occasioned by hydrophobia, in the different provinces of the Prussian monarchy. In the space of ten years the number of deaths was 1666, and from 1816 to 1819 exclusively, there were 1053 deaths occasioned by this malady; whence it results that in Prussia 2719 persons have died in consequence of being bitten by mad dogs. These numerous accidents have excited the attention of the Government, and it has been acknowledged, that the only means of diminishing the evil is the imposition of a heavy sumptuary tax upon all individuals who shall keep dogs without having occasion for their services.

ANOTHER DEMAND ON THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON, FOR £20,000.

A Mr. Leibberger, an ingenious machine-maker, at Nuremberg, asserts that he has solved the problem of giving an horizontal direction to the air balloon, and he offers to set out on his ærostatic voyage from Nuremberg to London, as soon as the Royal Academy of Sciences (the Royal Society) will engage to pay him on his arrival in London the reward of 20,000 £. sterling, which it has offered for this discovery.

BURNS'S MONUMENT.

The sum collected for the purpose of erecting a monument to Burns in Edinburgh is near 1500 £. Mr Flaxham, the artist, has generously undertaken its execution without any pecuniary advantage, allowing the whole sum to be expended in the materials and labour.

THE UNICORN.

Another animal resembling the description of the unicorn, as given by Pliny, is now on its way to this country from Africa; it nearly resembles the horse in figure, but is much smaller, and the single horn projecting from the fore head is considerably shorter than is given in the real or supposed delineations of that doubtful creature.

THE TERPEDIUM.

A musical instrument of an entirely novel description, has lately arrived in London. The instrument has excited a high degree of interest on the continent; and the inventor, Mr. Buschmann, has obtained the most flattering testimonials of approbation from many celebrated musical characters in Germany; and it is represented to us by those who have heard it in this country, as being a very delightful instrument, combining the sweetness of the flute and clarionet with the energy of the horn and bassoon, and yielding a full and rich harmony, resembling an orchestra of wind instruments. The surprising effect is said to be produced by the most simple combination of a grade of wooden staves!

MAGNIFICENT ORGANISED FOSSIL.

Productive as the coast of Dorsetshire (between Charmouth and Lyme) has been in specimens of organised fossils, the interesting vestiges of the pre-nival world, (see an account of another specimen found at the same spot, in our last) none have hitherto been discovered there of so fine a character, and in such rare perfection, as a skeleton found upon a ledge of rock, a few days since, by Miss Mary Aming, of Lyme, about half a mile to the eastward of that town. The animal, whose remains have been thus brought to light by this persevering and successful collector of extraneous fossils, appears to have been one of the species called *Ichthyosaurus vulgaris*, which, in times we know nothing of, was a common inhabitant of the parts where his bones at present repose. Its skeleton lies in high relief upon a mass of the blue marl which alternates on the western coast of Dorsetshire with the strata of blue lias, and presents the complete osteology of the monster commencing at the snout and terminating with the last process of the caudal vertebrae. Its length is 5 feet, and the natural arrangement of the bones is so little disturbed, that the most perfect idea may be obtained of its original curious and terrible formation. Formidable, however, as it must have been alive and in action, it was but a *baby*, compared with another fossil of a similar description found by Miss Aming about six weeks ago near the spot in question. The remains of this beast measure nearly 20 feet in length; its vertebrae are 95 in number; its head 5 feet long; the jaws nearly of the same extent; and its teeth, round and sharp at the point, (equally calculated for piercing and tearing,) are full three inches long and one inch in diameter. Could man be coeval with such monsters as these? The latter animal is called the *Ichthyosaurus Platyodon*.

NEW ISLANDS.

Captain Billingham, commander of a Russian vessel, on a voyage of discovery towards the Antarctic, has fallen in with three islands, in lat. 56° S. covered with snow and with a volcano on one of them.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A short time since, as David Virtue, mason, at Auchtermool, a village four miles distant from Kirkcaldy in Scotland, was dressing a barley mill-stone from a large block, after cutting away a part, he found an ask or lizard imbedded in the stone. It was about one inch and a quarter long, of a brownish yellow colour, round head with bright sparkling projecting eyes. When found, it was apparently dead, but after lying about five minutes exposed to the air, it began to shew signs of life. One of the workmen put snuff on its eyes, which seemed to give the animal great pain; it soon ran forwards and backwards with great celerity. After the lapse of about half an hour it was brushed off the stone and killed. When found, the animal was lying in a round cavity coiled up thus O, the cavity itself being an exact impression of the animal. The stone is naturally a little damp; and about half an inch all round the animal was of a soft sand, (moist), the same colour of the animal itself. There were about 14 feet of earth above the rock, and the spot where the block, in which the lizard was found, was cut from the quarry, was about 7 or 8 feet deep in the rock, so that the animal was from 21 to 22 feet from the surface.

BLINDNESS IN HORSES.

A correspondent says, "From many years' experience, I am convinced there is no cause to which the blindness in horses can so justly be ascribed, as the humour of the driver to have the *winkers* or *blinders* of the bridle sit close or snug, as it is termed; by which there is unavoidably a pressure on the side of the eye, which necessarily causes heat, with much irritation, and consequently a local fever."

PLOUGHING.

An agriculturist expresses his surprise that many farmers in the light hilly situations should plough their lands as if they were wet—namely up and down the hills; whereas, by ploughing across them, all the rain would be stopped by the ridges, instead of running to the bottom, and frequently carrying the seed, soil, and manure with it. He has proved the superiority of the plan from experience. He also mentions that some years ago he set broad beans between the rows of the principal part of a crop of potatoes, which not only sheltered them, but conducted the dews to their roots, and both produced excellent crops; but in a small part which was not set with beans, the potatoes were scorched up, and hardly worth digging.

NEW INVENTIONS.

Extraordinary Printing-Press.—M. Hellfarth, a printer at Erfurt in Germany, has contrived a press capable of printing eight sheets at a time, and of throwing off seven thousand copies of each sheet in the space of twelve hours; which amount altogether, to no fewer than *fifty-six thousand sheets printed on both sides*. The machinery is set into motion by a single horse, and three men are able to supply the paper and remove it. Each sheet perfects itself.

NATURAL PHENOMENON.

It is stated, in accounts from Giessen, in Hesse-Darmstadt, that on the 3d of May, 1821, there fell in different parts of that city, a rain of the colour of blood. Professor Zim-

mermann analyzed it, and says, its component parts were oxyd of iron, an earthy acid (d'acide de terre) and carbon. Many of the inhabitants were much alarmed by this red shower.

MRS. PIOZZI.

One whose name had been familiar to the literary world, who had survived many years the great and gifted individuals of the first intellectual circle of the last century, is no more. Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, Garrick, Goldsmith, and the other immortal characters of that circle, have long been "gathered to their fathers;" while the interest their memory inspires, causes the death of Mrs. Piozzi to originate a numerous train of mournful associations. Almost, if not the very last person living connected with that great union of mental excellence and social enjoyment, she seemed to have been a bond still joining them with a present existence, which her death has now rent asunder. As Mrs. Thrale, she received Dr. Johnson under the hospitable roof of her husband in 1763, when she was 26 years of age; and in 1820, she opened a ball among a new generation of mankind, and in a new era of literature, science, and art. How many celebrated persons appeared before her during her long and felicitous existence, who have passed away "in dust to rest!" How brilliant must have been the recollections of her unclouded life, made up of enviable intimacies, cheerful gaiety, and the cultivation of lighter literature---but that life has closed, for

—they that creep and they that fly
Shall end where they began.

A Bath papersays, "On Wednesday last May 2, in the 82d year of her age, died Hester Lynch Piozzi, the once celebrated Mrs. Thrale; descended both on the paternal and maternal side, from the ancient and respectable families of the Cottons and Salisburys, in North Wales, but still more distinguished as the intimate friend and associate of Dr. Johnson, Burke, Sir J. Reynolds, Garrick, Goldsmith, Murphy, and most of those literary constellations which formed the Augustan galaxy of the last century. The world has long known in what estimation her society was held in that circle where these illustrious men, with Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Carter, Vesey, Boscawen, and others, formed a *colerie* rarely surpassed in this or any other country. The vivacity of this lady's mind was a never-failing source of pleasure to all who had the good fortune to enjoy her society, while the brilliancy of her wit, tempered by inviolable good humour and general benevolence, delighted all who approached her, and offended none. Her manners were highly polished and graceful; her erudition, the result of a regularly classical education, under the learned Dr. Collyer, was much more profound than those who only conversed superficially with her, were likely to discover; for wisely considering the line usually prescribed in such pursuits to her sex, she made no display of her scholarship, yet was always ready to give her testimony when properly called out; indeed, on those occasions, it was impossible altogether to conceal the rich and rare acquirement, in various sciences, which this lady possessed. Her writings are many of them before the public; and if some incline to condemn a colloquial style, in which,

perhaps, she was too fond of indulging, all must admire the power of her genius, and the elegance of her talent, so variously displayed. She was particularly happy in *jeux d'esprit*—numbers of which he scattered amongst her friends, and will, we hope, be collected.

DR. CALLCOT.

May 15. In the neighbourhood of Bristol, Dr. Calcott.---This celebrated Musician obtained, early in life, the highest reputation for original genius and profound science. A large share of the delight received by the Publick for the last 30 years has been derived from the performance of his compositions; and as long as vocal music continues to be heard or studied, his name must hold a place in the esteem and admiration of all persons of just feeling and true taste. Independently of his professional acquirements, his attainments in general Literature were extraordinary. But the more conspicuous features in his character were the good, the gentle, and amiable qualities of his mind. Never has it fallen to the lot of any man to excite deeper or warmer feelings in the breasts of his friends, or to call forth a more unbounded sympathy for his afflictions. He has left a family to lament him, who are all known to the public by their talents in the various departments of the arts.

REV. THOMAS SCOTT.

At Aston Sanford, the Rev Thomas Scott, rector of that parish, and many years Chaplain to the Lock Hospital.

The Rev. Thomas Scott was a native of Yorkshire, and soon after his entrance on the ministry, he became a most zealous Calvinist, which occasioned his being elected to the joint chaplainship of the Lock Hospital, when the late Rev. Martin Madan was under the necessity of relinquishing that situation in consequence of his public vindication of Polygamy. Mr. Scott afterwards had a difference with his coadjutor, Mr. De Cœrlogon, on some points of doctrine, which produced a curious kind of schism in that establishment, and ended in the removal of both preachers.

Mr. Scott was formerly curate of Western Underwood and Ravensone, in Buckinghamshire, and afterwards vicar of Olney, from whence he removed to the rectory of Aston Sanford in the same county. He was an indefatigable labourer in the theological field as the following list will testify:

The Force of Truth, a Marvellous Narrative of his own Life, 1779. The Scriptural Doctrine of Civil Government and the Duties of Subjects, 1792. The Rights of God, 1793. The Religious Character of Great Britain, 1793. Essays on the most important Subjects in Religion, 1793. Treatise on Growth in Grace. On the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures in Answer to Paine's Age of Reason, 1796. Sermons on Select Subjects, 1797. A Family Bible with Notes, 1797. The Warrant and Nature of Faith considered, 1798. On the Signs of the Times, 1799. A Missionary Sermon at St. Anne's Blackfriars, 1801. Four sermons, on Repentance, the Evil of Sin, Christ's Love to Sinners, and the Promise of the Holy Spirit, 1802. Sermon on the Death of J. Newell, 1803. Chronological Tables to the Bible, with Maps, 1811. The Jews a Blessing to Nations, a Sermon at St. Lawrence, Jewry, 1810. Remarks on the Bishop of Lincoln's Refutation

of Calvinism, 1812. Joy in Heaven, a Sermon for the female penitentiary, 1812.

May 27. In the 97th year of her age, Mrs. Watts, relict of Mr. John Watts formerly of Brackley, Northamptonshire. Mr. Watts was originally by trade a plumber, and having a comfortable independence, kept an open table on market days for the neighbouring gentlemen and clergy. Amongst his guests on such occasions was that most excellent man, Mr. Moore, then a poor curate, who ceasing to be so frequent in his visits as he used, Mr. Watts asked him the reason. The reply was candidly, that as he owed Mr. W. ten pounds, which he was unable to pay, he therefore felt a little delicacy as to intruding on his hospitable table. Mr. Watts begged he would not give it a thought, but come as usual, and added that he had twenty pounds more at his service. In the course of their after-lives, such are the mysterious ways of Providence, Mr. Watts fell into decayed circumstances, and the poor curate became *Archbishop of Canterbury*. In this elevated rank, Dr. John Moore did not forget his generous host, but contributed to make his latter days comfortable, besides settling an annuity to the widow, which was regularly paid by the Archbishop's family to the day of her death. This gratifying anecdote will be, we trust, a sufficient apology for our noticing the demise of a person of comparative obscurity.

At Hocknall Torkard, John Spray, and on the following morning Mercy his wife; the former aged 71, the latter 69 years. From their great attachment to each other, they were called the "two doves;" they were never known to quarrel, nor ever went out on business without accompanying each other; they were buried in the same grave; after affording in their lives an example of conjugal attachment, in the midst of poverty, perhaps never equalled.

At Brussels, the Ex-Conventionalist Quirte.---He was one of the four Deputies who, with the Minister at War, Bournonville, went on the 3d of April, 1793, to the headquarters of Gen. Dumourier to arrest that General and to take him to Paris: he tried; but were then selves arrested, and delivered by Dumourier to the Austrian General Clairfait, and were kept in prison in Germany two years and a half, until they were exchanged for the Duchess of Angouleme in '95.

At Shen House, the 27th ult. at the advanced age of 112 years, Ann M'Rae, the widow of a Kintail farmer. Until the last winter she had never known a day's sickness, and her organs of seeing and hearing were unimpaired; and not many months ago she would run a race with any of her sex of the third and fourth generation. Old age is proverbial for peevish and fretful complaints of the degeneracy of the new race which starts up around them; but the lamentation of the subject of this memoir was somewhat singular, and being descriptive of the state of civilization in which her native country was in her younger days, we render it into English, though with the loss of the force of the expression in the original---"I have seen happy days in Kintail, when every substantial retainer had two wives, one in the valley, and another in the hill, and when there was but one prayer and two graces in the parish!"

LITERARY.

Dr. JOHN REID has published a second edition, with considerable additions, of his *Essays on Hypochondriasis, and other Nervous Affections*. On a subject like this, many people feel inclined to dwell with an intense personal interest; and they will certainly not be repelled by the style in which Dr. Reid has treated it. We have seldom read a more entertaining performance. Many anecdotes, and some of a ludicrous nature, are detailed. In one instance, the Doctor was asked for bark, or some corroborative medicine, to enable his patient to go through an impending suit in Chancery. He was not then ill, but he expected to be so; and, we think, very rationally. The style of these essays is lively and spirited, exhibiting great ease of composition, and happiness of illustration.

We understand that some of our most popular poets are employed in framing Hymns and Psalms for the use of the Established Church of England. The design is, as far as we can collect, different from others with which our readers must be acquainted; the intention being that the Psalm of the Day should coincide with the Lesson which it follows; in other words, that the sentiment in each should be the same. Independently of such benefit as must result from this plan, the assistance of Sir W. SCOTT, Messrs. CRABBE, SOUTHEY, MILMAN, WEBER, WRANGHAM, and others, will necessarily confer a character on the verse, which religious poetry has long wanted.

To those who take much interest in the enjoyments of the table, Mr. ACCUM's *Treatise on Culinary Chemistry, and the scientific principles of Cookery*, will form an attractive object of study. After sundry philosophical disquisitions on the food of man, and an exposition of the importance of the art of cookery, he proceeds to analyze the general operations of the kitchen, and concludes with recommending and explaining the best and most wholesome of its preparations. To some such work as this, Mr. Accum was indebted to the public bound; having in his previous Treatise on the "Adulteration of Food, and Culinary Poisons," inspired a horror of ordinary ailments into our minds, which it is unquestionably the purpose of the present volume to allay. Our satisfaction is great on finding, on this occasion, not Death, but "Health in the Pot." We are once more reconciled to the flesh-pots of Egypt. For what we shall venture to receive, we shall be thankful to Mr. Accum. To say the truth, there are many plain and useful directions laid down here, for which housekeepers are indebted to him; being free from the objections generally advanced against the recipes of professed cooks---variety of materials and prodigality of expense. This work is published by Mr. Ackerman, into whose hands it came in consequence of some unfortunate circumstances, well known to the public.

The Life of a Boy; by the Author of the *Panorama of Youth*: 2 vols. is published.

Rank and Fashion; or the Mazes of Life; by Mr. Freer. 3 vols.

A Selection of the Correspondence of Linnæus and other Naturalists, from Original MSS.; by Sir J. E. Smith, M. D. F. R. S. *Fidelia*; or the Prevalence of Fashion.





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